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May 25, 1929

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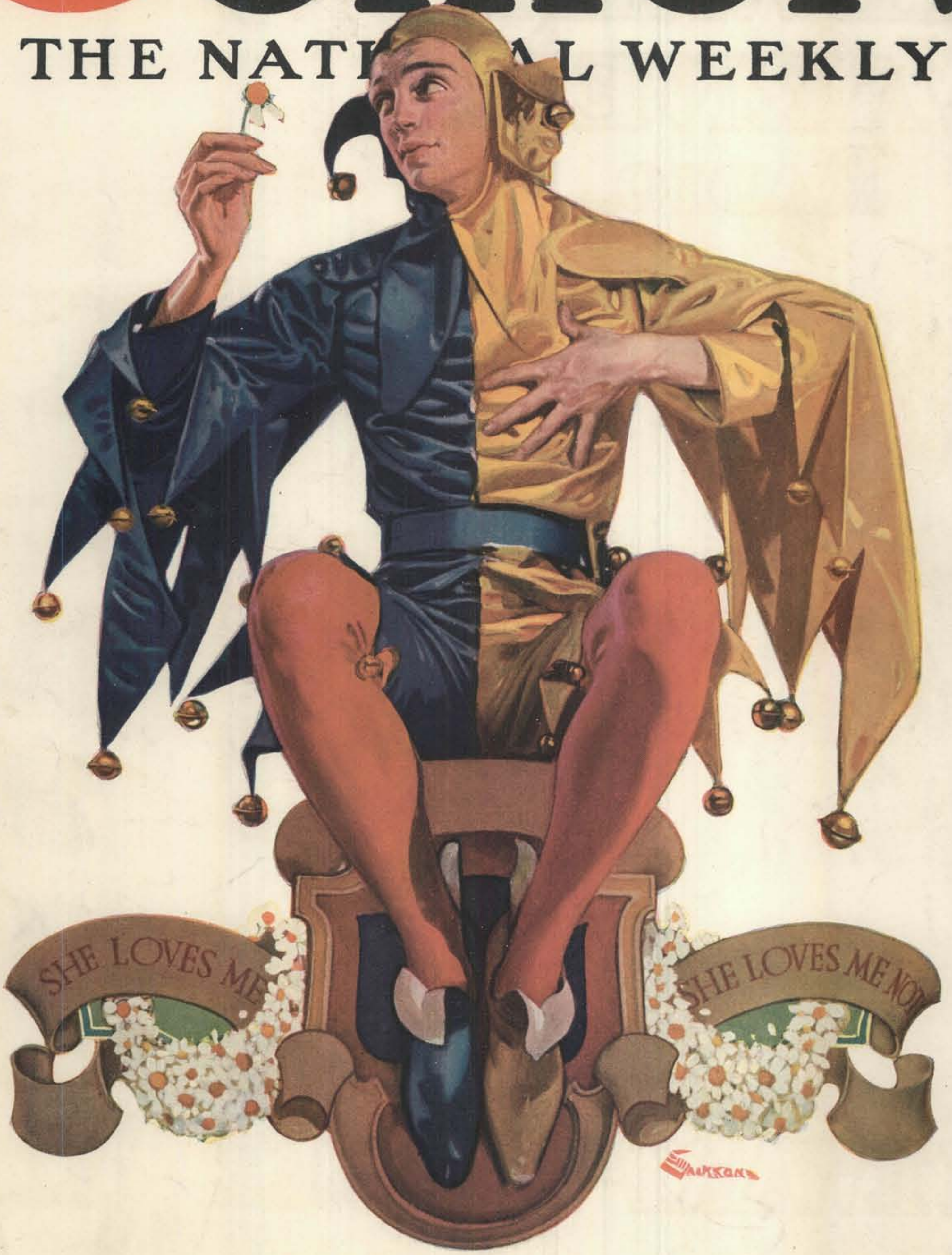
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


SHE LOVES ME
SHE LOVES ME NOT
JACKSON

Hearing Things in the Dark · By Jes

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May 25, 1929

Presenting the
NEW
STEWART-WARNER RADIO

CERTIFIED REALISM
OF TONE

—an exclusive Stewart-Warner feature

Above and beyond the visible value, instantly apparent in these new Stewart-Warner instruments, you now have this outstanding advantage—an accurate check on realism of tone—CERTIFIED REALISM. Brass, strings, drums, or cymbals—each in its true tone *character!*

We urge you to compare the new Stewart-Warner Radio, value for value, with any other instrument you are considering—compare it feature for feature, from the clean, single-deck, 8-tube (including rectifier) chassis, to the richness, beauty and harmonious dignity of the cabinets.

Emphatically we point out this Stewart-Warner Consolette Ensemble with new Dyphonic Reproducer at $113.00*—richly finished in dull jade, softly blended with ivory black, or in hammered gold bronze. We urge you to see it *and hear* it. Then consider the added value in CERTIFIED REALISM, tested, checked, and proved.

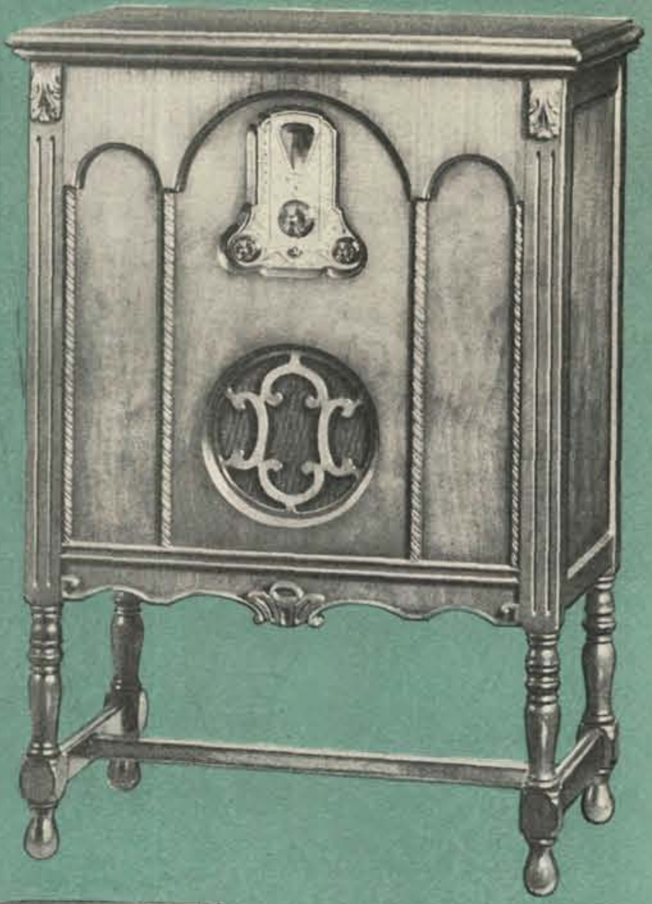
A unique and exclusive Stewart-Warner precision device supplants "rule of thumb" methods in testing radio reception and provides an accurate, scientific test of Stewart-Warner receiving sets resulting in CERTIFIED REALISM.

Naturally Stewart-Warner, with twenty-three years' experience in precision manufacture and volume production, is first to bring this inestimable betterment to radio reception.

The new Stewart-Warner radio of CERTIFIED REALISM *is the set with the "punch"—the set you want. Hear it today at the Stewart-Warner dealer's.*

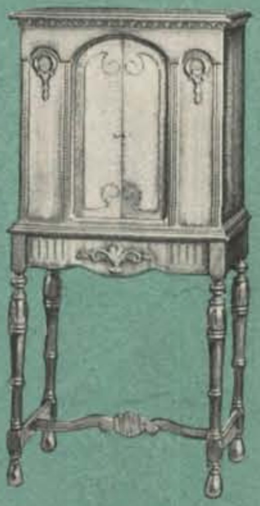
STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION, 1830 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

Features of the 900 Series: 8 tubes, including rectifier; new UX-245 Power Tubes in conjunction with new Push-Pull Transformers give tone fidelity; new "Balanced Bridge" Circuit does away with all oscillation and increases sensitivity; unaffected by tube replacements; 22-Carat Gold plated connections throughout; plug-in for Television; connection for Phonograph; embossed Bronze Escutcheon plate; illuminated Visible Angle Dial calibrated in Kilocycles and 0 to 100 scale.



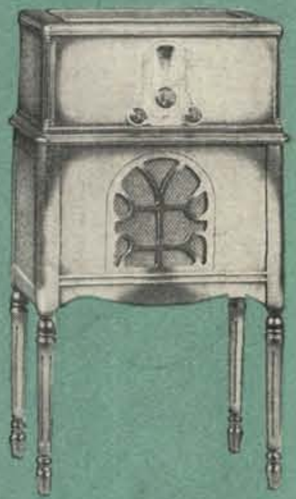
Approved Cabinet No. 35 with Stewart-Warner Model 900

Jacobean design in rare African and burl walnut, with new Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer, $142.50.* (less tubes)



Approved Cabinet No. 58 with Stewart-Warner Model 900

Sliding door Sheraton period in walnut and Australian Lacewood, with Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer, $165.50.* (less tubes)



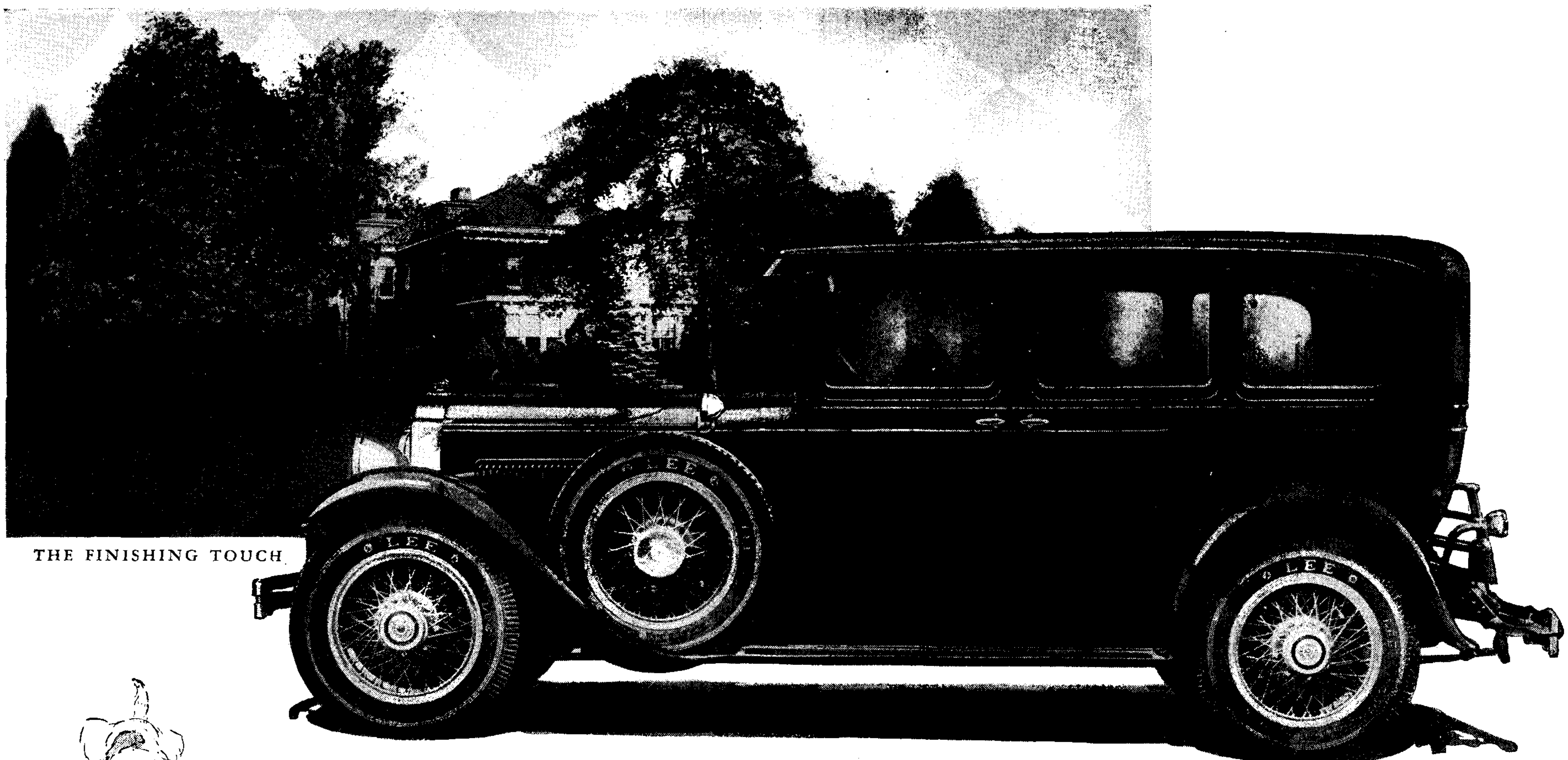
$113* (less tubes) Consolette Ensemble combining Stewart-Warner Table Cabinet Receiver with the new Stewart-Warner Dyphonic Reproducer, finished in hammered gold bronze, or jade green and ivory black. With Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer, $123.25.* (less tubes)

The new Stewart-Warner Dyphonic Reproducer brings a new conception of tone. $19.25.*

**Prices Slightly Higher West of the Rockies.*

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

NEW 900 SERIES



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Your tires are your car's shoes. Complete the beauty and swank of your car with LEE Super De Luxe tires, and *the finishing touch* is added.

Underneath the classical design of this Super lies a strength which we firmly believe has never before been built into a tire. For as long as the average owner drives his car, this LEE Super will carry him the whole distance, leaving plenty to spare.

Greater safety against side slips and skidding is provided in the deep cut, years-lasting, all-season tread. What appears to be merely a pattern is actually an engineering triumph. Every inch of the tread is scientifically designed to give maximum safety to your passengers, and to minimize punctures.

8 Ply side walls processed from special combed cord fabric as only LEE *of Conshohocken* does it, assure a riding comfort not equalled even by lighter balloons.

Safety, mileage and comfort are three outstanding virtues, but above all, perhaps, is the continuous, uninterrupted, trouble-free service which these LEE Supers assure.

Tire wear in summer is at least double per thousand miles because of hot roads, so it is evident that smooth treads now will mean worthless and dangerous tires soon.

Therefore, equip your car—new or old—NOW—with these SuperLEEtive tires, and forget tire troubles.

LEE *dealers will make you a fair allowance for your present tires, so there seems no reason for delay.*

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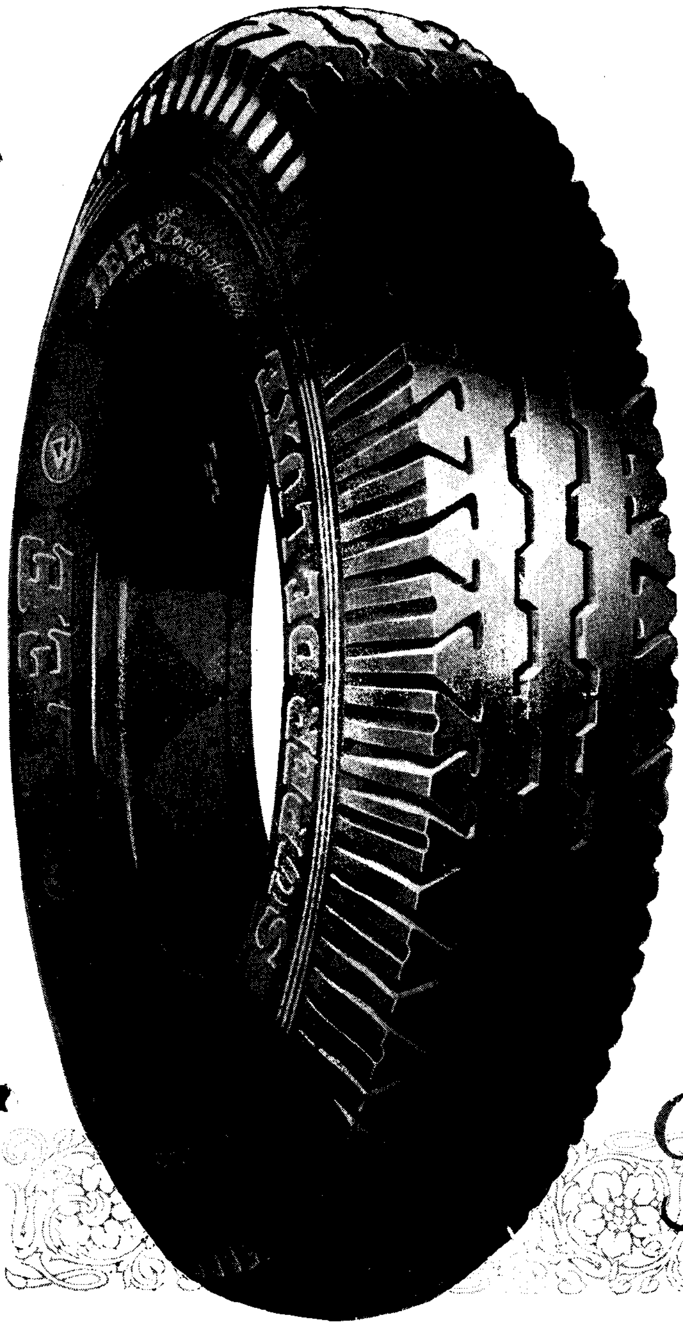

LEE

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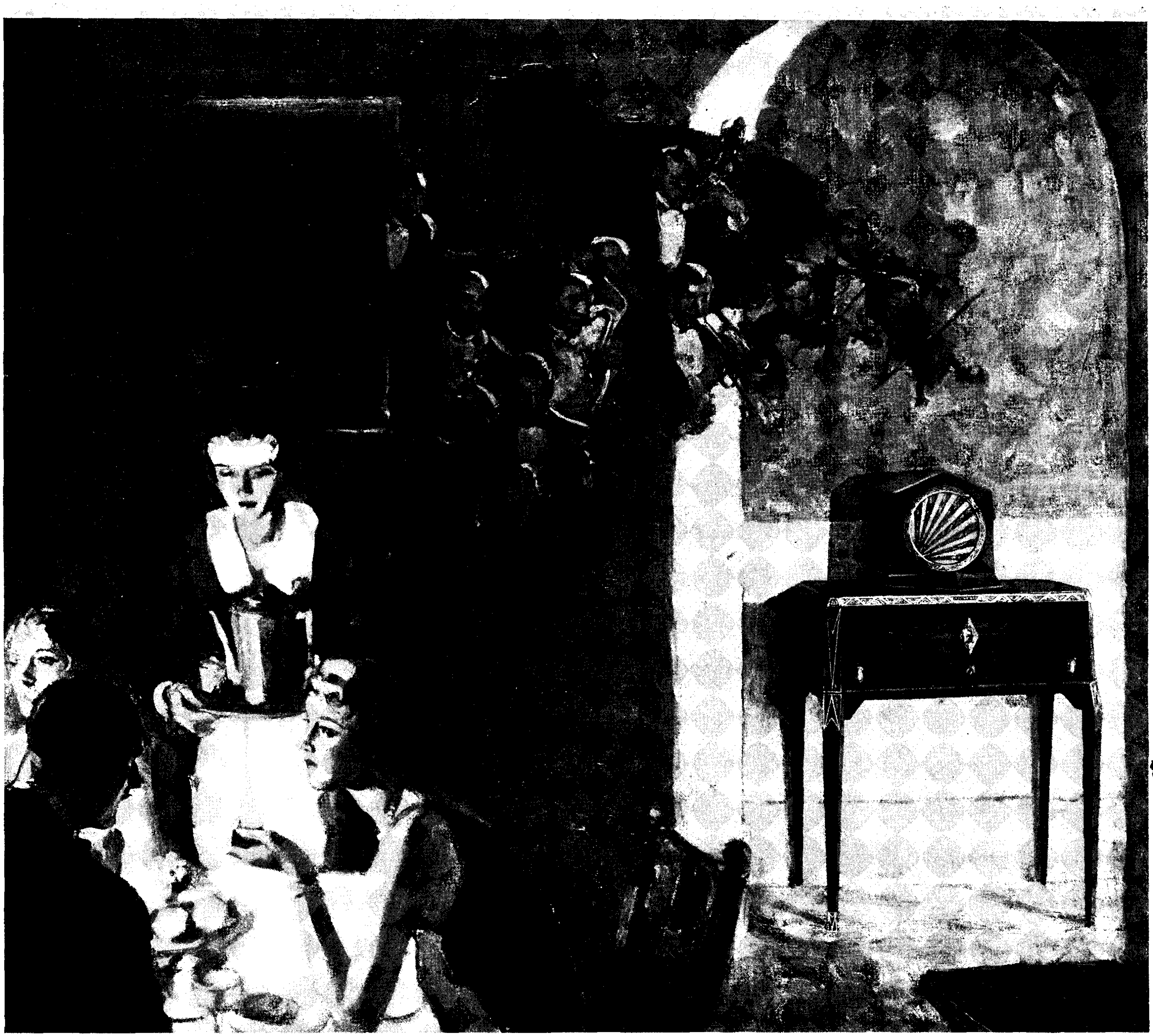

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It is a signal achievement of the associated laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse.

Console type cabinet of a new design, requiring very little space, and fitting into any scheme of interior decoration.

The same highly developed principles employed in the nationally popular "17" and "18" models of the Radiola.

And performance of superb quality.

RCA RADIOLA 33—Console type of tuned-radio-frequency receiver, for house current operation (A.C.) $77.50 (less Radiotrons).

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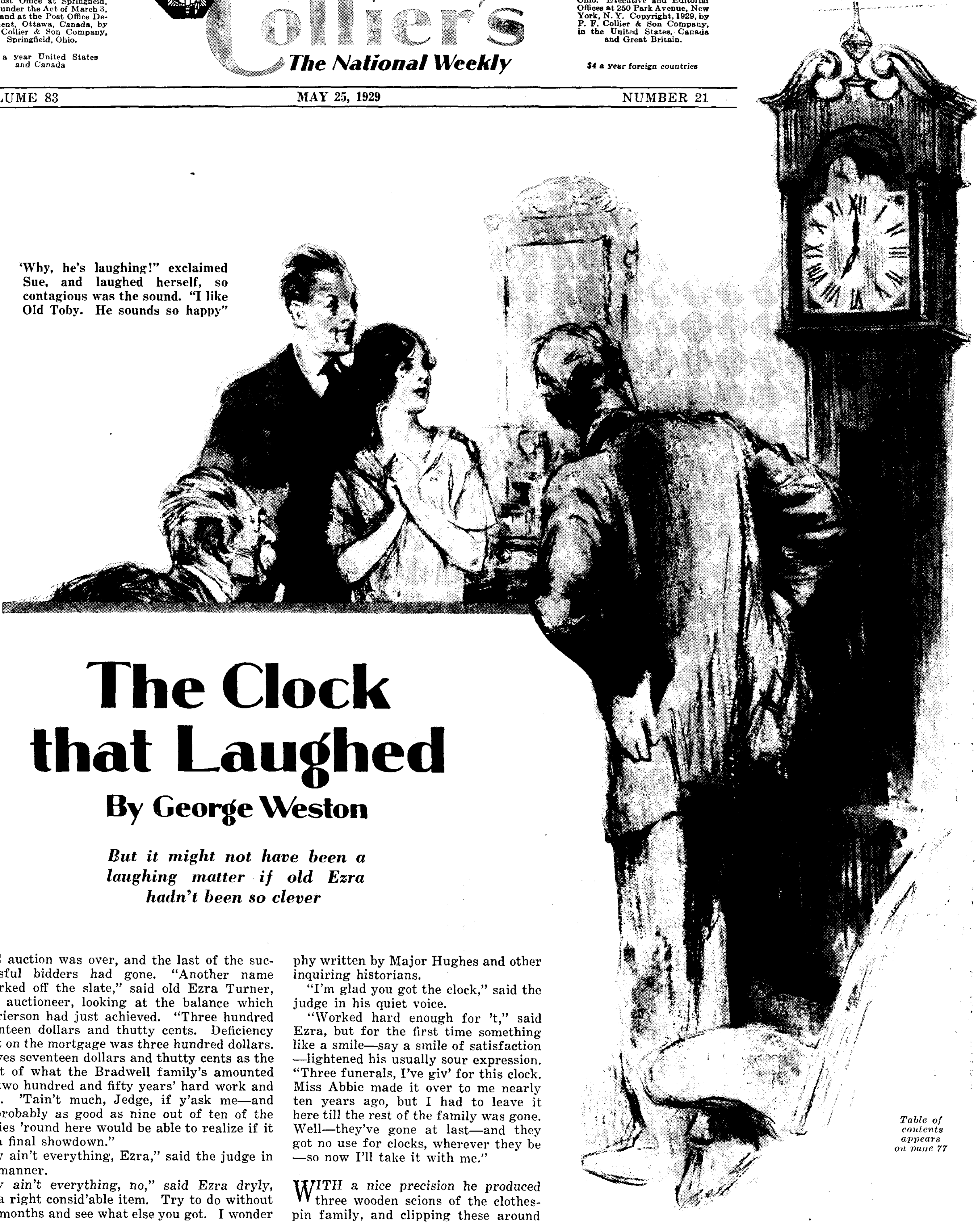

'Why, he's laughing!" exclaimed Sue, and laughed herself, so contagious was the sound. "I like Old Toby. He sounds so happy"

The Clock that Laughed

By George Weston

But it might not have been a laughing matter if old Ezra hadn't been so clever

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THE auction was over, and the last of the successful bidders had gone. "Another name marked off the slate," said old Ezra Turner, the auctioneer, looking at the balance which Judge Brierson had just achieved. "Three hundred and seventeen dollars and thutty cents. Deficiency judgment on the mortgage was three hundred dollars. That leaves seventeen dollars and thutty cents as the net result of what the Bradwell family's amounted to after two hundred and fifty years' hard work and scheming. 'Tain't much, Jedge, if y'ask me—and yet it's probably as good as nine out of ten of the old families 'round here would be able to realize if it come to a final showdown."

"Money ain't everything, Ezra," said the judge in his mild manner.

"*Money ain't everything, no,*" *said* Ezra *dryly,* "but it's a right consid'able item. Try to do without it for six months and see what else you got. I wonder if you'd mind giving me a hand with the clock, now."

They went inside the deserted house, stripped of everything but a hall clock which stood in a corner of the room which had once been the parlor. It was a friendly old clock with a warm-colored walnut case—and the moon above the dial was nearly as red-faced and quite as cheerfully smiling as in the days when the Bradwells had been an up-and-coming family and King George III had not yet been annoyed by that other George who has lately had his biography written by Major Hughes and other inquiring historians.

"I'm glad you got the clock," said the judge in his quiet voice.

"Worked hard enough for 't," said Ezra, but for the first time something like a smile—say a smile of satisfaction—lightened his usually sour expression. "Three funerals, I've giv' for this clock. Miss Abbie made it over to me nearly ten years ago, but I had to leave it here till the rest of the family was gone. Well—they've gone at last—and they got no use for clocks, wherever they be—so now I'll take it with me."

WITH a *nice precision he produced* three wooden scions of the clothespin family, and clipping these around the wires, he removed the suspended weights and the pendulum. Judge Brierson helping, he tipped the clock over, and together they half dragged, half carried it into the back seat of Ezra's car.

"Wonder who'll live here next," said the judge, as the car was carefully eased down the brush-grown lane.

"Foreigners, likely," said Ezra. "They seem to be able to make a living where nobody else can." and returning to a theme which of late years had been his favorite source of sourness, he added, "It's jest as I've told you many a time, Jedge, we ain't the people we used to be. Seen the time we could outfight and out-smart anybody or anything—wild land or wild Indians—kings or catfish, as the old folks used to say. But these last twenty-thutty years, we been goin' under fast. Why, that fellow with the airy-plane stock could hardly speak English, but he must 'a' took all of twenty thousand dollars out of this one township. 'O-ah, yes, I teach you how to fly.' They'd better learn quick if they mean to. It's the only way they'll ever catch up with their money. That took wings, all right."

He was silent for a time; and if you had seen him as he sat there at the steering wheel, he might have reminded you of some keen old bird, grown gray and shrewd with the years—an old cock-sparrow, say, who had learned all the tricks of the worms, even that last revenging trick which might be taken as a standing text on Mortality. And indeed, if you had thought of this, you might not have been far wrong, for while Ezra was trying to tell himself that the stitch in his side was caused by lifting the clock, he knew that it wasn't—knew that it was a piece of the same sharp sewing which had visited him on and off all winter.

The state road suddenly appeared ahead of them, and beyond that the sound could be seen, a pearly fog in the twilight. Ezra cautiously turned on to the concrete—this same corner had brought him business once—and found that the pain had left him.

"Money enough here," said the judge indicating the passing cars. "Don't think I ever saw so many gleaming chariots as I've seen this spring."

"They ain't our chariots, though," said Ezra shortly. "They're the Egyptians'. They stop at my store, sometimes, and nearly always these last few years, they have to spell their names over twice if they want anything shipped."

HE SLOWED his car and looked sideways at an old colonial dwelling by the side of the road. At some late period in its history a porch had been added to the house, and on this porch was a fiddle-back chair and a gate-leg table. In front of the gate was a sign "Holburn, Antiques"—an artful sign which looked as though it had swung there since the days when gentlemen wore short trousers and ladies wore long skirts.

"Now there's an Egyptian, I'll grant you," said the judge.

"More'n that," said Ezra, frowning. "He's just plain thief. Stuck me once on a highboy—something I wanted for a customer, and afterward he had the nerve to try and buy two of my clocks. Seemed to take it for granted we were both a couple of skins—only he was the city skin and knew more tricks than me."

The judge nodded. He had heard the details of that encounter more than once.

"He must have cut into your business, at that," he said. "I often see cars stopping there."

"Business ain't half what it was," said Ezra. "Him and Spinning-wheel Jackman on the east side of the village; they got me walled in between 'em, you might say."

At a bend of the road they turned off the concrete into an old whaling village which had been built on a cove. The main street wound its narrow length by the side of a row of stately old homes—once the residences of owners and captains—the grounds at the back of the houses sloping down to the water which had once been an anchorage for ships, even as the shore had once been the site of many a busy wharf and shed. But ships and sheds had long since disappeared—swept out of existence by the gushing of distant oil wells and the discovery that Beauty no longer needs whalebone for the proper preservation of the human form.

Ezra stopped his car at a corner store—a brooding old building whose second story overhung the first. Above the window was a sign: "Ezra Turner, Undertaker, Auctioneer and Antiques"—but there was nothing antique about the girl who came hurrying out of the shop, and there was certainly nothing brooding about the alert young man who followed.

"I saw you'd got the clock," said the girl, "and Joe said he'd help you."

As Joe was Judge Brierson's son, and the girl was Ezra's granddaughter, Sue, you will see it was quite a family party which carried the clock through the store and finally set it up in the room beyond—a room which Ezra called his "office" but which was really a fly-trap for the unwary.

The desk in that room, for instance, was a John Cogswell, the chairs were Manwaring, and the highboy between the windows was as unmistakably a Martin Minot as Alexander Hamilton was unmistakably a gentleman. At the fireplace, the andirons and fittings had been wrought by some unsung Cellini of the forge, the glassware on the mantelshelf gleamed with time-lost shades of lavender and green, the coffin benches on each side of the hearth were of mellowed oak, the candlesticks were pewter, the curtains homespun.

But the chief glory of the room was its hall clocks, three of them, each in a shadowy corner, standing there like three busbied grenadiers guarding the past, their bodies erect, their faces serene, their whole appearance marked with that gracious dignity which was one of the charms of an era which is, perhaps, best forgotten.

"I've kept the other corner for this one," said Ezra, breathing somewhat quickly from his exertions. "The Bradwells called him Old Toby. We mustn't forget the name. Now if you'll help me tilt him in place. . . . There! . . ." For the second time that day, something like a gleam of satisfaction lightened the habitual sourness of his expression. "You'd go a long way to beat him. . . ." he proudly added.

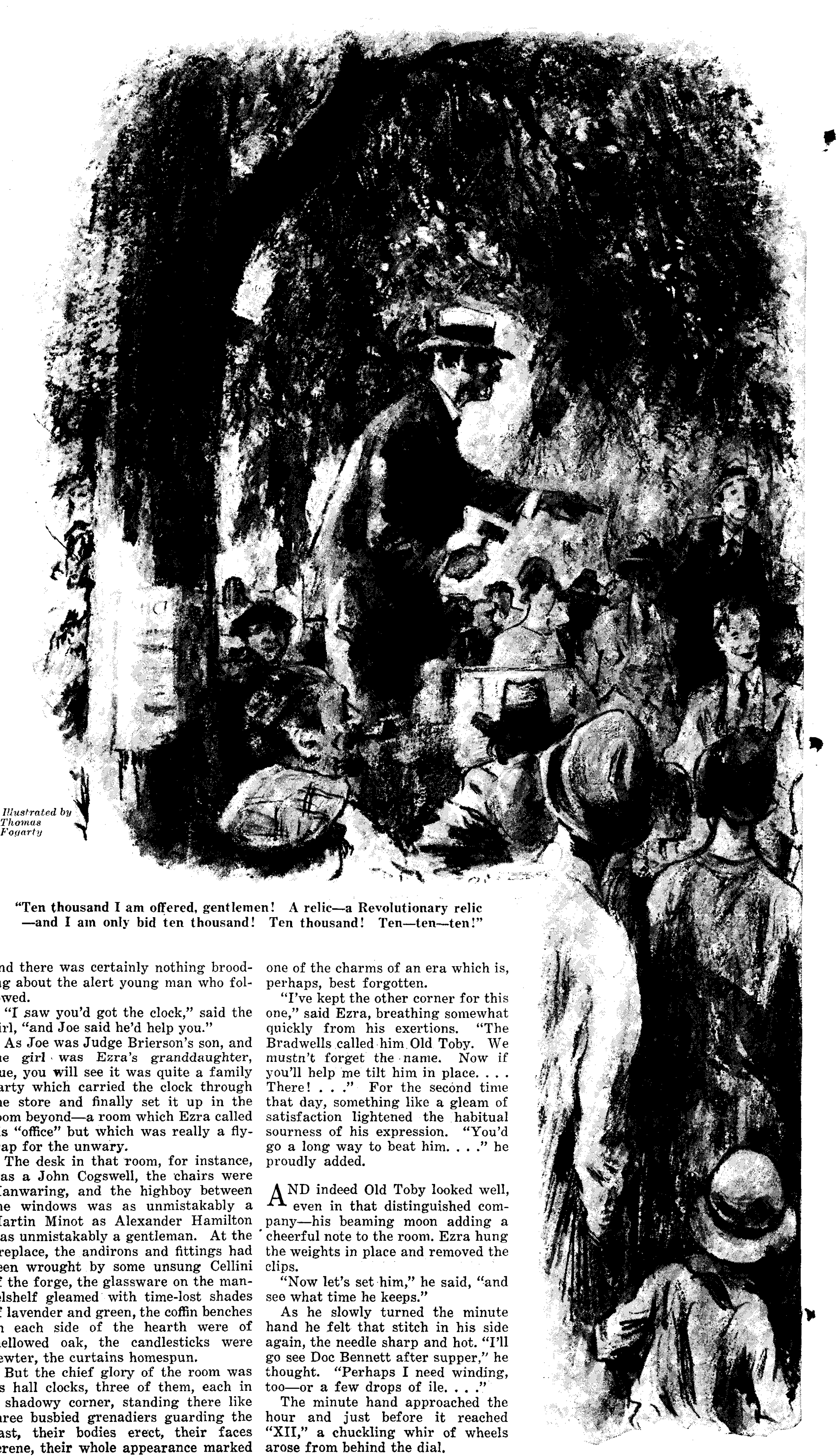
AND indeed Old Toby looked well, even in that distinguished company—his beaming moon adding a cheerful note to the room. Ezra hung the weights in place and removed the clips.

"Now let's set him," he said, "and see what time he keeps."

As he slowly turned the minute hand he felt that stitch in his side again, the needle sharp and hot. "I'll go see Doc Bennett after supper," he thought. "Perhaps I need winding, too—or a few drops of ile. . . ."

The minute hand approached the hour and just before it reached "XII," a chuckling whir of wheels arose from behind the dial.

"Why, he's laughing!" exclaimed



Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

"Ten thousand I am offered, gentlemen! A relic—a Revolutionary relic—and I am only bid ten thousand! Ten thousand! Ten—ten—ten!"

Sue—and unexpectedly laughed herself, so contagious was the sound. "I like Old Toby—he sounds so happy."

After supper, fulfilling the promise which he had made to himself, Ezra went to see Dr. Bennett in his white clapboarded house on Cannon Square; and following a somewhat lengthy interview in which the stethoscope played a leading part, they both got in Ezra's car and went to see Doctor Chase, the leading physician in Westerly.

They returned home rather solemnly.

"I'd like to have had another ten years," said Ezra once. "Sue'd be pretty well fixed by then."

Doc chewed on his unlighted cigar. "'Course, we may be mistaken," he said. "Me, I never p'tended to know it all, or we wouldn't have gone to see Chase. And even Chase hemmed and hawed before he gave you his opinion."

"Ain't no mistake," said Ezra shortly. "That last stitch, while he was sounding me, might have sewed me up for good if it had gone the least shave deeper."

Reaching home, he went to his office. The wind was blowing from the east—"neither good for man nor beast"—and he put a match to the paper and wood on the hearth. He sat back at his desk then and for a time he watched the firelight playing on the highboy, the ceiling, the clocks.

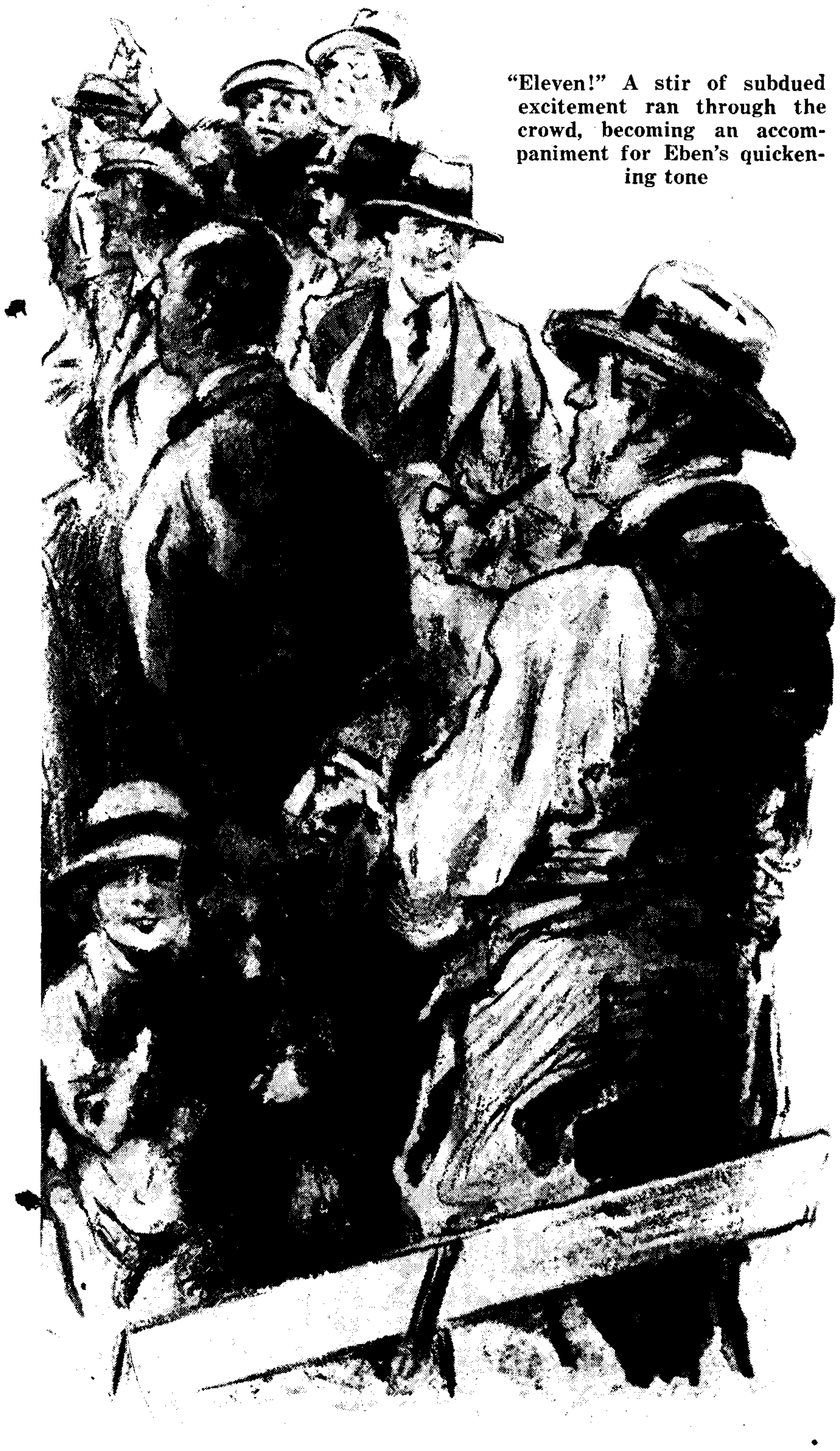
Deep down in his heart, Ezra loved that room—always felt a glow of triumph when, showing it to blasé seekers of the antique, he said: "This is my own room. . . . Nothing's for sale." . . .

Presently he turned to his desk and began to write—a copy of a well-thumbed volume, Every Man His Own Lawyer, before him—and the next morning, watching from the window of his shop, he saw Steve Wilbur and Deke Briggs going down to Steve's boathouse. Ezra called them over and took them into his office.

"I want you to witness my will," he said, nodding toward the paper on his desk. "I need a third, though. If you don't mind waiting, I'll soon catch somebody—"

A FEW minutes later he returned with Mrs. Tilley, and signed his name to the paper on the desk, and after they had all added their own signatures—"in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other"—Ezra dismissed his witnesses with a few dry words of thanks, and went out to his workshop in the rear of the building.

"No, sir," he told himself. "No newfangled affair for me. I don't p'pose to help make any city company rich. Now first I'll get the height. No use putting a little bean in a big pod."



"Eleven!" A stir of subdued excitement ran through the crowd, becoming an accompaniment for Eben's quickening tone

He backed against the door-casing, holding a ruler level with the top of his head.

"Five feet, eight," he read. "Seems I've shrunk an inch these last few years."

Soon his hammer was tapping away—a bright and cheerful sound. "Lilac smells good," he told himself once, sniffing through the open window. "I think I'll take a drive this afternoon. I can finish this tomorrow or next day."

He went to New London; and the following day he made a trip to Westerly, driving slowly and missing little on the way.

"Yes, sir," he told himself, reading the names on the rural free delivery boxes. "They're crowding us—jest as I've told the jedge—every year a little bit further and a little bit further than the year before."

In the distance he saw the sign "Holburn, Antiques," and not far from it two cars had stopped.

"There's another sample," mused Ezra. "I tho't I was pretty shrewd, but this Fiddle-Back comes up from the city and sticks me on that highboy almost before he'd got his things unpacked. And there he is—him and that Spinning-wheel on the other side of the village—stopping the trade that I've been building up here ever since automobiles first began to come through."

But the afternoon was too lovely for continued sourness of thought. When he returned from Westerly, Ezra was almost smiling.

The next day he was busy again in his workshop, so busy that when he sat down for supper, Sue couldn't help telling him how tired he looked.

"Never mind," he said. "I think I'll take a good rest before long. When you get your dishes done, come in the office and I'll tell you about it."

It didn't take Sue long to do her dishes. When she entered the office, Ezra was at his desk, looking at the papers which he had set out before him. Sue sat by the window—a clear-eyed, dark-haired girl of about twenty.

"So you're going to take a vacation," began Sue.

"Yes," said Ezra. "Seems so."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"'Tain't exactly one of those things that a man decides for himself," said Ezra in his dry way. "Fact is, Sue, the doctors don't give me much longer to stay around here. It's that stitch in my side that I've told you about. . . ."

By that time she was beginning to get the drift of it; and leaving her chair, her lips already trembling a little, she was soon on his knees, her arms held tightly around him.

"I've been making out a few papers," he continued, as soon as he could speak again and she could listen. "First, here's a bill of sale I've signed, giving you my antiques. They all belong to you from now on. You can sell 'em or burn 'em, or do what you like with 'em. But—but I hope you'll keep 'em—everything just as it is—as long as I'm here."

"Don't worry," she said in a low choked voice.

"The house is yourn already as soon as I'm gone," he continued. "Your great-grandfather attended to that. But listen to me, Sue. You sell this house—and sell it as soon as you can. Only don't tell anybody I told you. The sills are rotten; it needs a new roof; and you'd have to spend a small fortune to fix it.

"That bungalow I bought last year down by the lighthouse overlooking the harbor—the one that was built by the artist who couldn't sell his pictures—you and Joe go and live there as soon as you're married. There are a few other little things that I've writ down on this paper—when to sell for the best prices, and what to sell to the best advantage. You'd better read it now, to see if you can make it all out."

She read it aloud.

"That's it," he nodded when she had finished. "Remember now; everything, just as I've written it. Only one clock to a customer. And Old Toby you keep, no matter what else you sell. There's something about that clock—he'll be chuckling again, another few minutes."

IT WAS three minutes to eight, and they both paused to watch Old Toby. The moon above the dial was nearly full and its cheerful countenance beamed down on them both—just the least bit on one side—a knowing, friendly angle. Through the glass panel they could see the unhurried swing of the pendulum. "Tick. . . . Tock. . . . Tick. . . . Tock. . . ."

"A great old clock," said Ezra in a hushed voice while they waited for the strike. "For nearly two hundred years he stood in the Bradwells' parlor and he's seen 'em come and he's seen 'em go—generation after generation—christenings—and weddings—and funerals.

"Kings' soldiers and r'yal governors, he's seen 'em come and go. Indians, stagecoaches, periwigs, whalers, clippers, slaves, war after war—things that must have puzzled many a weaker head. But they ain't puzzled this one none, and pretty soon he's going to tell you what he thinks about it all."

He stopped, for behind the dial was already arising that deep chuckling whir of wheels with which Old Toby always warmed himself before he struck the hour.

"That's the answer," nodded Ezra. "And more'n once these last few days I've asked myself if it ain't the right one. I don't know as I ever played a good joke in my life—and I ain't sure but what I've missed something in being so sour and sot. I might have been a darned sight better company for you, Sue, and that's one reason I'm glad you're marrying into the Briersons, for they know how to laugh. . . . Now, tut-tut-tut, Queenie, what have I just been telling you? Wait now, I'll make Old Toby chuckle again. He sounds more cheerful than me."

He arose and unlocked the door by the side of the dial, and reaching in, he touched the lever which released the striking mechanism. But even while Old Toby was laughing, Ezra winced to himself, the stitch in his side hotter and deeper than he had ever felt it.

"It was raising my arm," he thought. And when he couldn't hide it any longer, Sue slowly helped him to his chair.

"There!" he whispered. "Darn thing's stopped."

"Don't you think, if you had another doctor—" began Sue, she also whispering as though not to wake the pain.

"'Tain't another doctor I need, it's another set of works," said Ezra. "I'll go upstairs, though, and lie down. You might ask Judge Brierson if he'll come and set with me a spell. And if he comes, you might bring up the checkers and the board."

The judge was with him till nearly eleven, and when Sue looked in to say good night, he seemed much better.

"Beat him three straight games," he said. "Leave the door open, Sue, and then I can hear Old Toby in the night and know what time it is. And don't forget what I told you after supper, and what's writ on the paper."

Again Sue's young arms instinctively wrapped around him.

"Don't, dear," she whispered, her wet cheek pressed against his. "You'll be all right in the morning."

At least he was without pain in the morning, and would never feel the stitch in his side again. And whether or not it was due to the contagious chuckle of the clock (*Continued on page 44*)

Hearing

Paramount Photos

This new camera is noiseless, leaving the talk to such as Ruth Chatterton (above), whose dulcet voice is music to the weary ear

One of the world's foremost movie producers talks up for the talkies. He describes the difficulties involved in giving the silent screen a tongue. He quotes figures that will make you reel. He answers all the objections you have thought of to the speaking shadows. And he carries to bounds you didn't dare the possibilities of the future

WHEN, in the early months of 1894, Messrs. Raff and Gammon, who conducted with much glitter and considerable success a Kinetoscope Parlor at 1199 Broadway, New York, announced that in the future their patrons would see pictures that talked as well as walked, there was not the public excitement that you might think should have accompanied such an announcement.

Not only was the capricious public highly skeptical but it was somewhat resentful. There was a feeling that Messrs. Raff and Gammon were overstepping the boundaries of legitimacy in advertising—putting something over, so to speak. Yet when the evening came when these articulate pictures were to make their début, large crowds of citizens invaded the Kinetoscope Parlor, so large in fact that policemen had to be called upon to maintain order.

And the pictures did speak, as predicted. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the creator of the unbelievable thing, had synchronized the filmed scene with phonograph records and while the results were not all that he had hoped for, nevertheless the pictures did speak. One had merely to drop a cent into the slot, apply the receivers to his ears and his eyes to the peep-hole to capture proof.

Curiously enough, Messrs. Raff and Gammon's patrons were not diverted. They had come expecting to be hoaxed and they departed apparently saddened and mildly affronted because they hadn't been. They went home not to talk glowingly of the wonders that never cease but to hold forth dismally that the talking pictures were poor things doomed to an early withdrawal. Neither Mr. Edison nor anybody else could make soulless photographs speak and that was all there was to it. And even if he did make them speak, it wasn't worth listening to anyway.

And they were right—temporarily. In a few months Messrs. Raff and Gammon ceased offering Mr. Edison's kinetophone pictures and the critics nodded in smug assent. Had they not predicted that failure awaited?

The Third Début of the Talky

Not that photography of sound was new even then. There had been the experiments of Blake of Brown University, Herman of Liége, and others who had failed to produce anything more than symptoms of what was to come. They were followed by Demeny and his chronophotophone, by Whitman and his cameraphone, by Gaumont's chronophone and the talking movies of Deutsche and Lauste.

But articulate films did not attain to commercial feasibility until Dr. Lee De Forest produced his phonofilm in 1923. A little further experimentation, and today the wholly silent film is gradually becoming something to be remembered, not seen.

The point is this: Something of the same criticism that arose when Raff and Gammon offered Edison's kinetophone to the public was heard when, with one accord, the moving-picture industry went talky a year ago. You heard it said that voice reproduction was bad, that the dialogue was stilted, witless and unreal, that the talky was foredoomed because the movie actor under contract was a pretty puppet without voice or vocabulary.

All sorts of dire prophecies were heard. In newspapers, in magazines and on street corners you were informed that the financial penalties of abandoning the silent drama for the audible film would put a stop to all this nonsense. For example, Cyril So-and-so, the high-salaried idol of ten million girls, would have to be retired because he could not make the vocal grade; and the beautiful Annabel Gorgeous, the greatest box-office siren in history, would have to be dropped because she had a compound lisp. These artists, you may have been informed, had long-term contracts and had to be filmed. Therefore the talkies would have to wait. I mention only these of the thousand and one reasons given you why we, the producers, were making an historic blunder.

A Product of Progress

Wholly aside from the chronic unreliability of these inevitable critics, there was the entirely overlooked fact that, at last, science had produced sound film which was commercially and artistically practicable. After patient work by men who had devoted many years to moving-picture development and by scientists of first-rank minds and reputations, the talking movie had arrived. And in a state of perfection far ahead of the usual début condition.

I know of no film artist who had the appearance and the intelligence to make good in the silent pictures who cannot carry on now. It would be foolish to pretend that the talking picture has attained to its ultimate excellence. Nothing has. But it is here to stay—as substantial a product of our progress as the motor car or the airplane. So much is this so, that the future of the sound and talking picture is the future of the movie industry.

Nor do I say this as a producer of moving pictures who arrogantly decrees what the public can prepare itself to receive. The talking and sound film is not here because we producers found it convenient to make it; articulate pictures have arrived because the public has demanded them. Without the sanction of the public no picture succeeds and by the same token no producer survives who does not correctly measure the public's appetite.

Not that all pictures of the future will speak. They will have sound effects, yes; but there will be that type of film and that character of subject which will not lend themselves to dialogue. There have been and will be pictures wherein speech from the lips of certain of the characters would not only be in bad taste but would be fiercely resented by the audiences.

For example just what could we have done in The King of Kings? Or the Ten Commandments? How impossible it would have been to have attempted to

Things in the Dark

By Jesse L. Lasky

make them all-talkies. Could we have presumed to reproduce the voice of the Christ? Would we have offended by putting the voice of God into the mouth of a hired actor?

Great pictures of the future may be voiceless but certainly not soundless. Dramatic effect will be enhanced by musical scores written especially for the picture. So important will these scores and musical effects be in pictures to come that it is probable that Hollywood will become the musical center of America.

Limited for the Present

We may look toward that time—and not so far in the future as you may think—when the great composers, the famous singers, the masters of musical direction, will be as eager to come to Hollywood as the artists of the stage and literature are now. The synchronized picture will create an enormous appetite for the best in music. It will influence the music-cultural growth of the nation just as surely as the silent pictures have given us a better theater.

However, at present I see limits to what we shall produce—limits which may be moved outward from time to time. For example, I cannot predict now that we shall fetch grand opera to the screen. The reason is simple enough: It lacks the general popularity that would warrant our filming it. Later, much may happen. The silent films started humbly enough with simple subjects. Neither will we attempt Shakespeare—and for the same reason.

I have read much and heard more to the effect that with the advent of the talking movie, large numbers of the film stars sped to the studios of voice culturists and elocutionists.

Doubtless it is true that there were (and possibly still are) some of our stars who, having had no professional voice training, sought advice of those who had. But elocution went out of fashion long ago. Elocution thrived in the old theater of our fathers. In the mouths of true artists who had the intelligence to adapt that grandiloquence to their own personalities and the parts they played, the ranting was less objectionable, less absurd; but the old declamatory style is a hindrance rather than a help to today's actor.

In the literature of the stage as elsewhere the demand is for the natural, for the truth of life, for fidelity to character and situation. I ask our actors to be natural, speak naturally. We will cast types and voices to suit the scenario's parts. It will not be necessary for a player whose natural talents are equipment for light rôles to prepare for heavies. None of our artists has been instructed to go in for voice culture.

An Important New Influence

We have one young woman whose voice was as far removed from the conventional stage vocal standards as the ordinary shop-girl's is from Julia Marlowe's. Just as she was, without a moment of voice culture, we put her into a talking picture and her success is phenomenal. She plays the part of one of the million young things one sees in the noonday luncheon rush. She does it superbly. Any affectation of her voice would have ruined the part.

Not that a pleasing voice is not preferable. A true singing voice is grateful upon the ear. But the natural voice can very readily be pleasing.

As the screen influenced styles in clothing, so will the talking movie have its wide and deep effect upon the voices of the nation. As a new gown worn in a picture by Bebe Daniels or Gloria Swanson sent a million girls scurrying home to remake a dress or caused a thousand manufacturers of women's wear to hustle back to their designing boards to supply the new demand, so will the speech of the screen heroine find echo on the tongue of her audience.

NO SMOKING NEAR THIS
SOUND CAMERA BOOTH
3

Paramount Photos

Mr. Lasky listens critically to the results of (above) the filming of a garrulous thriller, The Studio Murder Mystery. A neat bit of crime, too

Another prediction of the early critic of the talking movie was that our non-English-speaking stars would return to Europe because of their ignorance of our tongue. That, too, is without truth. For example, I have requested Maurice Chevalier, the French comedian, to take particular care that he does not lose so much as an inflection of his accent. Emil Jannings in broken English will, I believe, be an even greater sensation than he has been. Accents are in high demand, particularly in character work. We have been hard put to it now and then to find among our American or English actors men and women who could produce dialect properly. To be sure, the foreign actor who speaks no English can be of little use to us. Inasmuch as we have none of them under contract we refuse to consider the problem.

Frequently we shall use sound and musical effects rather than the spoken word in the interests of effect. Suggestion that instantly fires the imagination may move you more deeply than an ejaculation from the character's lips.

For example, a war impends. A young soldier and his sweetheart are together in a thronged street. The whole atmosphere of the crowd is one of impending tragedy. The girl is tearful—afraid for the man she loves and for a million other men who may be moving toward slaughter. The soldier is calm, mildly reassuring her, although he knows that only a miracle can avert the disaster.

And then suddenly the audience hears a few startled notes of a bugle. The crowd pauses. The girl presses against the soldier, terror-stricken. He is very grim. Nothing is said by either of them but a newsboy dashes into the scene and holds out to the girl a newspaper whereon the single word WAR screams from the page.

Anything that either this girl or her soldier might have said at that moment would have been stupid and colorless. The terrific impact of the calamity is passed on to the audience by suggestion.

The Legitimate Stage is Safe

Our greatest problems touch on none of these snap-criticisms of the sound and talking picture. Our problems haven't changed. They are merely that we shall provide acceptable entertainment. As for technical improvements, our next step will involve the wide-angle lens, giving us a broader screen. Tomorrow's screen will be as large as the theater stage. And that will mean that wherever you sit in the house yours will be equivalent to a front seat.

The moving picture will not kill off the so-called legitimate theater although the screen's importance in public entertainment will be greater now than it has ever been. But as for threatening the existence of the living stage, it would pay us in such an emergency to save it by subsidy. Nothing so worth saving, so necessary to a people's cultural growth, can possibly be lost.

With the growth of the silent movie came the gradual disappearance of the old-fashioned road show—the repertory company. To a great extent even the first-rate Broadway productions were limited to large city showings, and rather few of them. A pronounced success might go to Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland and possibly, should it have the unlimited appeal of an Abie's Irish Rose or of a few of the truly great musical shows, one or two other large cities.

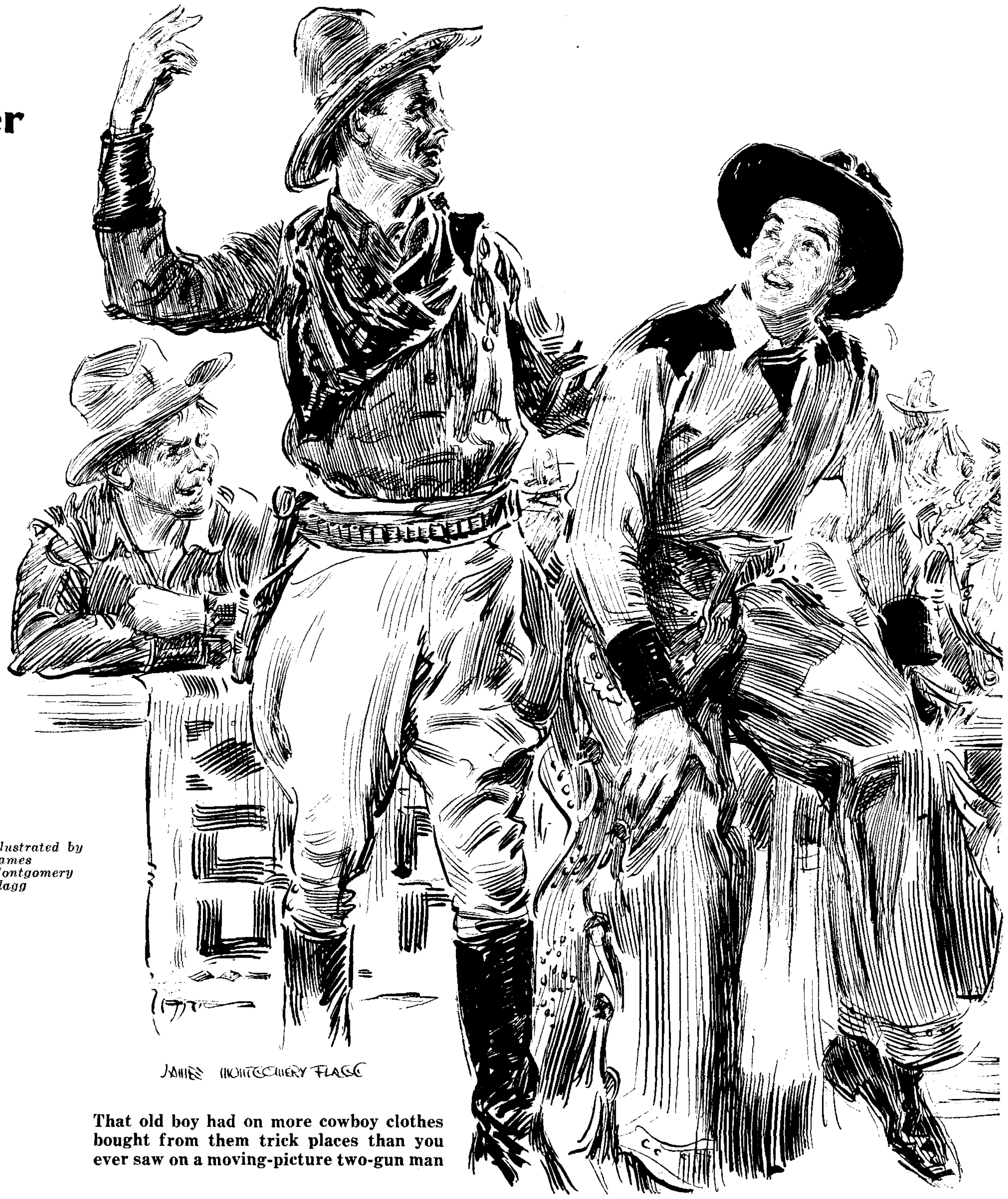
But now that the sound film has reached that degree of success where nothing that the legitimate stage has to offer is impossible for the camera to reproduce, the speaking stage would seem to face even further limiting. We are now producing sound pictures with such fidelity that it will not be long before we are able to submit to the same tests that the reproducing piano manufacturers offer.

The so-called legitimate stage will, in the new order of things, become even more of a strictly metropolitan institution than it is now. I dare say that communities of less than 150,000 population will not support stage presentations outside of (*Continued on page 48*)

High Hat

By Bozeman Bulger

You mightn't think of mixing professional baseball and cow-punching. Neither did Benny. But his sister saw how it could be done, and did it—with trimmings



That old boy had on more cowboy clothes bought from them trick places than you ever saw on a moving-picture two-gun man

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

NOSE around with the baseball gang to this day and you'll hear the old graybeards of the game entertain the incoming bushers by telling them the yarn of how Benny Capehart outsmarted the magnates until he wound up with a Texas ranch.

Well, I'm Benny Capehart, and I let all the people who want to think that I'm smart. When folks get the notion that a bird is as wise as a tree full of owls he can even get away with it at the banks. They are just as much a set-up for the up-stage stuff as was old Major Cummings, the gent who figures in this my last will, testament and confession.

When I keep quiet and let folks think I put one over on the baseball magnates I'm just cheating, that's all. My widowed sister, Mary, pulled that trick. Boy, there's a gal who made a steel trap look clumsy!

THE thing started when I was playing the outfield for the Blues and wasn't getting nowhere on the pay roll, even if I was hitting .320. Kid all you like, but don't let nobody tell you I couldn't crash that old apple. Just look over the records and you'll see they haven't had a man in the outfield for ten years who could sock that onion like I did. I've been many kinds of a sucker in my time, but I was never a sucker for a curve ball. Ask any of the old-timers.

Everybody took old Benny—that's me—for an easy-going sort of a bench comedian. I was too easy-going to be a holdout, and when the winter contracts came around there were never any extra big figures on mine. Like a boob I took what was offered me the first few years and let it go at that. I was so crazy to play baseball that I think I'd have played for nothing.

In the winter time—the off season—I lived on my sister's farm out in Texas, doing the best I could. Mary was a widow, having lost as good a husband as any woman ever had. His name was Drury Richardson. He was a good-natured guy and was willing to do anything in the world for Mary. But good nature licked him. When he died he left Mary that little one-horse farm with a big mortgage on it.

Game gal that she was, and is, Mary took it on herself to run that farm and pay off the mortgage. She had a notion that she could turn the trick by raising Jersey and Holstein cattle for milk cows, believing that the old days of raising longhorns on a range were over.

I stuck around helping her the best I could, keeping her company in the winter and doing odd jobs about the place.

You see, Mary was a well-educated girl—had read and studied everything. When we were young they couldn't keep me fastened down in one place long enough to give me an education. So they fastened all the learning on Sis. She was a leader in all the social events and was a regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It always made me feel sort of bad to see her out there on that lonesome farm, three miles from town, working her head off and bearing down on them books and figures night and day.

My job was to herd up them three cows every night and give them a feed. I got a break once in a while by going down to San Antonio and playing pool, where I also got an earful about sporting events.

"Say, Benny," one of them small-city wise guys said to me one night, "I see in the papers where a couple of your big leaguers are holding out for a lot of money. They've got their pictures in the paper. Why don't you try that holding-out thing?"

Everybody around that section knew that I wasn't getting a salary anything like my heavy hitting called for. I'm telling you I could bust that old apple, even if I wasn't smart.

That fellow put a notion into my head. It was only a question if I would be game enough to go through with it. I knew the contracts would be sent out along in January or February. The owners, you know, always make out these contracts a month or so before the teams go south.

That remark down at the poolroom gave me a little courage. Mind you, I had been socking the ball harder than ever my previous season. Why, there wasn't a curve-ball pitcher in the league who—but you can get all that out of the records. I don't want to be talking about myself, but it's the honest truth when I tell you that I didn't care a rap whether they threw me a hook or a fast one.

I RECKON I was always sort of scatter-brained, and when I began popping off about my new scheme to Sis she looked absent-mindedlike and kept right on with her figures. You know, my brains never were a big favorite in Mary's betting book. She had heard me rave for years. Besides, her mortgage payment was coming due, and at no time was her bank roll big enough to choke a canary.

"All right, Benny, that's fine," she said, without looking up or knowing what I was talking about. "Do what you think is best."

"Sis," I finally declared, myself, "you think I'm just talking, but I'm going to show these baseball birds that Benny Capehart is a game guy."

"What's the trouble?" she asked, still wrestling with them figures. "Has your new contract come?"

"No, Sis, but it ought to be along most any time now. Old Major Cummings told me when I left that he'd send them out late in January."

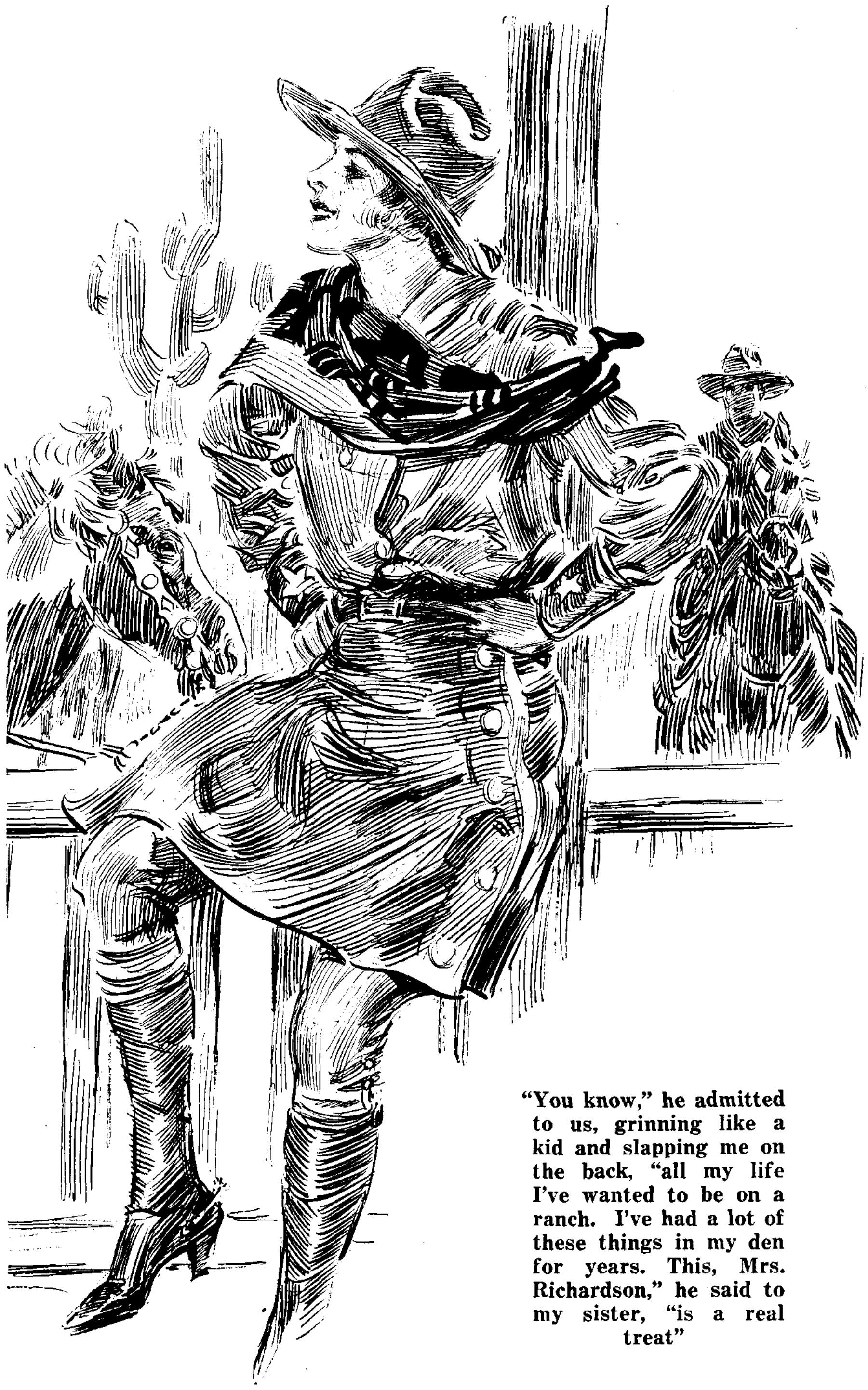
"You'd better wait then. He might give you a voluntary raise. How much does your contract call for at present?"

"They paid me thirty-six hundred dollars last year. The way I've been hitting they ought to make it six thousand. Sis, you may not know what it means to be a good curve-ball hitter. Why, only last week—"

"All right, Benny. Maybe you'd better wait. By the way, did you let the two Jerseys into the barn? That other one can stay out tonight."

Well, that being over, I went out and rounded up them two cows, wondering how Sis ever expected to get a nickel out of them. The whole three of them didn't give enough milk for one good sherry flip.

Now, let me tell you another thing: That sister of mine was no hick, even if she did live out on that little farm. She was thirty years old, didn't look it, and was as pretty as a speckled pup. To look at me you wouldn't think I had a sister who could knock 'em dead like that. Sis had a sort of yellow, syrup-candy hair that honestly made you think of gold dust when she sat down near the old kerosene reading lamp and be-



"You know," he admitted to us, grinning like a kid and slapping me on the back, "all my life I've wanted to be on a ranch. I've had a lot of these things in my den for years. This, Mrs. Richardson," he said to my sister, "is a real treat"

gan to work on her books. She didn't have many clothes, but there wasn't a dame in them fashion books she used to read that had anything on Sis for style. Class was stamped all over her.

WHILE I was out there wrestling with them cows it sort of burned me up to see a wonderful woman like Mary working her heart out for a little money to meet her mortgage payments and to think of old Major Cummings back there in the ball-club office, wearing his nifty clothes and sending out them puny contracts to ball players who were making him rich by socking the ball.

I was just telling the cows good night when I heard a car pull up at the front gate. It was old Jim Sudbury, the mail rider.

"I guess here's your contract," said Sis, handing me a long envelope, when I came into the house.

There could be no mistake about that. There was the ball club's name printed right on the upper left-hand corner.

The major had raised my salary a measly four hundred dollars, making it four thousand instead of thirty-six hundred. You could have fried an egg on any part of me. I would have felt much better, I think, if he hadn't raised it at all. Imagine lifting me four hundred bucks after me hitting in more runs than any man on the club!

"This must have strained the old piker," I popped off. "So far as I care he can take his ball club and go straight to—"

"What is it, Benny?" Sis asked, looking sort of surprised.

"He's offered me an even four thousand. The raise amounts to less than ten dollars a week."

"Anyway, Benny, four hundred dollars is a lot of money when you need it badly, like I do."

"It's piker stuff in baseball, Sis, especially when you think of Jack Leary pulling down twelve thousand and hitting far down in the batting order. Last year he didn't play more than half the games either. I guess the old major thinks me a poor country boob who don't know nothing—thinks I'll stand for anything. I'm through."

"What kind of a man is this Major Cummings?" she asked.

"He's a swell-looking old guy, Sis, always dolled up like a sport. He's crazy about what he thinks is the class—a natural set-up for the high hat. Why, that old bird caught Jack Leary in evening clothes one night at the training camp, and I'll be doggoned if he didn't raise his pay. He's always telling the boys that it's the old thoroughbred that counts in baseball.

"Does he mistreat or ignore those other players that you call roughnecks?"

"No—not exactly," I had to admit. "At times he's a good-natured old stiff and mighty generous about entertaining the gang, but he won't pay the general run of them any dough. Tight is his middle name. Major Cummings is the first man they ever told that story on, the one about opening his pocketbook and three mice jumping out. Then, again, he'll turn around and spend money on some foolishness. Why, last spring he gave us all a big dinner and had the invitations engraved. Must've cost him fifty dollars, when all he had to do was come over to the clubhouse and tell us to come to the party."

WHILE I was spilling all this I could see that Sis was getting more interested than usual. She stood by the fireplace tapping on the mantelpiece with the end of a pencil. There was a look in her eyes, as she listened to me, like she was thinking about something far off.

"And you think you ought to send the contract back unsigned with a demand for better terms, is that it?"

"That's the notion, Sis. I'm going to hold out even if the old piker never does come through. I can make a living some way."

"How, Benny?"

That kind of stopped me, at that. Right then, to save my life, I couldn't think how.

"What excuse do the other holdouts, as you call them, usually give when they send their contracts back?" she asked while I was still flopping around for the answer to that first question.

"Oh, some of them don't give any excuse at all. I know one fresh guy who sent his back after writing across the face of the contract: 'Play this on your piano.' Then some of them pull the old gag about going into business."

"Listen, Benny, now answer me frankly—can the ball club get along better without you than you can without them?"

"Without a .320 hitter in that outfield they'd finish in the second division. They'd lose a lot of gate receipts. Still, Sis, I reckon they could stand the loss better than I could, at that."

"What would it cost them to get another apple crasher, as you call it?"

"Why, they just paid forty thousand dollars for a prospect. It would cost 'em plenty—even if he wasn't as good as me."

"What would you really be willing to sign for, Benny?"

"I'd take five thousand in a pinch, but they ought to pay me at least six thousand this coming season and eight thousand the next."

I knew that Sis wouldn't be putting me through this third degree if she didn't have her bean working on some big idea. In another minute it came out:

"Would you lend me all over five thousand that I helped you to get?"

"Lend you? Why, Sis, I'd stake you to it. What do you mean—if you helped me out?"

"Never you mind. Now you sit right down here and tell me all that you can think of about this Major Cummings—everything. I want to get a picture of him in my mind."

We talked all evening about the major, even to his being a wealthy old bachelor and wanting to adopt one of them college boys as a son. Not once did Mary tip her mitt, but I knew she was thinking up something. Occasionally she cut in with a question as I talked along. Before we were through she knew more about the baseball business than I did, even with me putting her wise. It's funny how a smart woman can take a remark and make something out of it that you never thought of while you were saying it.

"Benny," Sis declared herself the next morning at breakfast, "you know how you've always teased me by saying 'Sis, take a chance and don't weaken.' Well, I'm going to take one now, and so are you—a real one."

"Is that so?" was all I could think of to say right off the bat.

"Yes, it is so. If I had enough money to buy two more registered Jerseys I believe I could make this farm pay. They'll cost around fifteen hundred dollars. You're going to take a chance on whether I get those cows or you lose your job."

"That's a bet, Sis. Go to it. What's the idea?"

"Do you know Lutnow's place down in the city—the place where they turn out all the fashionable stationery for the social affairs?"

I had never been there, but, of course, everybody knew the place. I nodded.

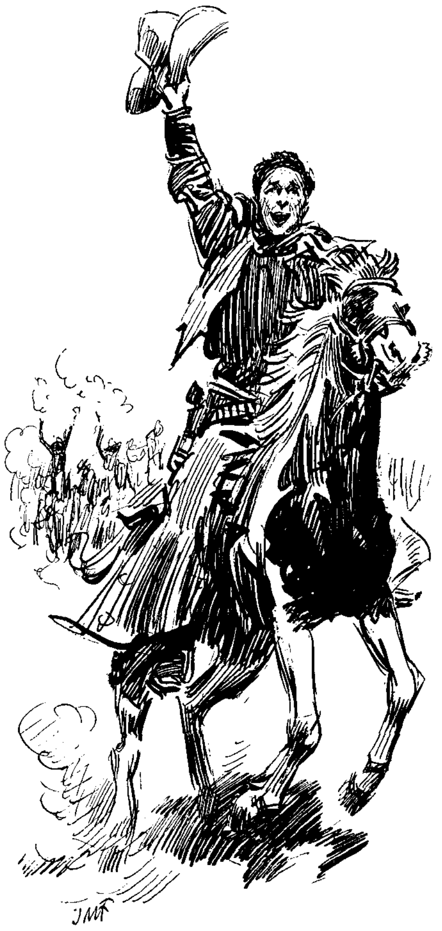
"Well, I've drawn out a letterhead here. I want you to drive down there and see if they can turn out some stationery with that on it—just as I have indicated in the pencil drawing."

I SURE was popeyed when I got a peek at what she'd fixed up. In the middle of the sheet at the top was a line reading "The Capehart Cattle Corporation, Ltd." Just over it was the picture of a longhorn steer's head and in a corner was a cow pony, with a man on his back whirling a lariat. Below that was "Benjamin Capehart, general manager." She had even put in a cable address: "Capesan."

Now, I'm asking you if that wasn't a knockout?

When that high-hat stationery was delivered Sis seemed to take on new life. There was color in her cheeks and plenty of sparkle in her eyes. I didn't know it then, but she had two strikes on the major already.

When all was set and ready Sis gave me a letter that she had scribbled out with a pencil and told me to go down to San Antone (*Continued on page 71*)

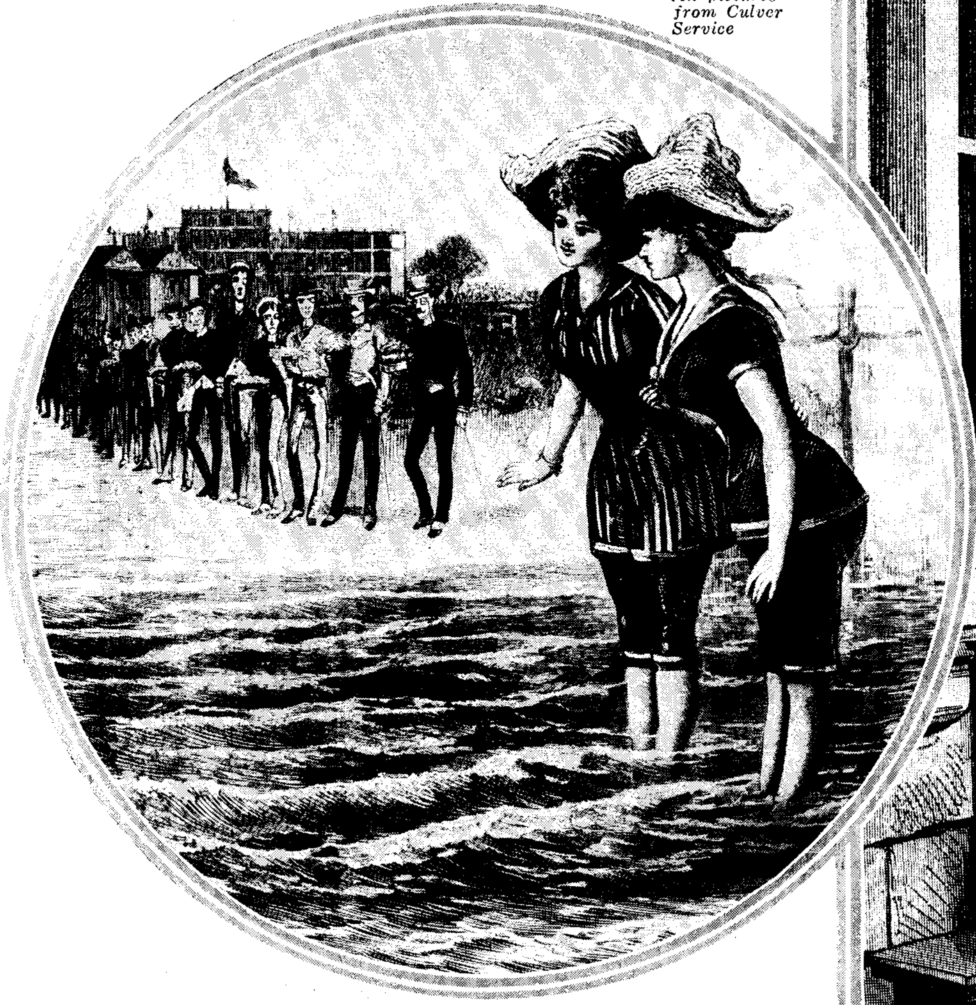


This gang rode around firing six-shooters and yelling for the major

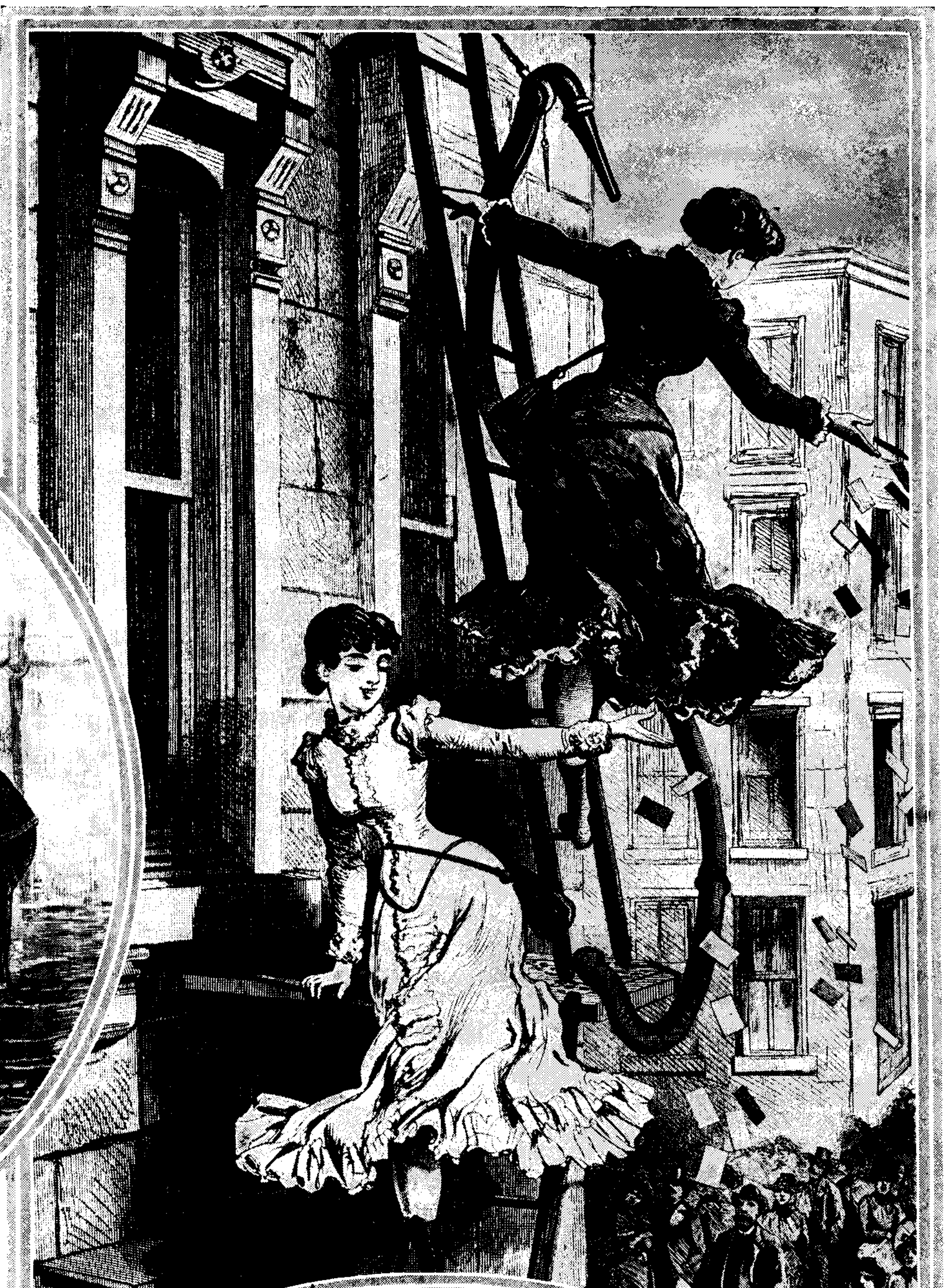
The Cut-Ups

If you're worried over Our Young People take a look at this little group of merry-makers of the Eighties

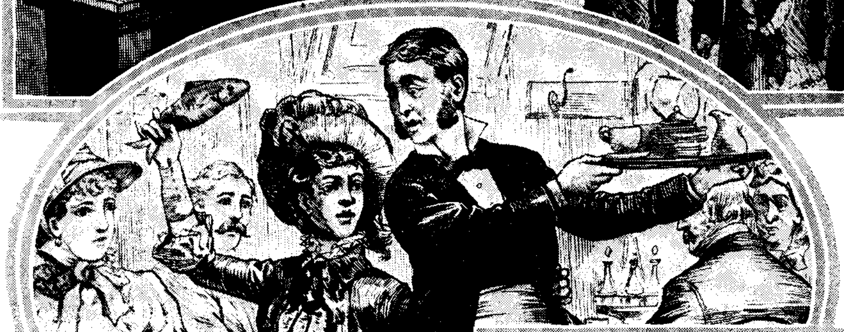
All pictures from Culver Service



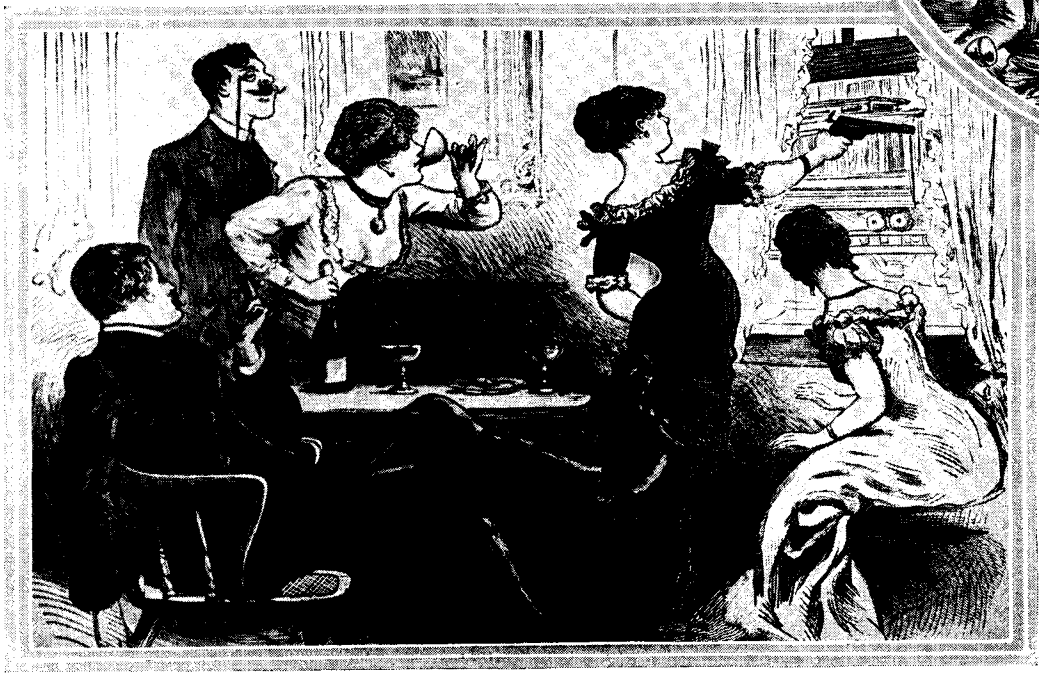
A group of roguish johnnies who just couldn't wait for two popular actresses to reappear on the stage greeted them thus when they emerged from the season's first dip at Coney Island



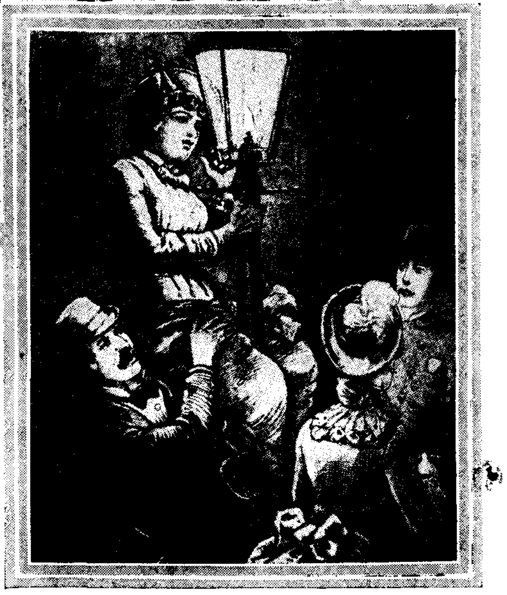
Above right: The original sky-writers. A neat bit of advertising by the inventor of a fire-escape. He embellished his product with his daughters and business downtown was suspended all day



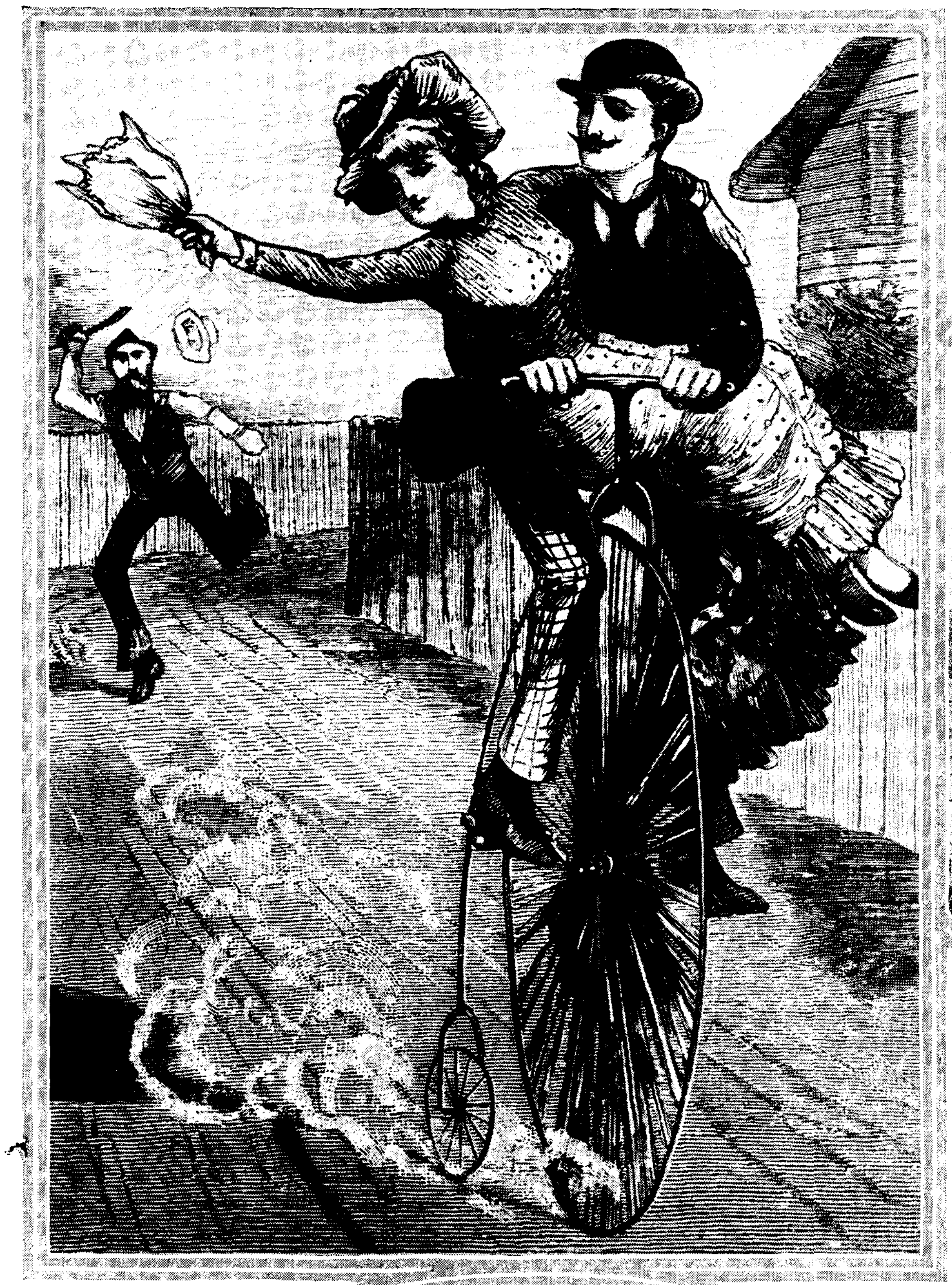
Right: "Let's have a little service round here, please." Or, as the caption writer for the Police Gazette inelegantly put it, "A young damsel, loaded with wine, whoops it up in a restaurant in the course of an after-matinée spree"



Left: They used their imaginations when they made whoopee in those days. Not the least fascinating pastime was shooting at the passing elevated trains

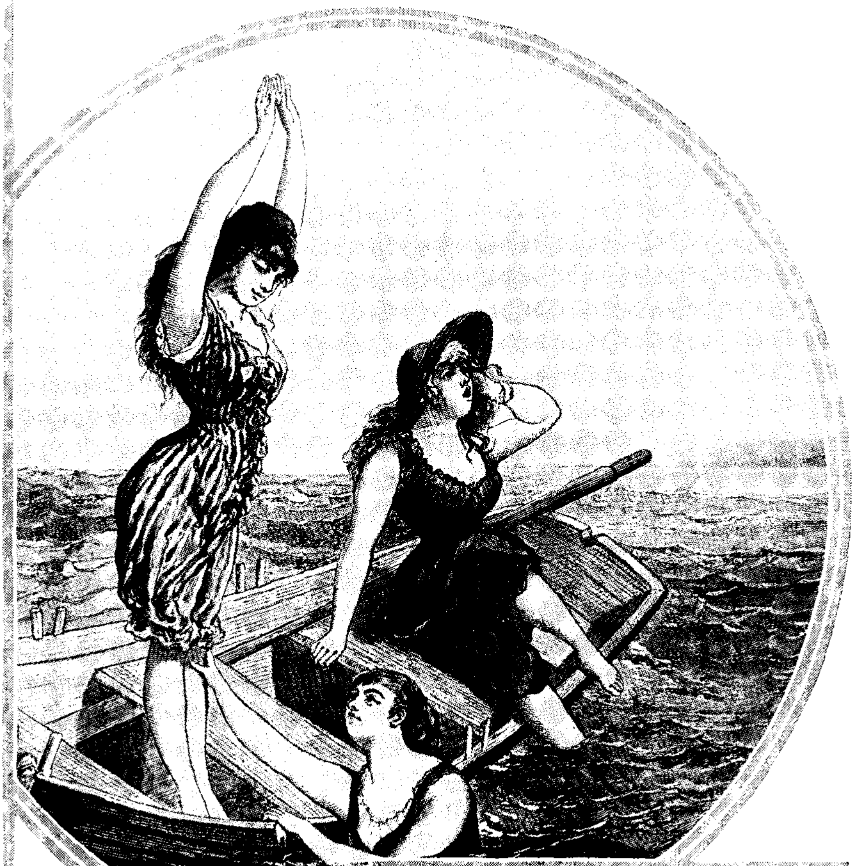


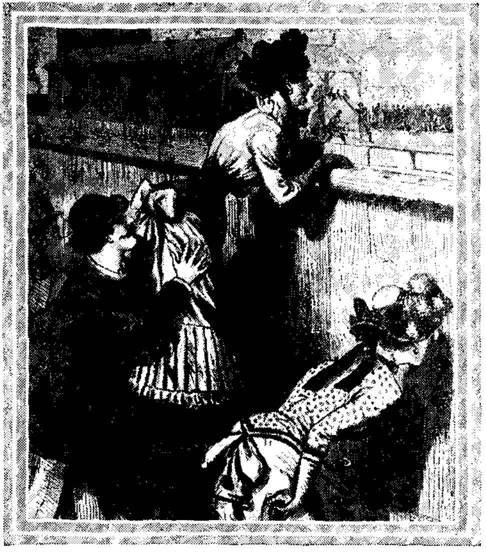
Getting a light without lucifers. Not as shocking as it seems. She was only lighting it for her escort to smoke



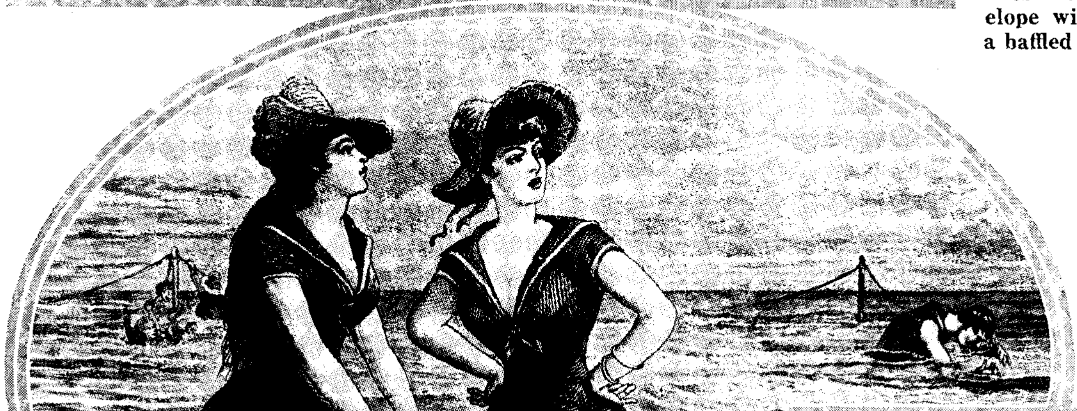
A member of the Boston (of all places!) Bicycle Club utilizes his favorite vehicle to elope with the daughter of a baffled Connecticut farmer

Conscious of the boldness of their costumes these "metropolitan belles of an exclusive turn" rowed well out for their swim, much to the disappointment of the loungers ashore

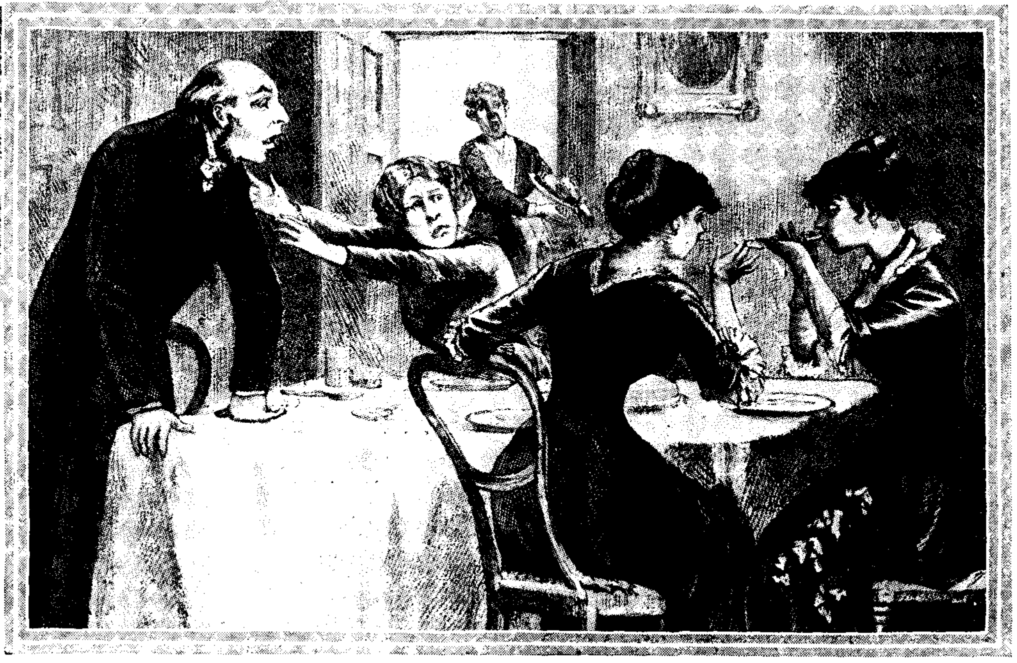




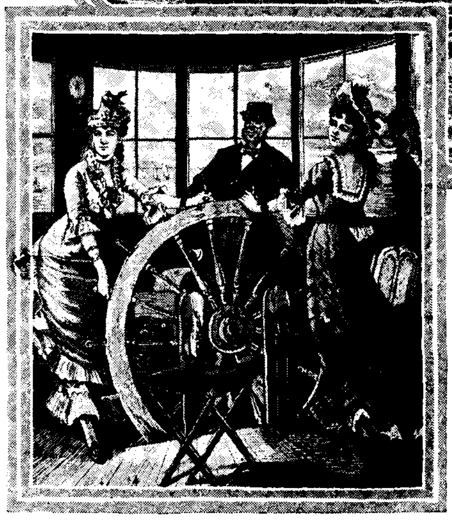
Giving the little girl a boost. The over-the-fence audiences were the despair of gate-keepers at the baseball grounds



The tragedy of a rented bathing-suit. Or to put it more subtly as the original captioneer did: "Why Charley left his pretty cousins to go to lunch by themselves"



Right: The parson should have asked for references. Two young summer boarders from the metropolis scandalized his household



Left: Sailors were ever fair targets for feminine wiles. This one didn't hesitate to give a couple of charmers a spell at the wheel

Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

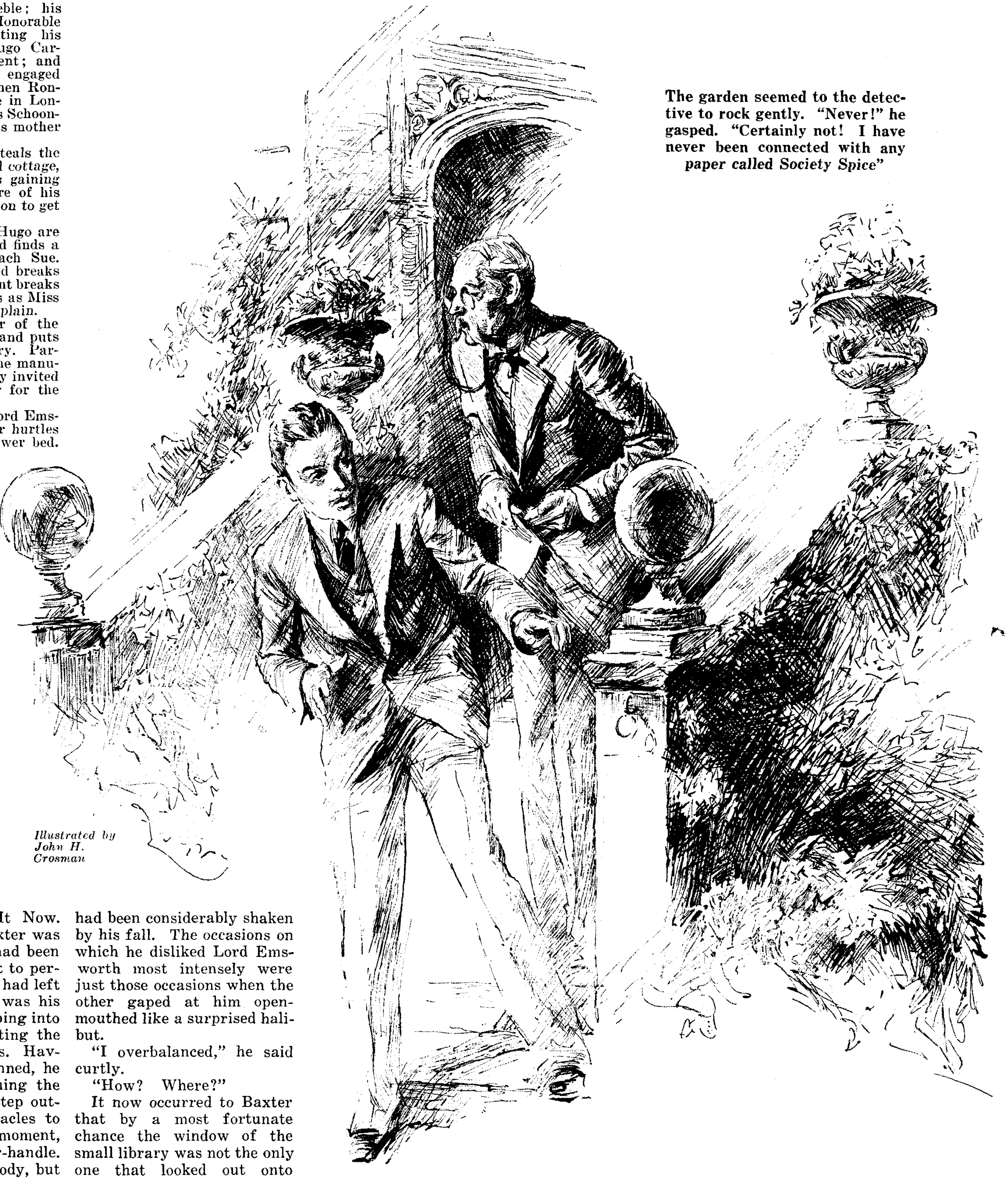
IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, lives Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig. With him live his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, now writing his Reminiscences; his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent; and his nephew, Ronald Fish, secretly engaged to Sue Brown, a chorus girl. When Ronnie and Sue meet Lady Constance in London, Ronnie introduces Sue as Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl his mother has invited to Blandings.

Ronnie, with the butler's aid, steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning to "find" her later, thus gaining his trustee's gratitude and a share of his own capital. Hugo is sent to London to get a detective, P. Frobisher Pilbeam.

At Mario's that night Sue and Hugo are dancing when Pilbeam appears and finds a long-sought opportunity to approach Sue. Ronnie finds her with Pilbeam and breaks their engagement. Next day Millicent breaks with Hugo. Sue goes to Blandings as Miss Schoonmaker to see Ronnie and explain.

Galahad accuses Parsloe, owner of the rival pig, of stealing the Empress and puts in his Reminiscences a ruinous story. Parsloe offers Pilbeam £500 to steal the manuscript. Lady Constance has already invited to Blandings the Efficient Baxter for the same purpose.

While Galahad is introducing Lord Emsworth to Sue in the garden Baxter hurtles through the air and lands in a flower bed.



The garden seemed to the detective to rock gently. "Never!" he gasped. "Certainly not! I have never been connected with any paper called *Society Spice*"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

VIII

PROPERLY considered there is no such thing as an unsolvable mystery. It may seem puzzling at first sight when ex-secretaries start falling as the gentle rain from heaven upon the lobelias beneath, but there is always a reason for it. That Baxter did not immediately give the reason was due to the fact that he had private and personal motives for not doing so.

We have called Rupert Baxter efficient, and efficient he was. The word, as we interpret it, implies not only a capacity for performing the ordinary tasks of life with a smooth firmness of touch but in addition a certain alertness of mind, a genius for opportunism, a gift for seeing clearly, thinking swiftly, and Doing It Now. With these qualities Rupert Baxter was preëminently equipped, and it had been with him the work of a moment to perceive, directly the Hon. Galahad had left the house with Sue, that here was his chance of popping upstairs, nipping into the small library, and abstracting the manuscript of the Reminiscences. Having popped and nipped, as planned, he was in the very act of searching the desk when the sound of a footstep outside froze him from his spectacles to the soles of his feet. The next moment, fingers began to turn the door-handle.

You may freeze a Baxter's body, but you cannot numb his active brain. With one masterful, lightning-like flash of clear thinking he took in the situation and saw the only possible way out. To reach the door leading to the large library, he would have had to circumnavigate the desk. The window, on the other hand, was at his elbow. So he jumped out of it.

All these things Baxter could have explained in a few words. Refraining from doing so, he rose to his feet and began to brush the mold from his knees.

"Baxter! What on earth?"

The ex-secretary found the gaze of his late employer trying to nerves which had been considerably shaken by his fall. The occasions on which he disliked Lord Emsworth most intensely were just those occasions when the other gaped at him openmouthed like a surprised halibut.

"I overbalanced," he said curtly.

"How? Where?"

It now occurred to Baxter that by a most fortunate chance the window of the small library was not the only one that looked out onto this arena into which he had precipitated himself. He might equally well have descended from the larger library which adjoined it.

"I WAS leaning out of the library window . . ."

"Why?"

"Inhaling the air . . ."

"What for?"

"And I lost my balance."

"Lost your balance?"

"I slipped."

"Slipped?"

Baxter had the feeling—it was one which he had often had in the old days when conversing with Lord Emsworth—that an exchange of remarks had begun which might go on forever. A keen desire swept over him to be—and that right speedily—in some other place. He did not care where it was. So long as Lord Emsworth was not there, it would be Paradise enow.

"I think I will go indoors and wash my hands," he said.

"And face," suggested the Hon. Galahad.

"My face, also," said Rupert Baxter coldly.

He started to move round the angle of the house, but long before he had got out of hearing, Lord Emsworth's high and penetrating tenor was dealing with the situation. His lordship, as so often happened on these occasions, was under the impression that he spoke in a hushed whisper.

"Mad as a coot!" he said. And the words rang out through the still summer air like a public oration.

They cut Baxter to the quick. They were not the sort of words to which a man with an inch and a quarter of skin off his left shinbone ought ever to have been called upon to listen. With flushed ears and glowing spectacles, the Efficient Baxter passed on his way. Statistics relating to madness among coots are not to hand, but we may safely doubt whether even in the ranks of these notoriously unbalanced birds there could have been found at this moment one who was feeling half as mad as he did.

Lord Emsworth continued to gaze at the spot where his late secretary had passed from sight.

"Mad as a coot," he repeated.

In his brother Galahad he found a ready supporter.

"Madder," said the Hon. Galahad. "Upon my word, I think he's actually worse than he was two years ago. Then, at least, he never fell out of windows."

"Why on earth do you have the fellow here?"

Lord Emsworth sighed.

"It's Constance, my dear Galahad. You know what she is. She insisted on inviting him."

"Well, if you take my advice, you'll hide the flower-pots. One of the things this fellow does when he gets these attacks," explained the Hon. Galahad, taking Sue into the family confidence, "is to go about hurling flower-pots at people."

"Really?" said Sue.

"I assure you. Looking for me, Beach?"

The careworn figure of the butler had appeared, walking as one pacing behind the coffin of an old friend.

"Yes, sir. The gentleman has arrived, Mr. Galahad."

"Show him up to the small library, Beach, and tell him I'll be with him in a moment."

"Very good, sir."

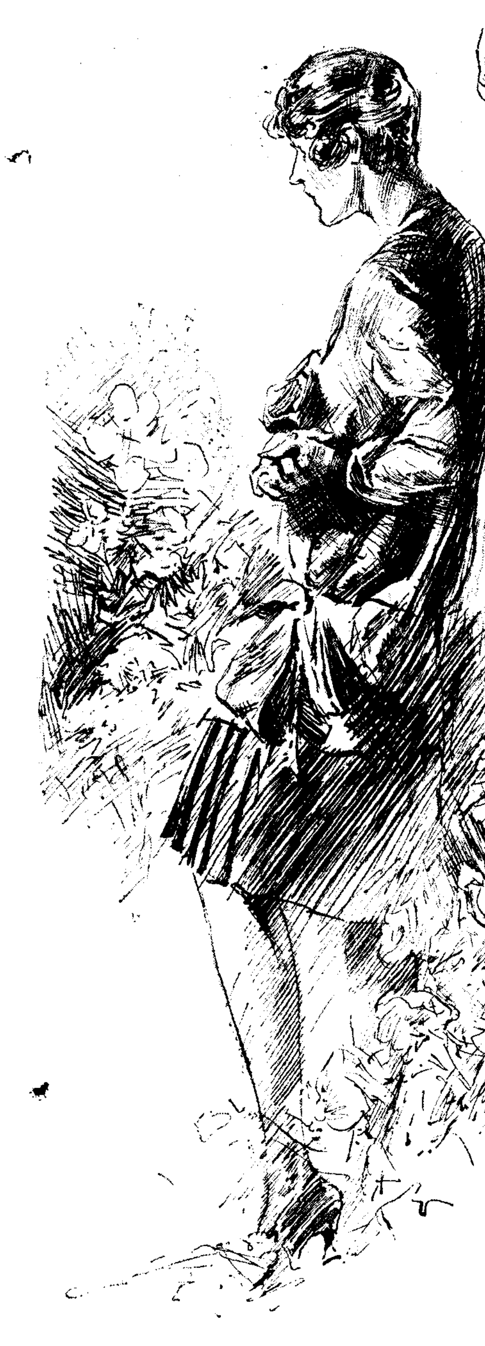
THE Hon. Galahad's temporary delay in going to see his visitor was due to his desire to linger long enough to tell Sue, to whom he had taken a warm fancy and whom he wished to shield as far as it was in his power from the perils of life, what every girl ought to know about the Efficient Baxter.

"Never let yourself be alone with that fellow in a deserted spot, my dear," he counseled. "If he suggests a walk in the woods, call for help. Been off his head for years. Ask Clarence."

Lord Emsworth nodded solemnly.

"And it looks to me," went on the Hon. Galahad, "as if his mania had now taken a suicidal turn. He's the living image of a man I used to know in the nineties.

"The first intimation any of us had that this chap had anything wrong with him was when he turned up to supper at the house of a friend of mine—George Pallant. You remember George, Clarence—with a couple of days' beard on him. And when Mrs. George, who had known him all her life, asked him why he hadn't shaved, 'Shaved?' says this fellow, surprised. Packleby, his name was. One of the Leicestershire Packlebys. 'Shaved, dear lady?' he says. 'Well, considering that they even hide the butter-knife when I come down to breakfast for fear I'll try to cut my throat with it, is it reasonable to suppose they'd trust me with a razor?' Quite stuffy about it, he was, and it spoiled the party. Look after Miss Schoonmaker, Clarence. I shan't be long."



"Well, I'm sorry you're not the man," said the Hon. Galahad. "I've been wanting to meet him. He wrote a very offensive thing about me"

Lord Emsworth had little experience in the art of providing diversion for young girls. Left thus to his native inspiration, he pondered awhile. If the Empress had not been stolen, his task would, of course, have been simple. He could have given this Miss Schoonmaker a half-hour of sheer entertainment by taking her down to the piggeries to watch that superb animal feed. As it was, he was at something of a loss.

"Perhaps you would care to see the rose garden?" he hazarded.

"I should love it," said Sue.

"Are you fond of roses?"

"Tremendously."

Lord Emsworth found himself warming to this girl. Her personality pleased him. He seemed dimly to recall something his sister Constance had said about her—something about wishing that her nephew Ronald would settle down with some nice girl with money like that Miss Schoonmaker whom Julia had met at Biarritz. Feeling so kindly toward her, it occurred to him that a word in season, opening her eyes to his nephew's true character, might prevent the girl making a mistake which she would regret forever when it was too late.

"I think you know my nephew Ronald?" he said.

"Yes."

"That boy's an ass."

"Why?" said Sue sharply. She began to feel less amiable toward this stringy old man. A moment before, she had been thinking that it was rather charming, that funny, vague manner of his. Now she saw him clearly for what he was—a dodderer, and a Class A dodderer at that.

"Why?" His lordship considered the point. "He throws tennis-balls at pigs," he went on, getting down to the ghastly facts.

"Does what?"

"I saw him with my own eyes. He threw a tennis-ball at Empress of Blandings. And not once but repeatedly."

THE motherly instinct which all girls feel toward the men they love urged Sue to say something in Ronnie's defense. But, apart from suggesting that the pig had probably started it, she could not think of anything. They left the rose garden and began to walk back to the lawn, Lord Emsworth still exercised by the thought of his nephew's shortcomings.

"Aggravating boy," he said. "Most aggravating. Always up to something or other. Started a night-club the other day. Lost a lot of money over it. Just the sort of thing he would do. My brother Galahad started some kind of a club many years ago. It cost my old father nearly a thousand pounds, I recollect. There is something about Ronald that reminds me very much of Galahad at the same age."

Although Sue had found much in the author of the Reminiscences to attract her, she was able to form a very fair estimate of the sort of young man he must have been in the middle twenties. This charge, accordingly, struck her as positively libelous.

"I don't agree with you, Lord Emsworth."

"But you never knew my brother Galahad as a young man," his lordship pointed out cleverly.

At this moment Beach came in sight, a silver salver in his hand. The salver had a card on it, and an envelope.

"For me, Beach?"

"The card, your lordship. The gentleman is in the hall."

Lord Emsworth breathed a sigh of relief. "You will excuse me, my dear? It is most important that I should see this fellow immediately."

He bustled away, glad to go, and Sue became conscious of the salver, thrust deferentially toward her.

"For you, miss."

"For me?"

"Yes, miss," moaned Beach, like a winter wind wailing through dead trees. He inclined his head somberly, and was gone. She tore open the envelope. For one breath-taking instant she had thought Ronnie might have seen her. But the writing was not Ronnie's familiar scrawl. It was bold, clear, decisive writing, the writing of an efficient man.

She looked at the last page: *Yours sincerely, R. J. Baxter.*

SUE'S heart was beating faster as she turned back to the beginning. When a girl in the position in which she had placed herself has been stared at through steel-rimmed spectacles in the way this R. J. Baxter had stared at her through his spectacles, her initial reaction to mysterious notes from the man behind the lenses cannot but be a panic fear that all has been discovered.

The opening sentence dispelled her alarm. Purely personal motives, it appeared, had caused Rupert Baxter to write these few lines. The mere fact that the letter began with the words *Dear Miss Schoonmaker* was enough in itself to bring comfort.

At the risk of annoying you by the intrusion of my private affairs, [wrote the Efficient Baxter, rather in the manner of one beginning an after-dinner speech] I feel that I must give you an explanation of the incident which occurred in the garden in your presence this afternoon. From the observation—in the grossest taste—which Lord Emsworth let fall in my hearing, I fear you may have placed a wrong construction on what took place. (I allude to the expression "Mad as a coot," which I distinctly heard Lord Emsworth utter as I moved away.)

The facts were precisely as I stated. I was leaning out of the library window, and, chancing to lean too far, I lost my balance and fell. That I might have received serious injuries and was entitled to expect sympathy, I overlook. But the words "Mad as a coot" I resent extremely.

Had this incident not occurred, I would not have dreamed of saying anything to prejudice you against your host. As it is, I feel that in justice to myself I must tell you that Lord Emsworth is a man to whose utterance no attention should be paid. He is to all intents and purposes half-witted. Life in the country, with its lack of intellectual stimulus, has caused his natural feebleness of mind to reach a stage which borders closely on insanity. His relatives look on him as virtually an imbecile and have, in my opinion, every cause to do so.

In these circumstances, I think I may rely on you to attach no importance to his remarks this afternoon.

Yours sincerely,
R. J. BAXTER

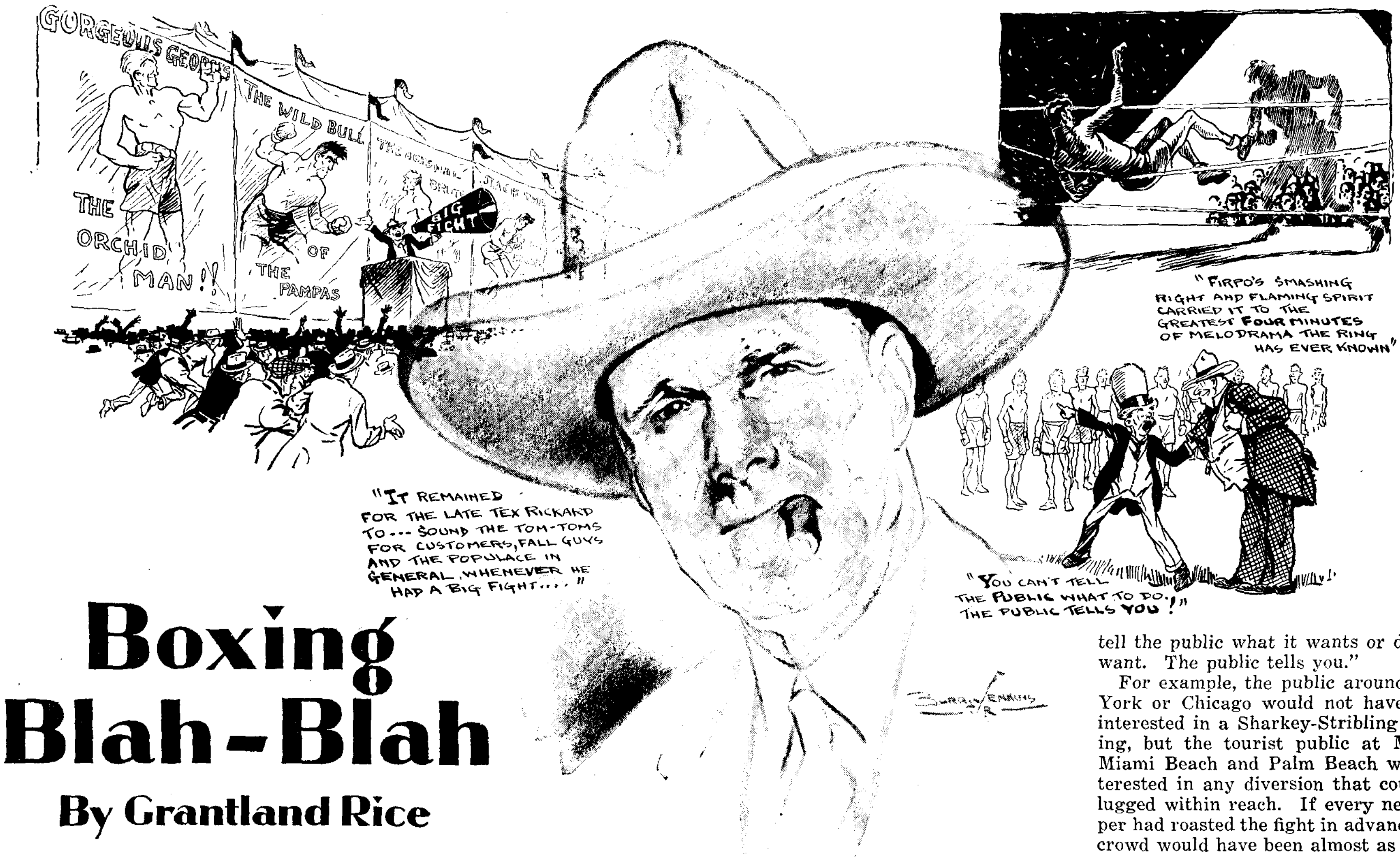
P. S. You will, of course, treat this as entirely confidential.

P. P. S. If you are fond of chess and would care for a game after dinner, I am a good player.

P. P. S. S. Or bezique.

Sue thought it a good letter, neat and well-expressed. Why it had been written, she could not imagine. It had not occurred to her that love—or, at any rate, a human desire to marry a wealthy heiress—had begun to burgeon in R. J. Baxter's bosom. With no particular emotions, other than the feeling that if he was counting on playing bezique with her after dinner he was due for a disappointment, she put the letter in her pocket, and looked out over the park again.

(*Continued on page 56*)


GORGEOUS GEORGES
THE ORCHID MAN!!
THE WILD BULL OF THE PAMPAS
THE ABYSMAL BRUTE
JACK THE
BIG FIGHT
"IT REMAINED FOR THE LATE TEX RICKARD TO --- SOUND THE TOM-TOMS FOR CUSTOMERS, FALL GUYS AND THE POPULACE IN GENERAL, WHENEVER HE HAD A BIG FIGHT.... "
"FIRPO'S SMASHING RIGHT AND FLAMING SPIRIT CARRIED IT TO THE GREATEST FOUR MINUTES OF MELODRAMA THE RING HAS EVER KNOWN"
"YOU CAN'T TELL THE PUBLIC WHAT TO DO. THE PUBLIC TELLS YOU!"

Boxing Blah-Blah

By Grantland Rice

The late Tex Rickard, Barnum's most successful disciple, applied the ballyhoo principle to boxing, and found that it worked—sometimes

According to a number of dictionaries, the word "ballyhoo" is an obscure slang expression meaning "a barker at the door of a show or a shop."

It remained for the late Tex Rickard to fix "the ballyhoo" as a symbol for sounding the tom-toms and beating the bushes for clients, customers, fall guys and the populace in general, whenever he had a big fight in prospect.

The ballyhoo today is largely connected with all the advance noise and publicity that precedes a big boxing match whereby thousands fall under the hypnotic spell and dash in to buy tickets, even though they might be "ringside tickets" 200 feet away from the ring.

Rickard's main idea was to get two fighters a lot of people were talking about—two fighters who could command a bale of publicity with little outside pressure. For example, when Jack Johnson was the heavyweight champion of the world, it never occurred to Tex to dig up some promising young heavyweight and build him up, for the simple reason that Jim Jeffries was still an unbeaten, retired champion. Jeffries' name could get columns of publicity where anyone else would be lucky to get paragraphs.

It made no difference whatever that Jeffries had not fought for six years—that he had been out of training—that he was slightly bald and quite portly and that only a miracle could ever swing him back to anything approaching his old fighting form. Jeffries matched with Johnson could draw the crowd and the money, and if the fight had been held as first arranged in San Francisco the gate undoubtedly would have passed well beyond the $300,000 mark. Which was quite a gate nineteen years ago.

Even as it was, with the fight switched to Reno, Rickard's selection drew almost every well-known fight writer in the United States there. It was Jack London who lifted the ballyhoo to a high crescendo in labeling Jeffries "the abysmal brute," Jeff at the time being a rather easy-going, middle-aged citizen who never had any particular liking for the fighting game.

After Dempsey had won the heavyweight championship, Rickard again looked around for the next man who could be counted upon to steam up publicity and, in turn, steam up public interest. He selected Georges Carpentier, the soldier of France, the Orchid Man, haloed with the heroship of the late war. It didn't matter a lick that the odds on Dempsey were quoted 4 to 1 and that hardly a critic gave the older, shopworn, war-worn, slender Frenchman a chance to last six rounds. Every device of publicity that would make good reading was brought into play, even to Carpentier's secret training and mystery punch, and the result was a mass of 90,000 spectators highly pleased to pay out $1,625,000, to see an unequal contest which Dempsey might have won in a single round.

Firpo Justified the Ballyhoo

The next reason, or excuse, for the ballyhoo was big, shaggy-haired Firpo from the Argentine, a crude giant who could knock your head off with a right hand, who had unlimited courage but who in turn couldn't uncross his feet and who might just as well have carried his left hand in his pocket. That fight nearly resulted in a massacre inside of fifty seconds, but Firpo's smashing right and his flaming fighting spirit carried it on to the greatest four minutes of melodrama the ring has ever known. And once again Rickard had justified the ballyhoo and laid the scene for the two Tunney-Dempsey fights in Philadelphia and Chicago that drew more that 200,000 people who paid in more than $4,500,000.

Why did Rickard risk an outlay of $300,000 for the Madison Square Garden Corporation to put on the Sharkey-Stribling fight at Miami Beach? Once again he saw the possibilities of proper publicity. He knew that fight in New York, Boston or Chicago would not draw $200,000. He also knew there would be few writers on hand from other cities. But with Stribling representing the South against the Northern invader, with crowds at Miami and Miami Beach from all parts of the country, with the wealthy colony at Palm Beach only ninety miles away, Rickard could foresee the final rush for ringside seats.

The fight never promised to be anything but what it was. Sharkey had been a big disappointment ever since Dempsey stopped him. Stribling had been a flop against almost every fighter of class for two years—with defeats by Berlenbach and Loughran, two light-heavyweights, marked against him. But the setting was all there for the ballyhoo and the result was a gate of $400,000.

What will get them talking? What will bring in the publicity? What will steam up the crowd? Anyone who can figure that out has a sure-fire financial hit, even thought the show is a flop.

The ballyhoo doesn't always work, however. Not even Tex Rickard could send its appeal to the crowd when he matched Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney—the first largely a defensive boxer and the second a light hitter who was outclassed in every way. Heeney had no crowd appeal, no color, and the result was a $300,000 deficit. There has to be color and personality, at least on one side, a slugger or a chance-taker who can hit.

Who is responsible for the ballyhoo? The crowd puts the blame on the newspapers when the show is a flop, as too many are. Newspaper editors believe the crowd is interested and they are merely meeting public demand for news.

A. L. Erlanger, one of the smartest of all showmen, once said: "You can't tell the public what it wants or doesn't want. The public tells you."

For example, the public around New York or Chicago would not have been interested in a Sharkey-Stribling meeting, but the tourist public at Miami, Miami Beach and Palm Beach was interested in any diversion that could be lugged within reach. If every newspaper had roasted the fight in advance, the crowd would have been almost as large.

When Dempsey and Firpo were matched hundreds of letters came in from indignant readers denouncing the matching of a trained fighter like Dempsey against a crude, ungainly invader who could not even uncross his feet when trapped out of position. Yet they are still talking about that fight after six years.

Public Interest is Essential

The Dempsey-Firpo fight promised to be a one-sided slaughter and it would have been if Dempsey had used his head. The McLarnin-Miller meeting should have been a wow after their Detroit hurricane and it turned out to be one of the prize duds of the year.

Can an effective ballyhoo be launched and put over when there is no advance public interest? I doubt it. There must be a foundation of public interest to build upon and this, of course, can be increased by more and more publicity. It has been claimed that publicity helps to make the Yale-Harvard, Army-Notre Dame and Stanford-California games such popular fall festivals. This can also be doubted. Just a mere announcement of the dates is all that is necessary. But a flood of publicity, started weeks before the Tunney-Heeney fight, couldn't sell half the seats at the Polo Grounds with a heavyweight championship at stake.

In their primes Jack Dempsey, Paul Berlenbach and Jack Delaney made their own ballyhoos. Max Schmeling, the German heavyweight, has hammered out the same. The public is keenly interested in his next appearance. He will get his full share of space. Whether he earns it or not, he seems to be the best chance.

The main trouble today is that while they can ballyhoo the fighters they can't make them fight. The boys have discovered they can collect a lot of money without having to earn it. This is going to have a serious and blighting effect upon the loudest ballyhoo ever sounded unless there is a sudden and decided change. The public has shown it can be a glutton for punishment, but there must be a limit. Or is there?

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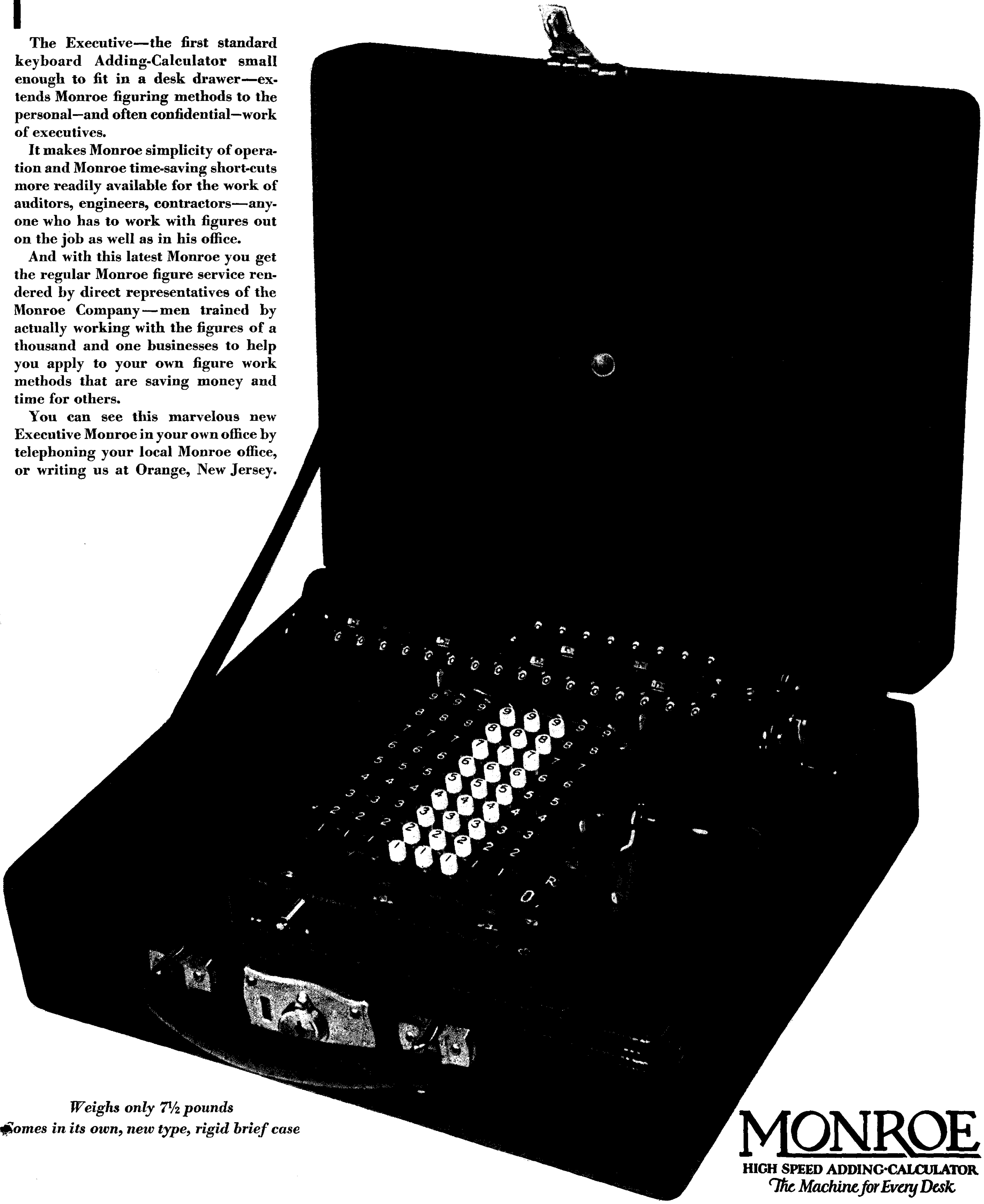

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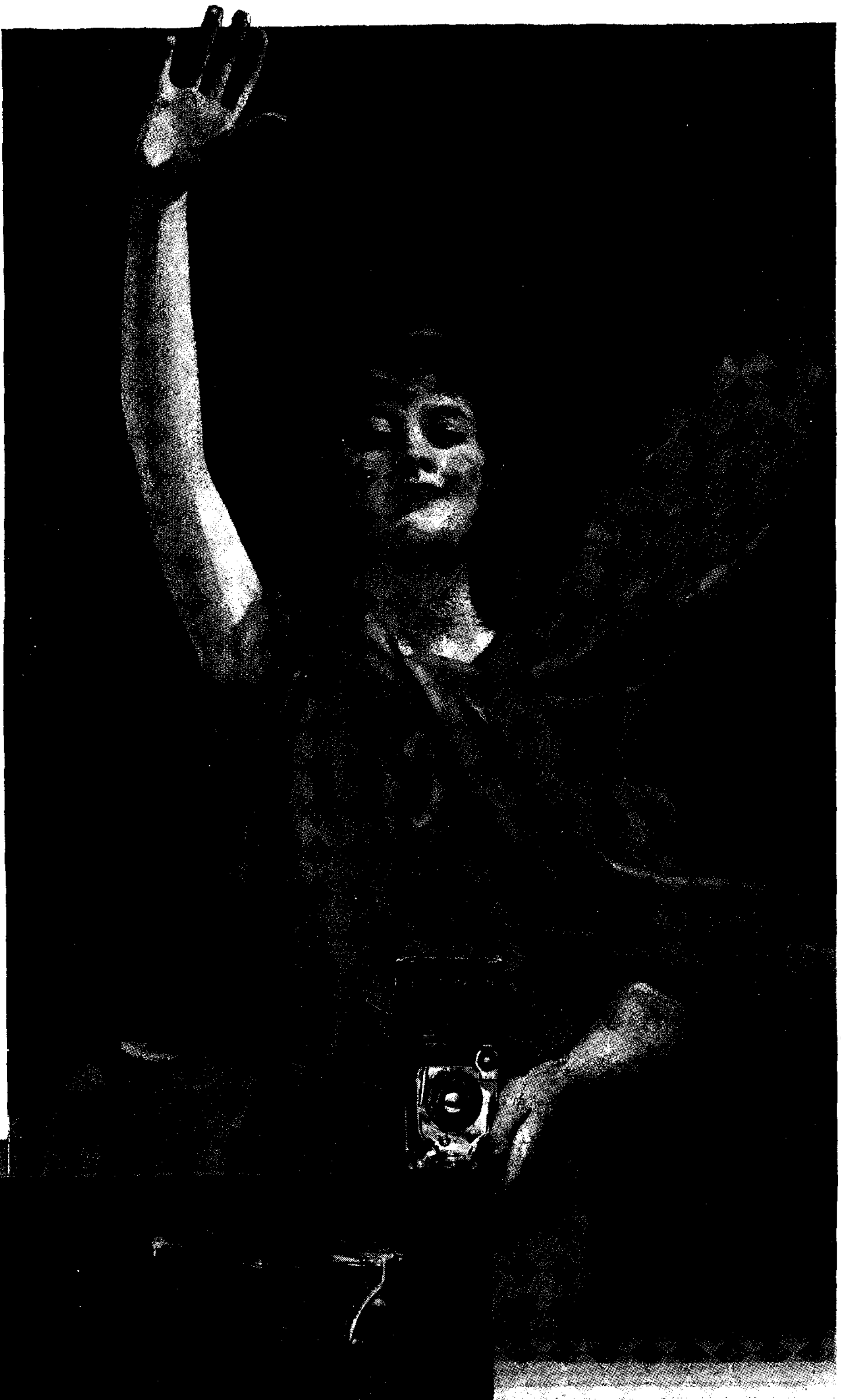

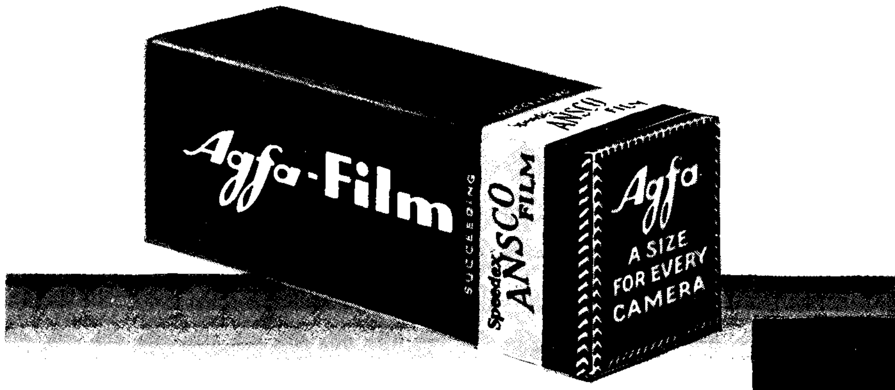

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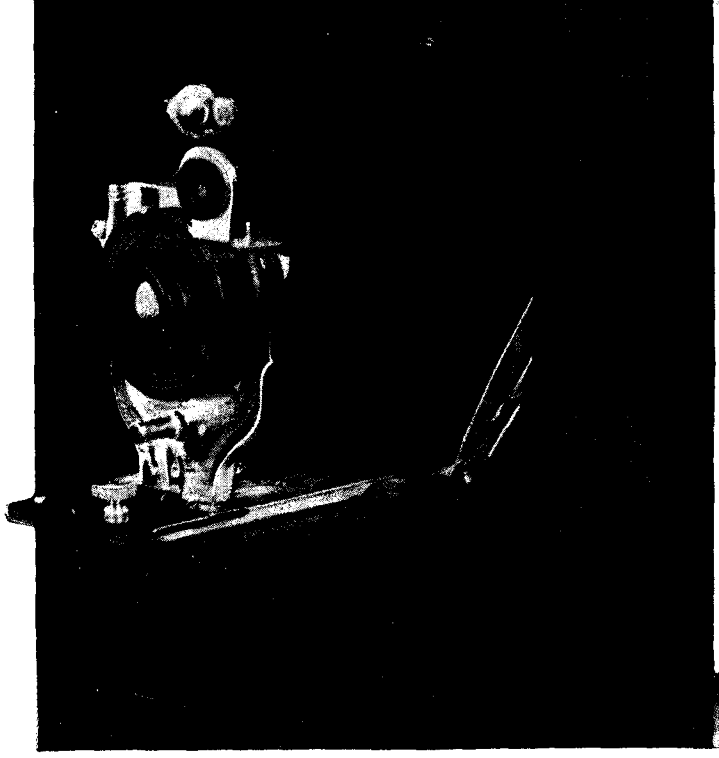

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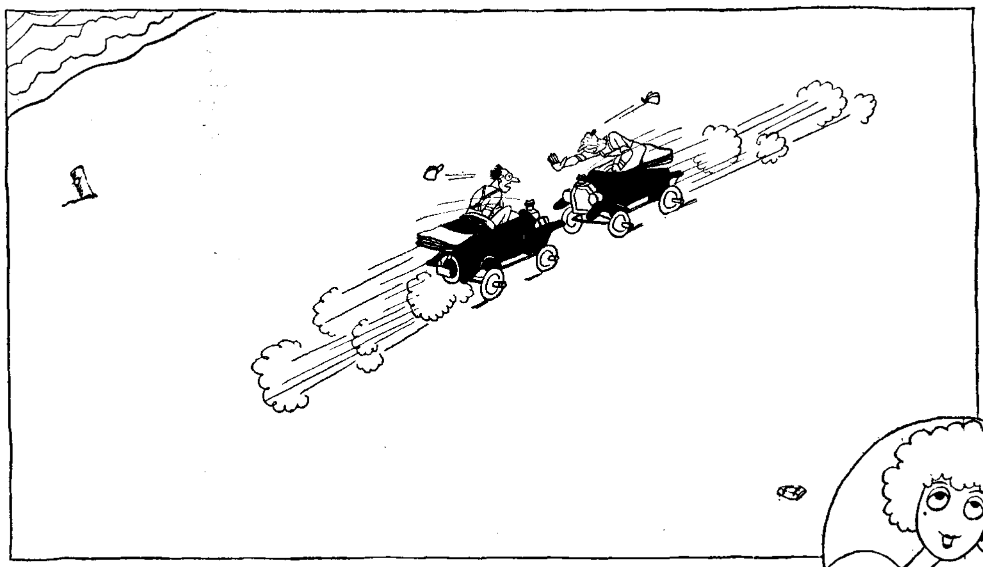
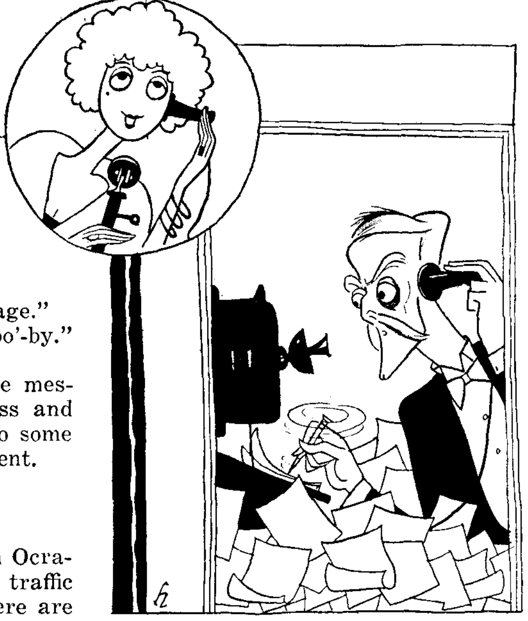
In One Ear

If we didn't save this little corner for them, some of the most amusing and entertaining tidbits collected by Collier's writers as they scurry here and there in search of news and information might be lost forever. And that, you'll agree, would be no mean loss



HARRY HAENIGSEN



Mr. Mellon Gets a Phone Call

IT WAS at the annual banquet of a group of Washington correspondents. Among the guests of honor was Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who arrived early. He was met by one of the committee but before he could be escorted to his seat he was summoned to the telephone.

The secretary made his way to the booth while his escort waited nearby.

Mr. Mellon was several minutes in conversation with someone at the other end of the wire. The committeeman noticed through the glass door of the booth that the Secretary was talking and writing industriously on a small paper pad with a small gold pencil. He filled three sheets and still talked on. The conversation finally concluded.

Mr. Mellon studied his notes for a moment and inquired of the committeeman whether there was a correspondent in the room whose name he gave and whose last name sounded very much like Mr. Mellon's own name. The other volunteered to find him and having brought him to Mr. Mellon there ensued a quiet conversation during which Mr. Mellon consulted his notes and seemed to be delivering an earnest message.

Several days later we learned what the conversation was about. When Mr. Mellon placed the receiver to his ear in the telephone booth, he heard a feminine voice say:

"Is that you, Dearie?"

"Whom do you want to talk to?"

"I asked for Mr. George—"

"This is Andrew—"

"Do you know whether George is there?"

"I will try to find out for you."

"Never mind, you'll do; will you take a message for him?"

"Why, yes, that is—"

Here followed a lengthy line of instructions which caused Mr. Mellon to resort to his note book and pencil. The purport of the message was that George should come to the apartment immediately after the banquet and bring a number of friends. Everything had been arranged, the gentle voice told the Secretary of the Treasury, a number of live ones were present, the bootlegger had produced plenty of good stuff and George would not need to worry on that score.

In his meticulous way, Mr. Mellon felt obligated to jot down the more essential parts of the message.

"You'll do that for me, won't you?" pleaded the voice.

"I'll see that he gets the message."

"Alrighty, that's a dear—Goo'-by."

"Good-by," said Mr. Mellon.

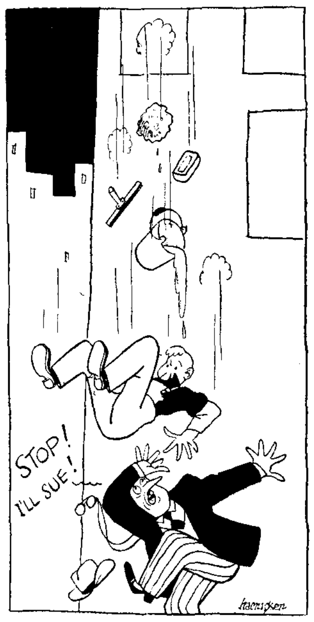
Secretary Mellon delivered the message with the same thoroughness and precision that he would devote to some report in the Treasury Department.

Two Skillful Drivers

There is no parking problem in Ocracoke, but it occasionally has its traffic tangles, despite the fact that there are only about half a dozen automobiles on this overgrown sand spit, which stretches for fifteen miles below Cape Hatteras off the North Carolina coast. Indeed, when we first visited the little fishing hamlet with the incredible name, two years ago, there were only two cars and it was quite a surprise to learn of them. Inquiring of Cap'n Bill Gaskill, veteran fisherman, hunter and sportsman of Ocracoke, as to the possibilities of getting an island pony on which to travel to Hatteras Inlet, we were amazed when Cap'n Bill suggested getting one of the two flivvers on the island.

We expressed our surprise at this indication of progress.

"Sure," put in Joe Moye, a visitor from Greensboro who had been spending summers at Ocracoke since he was a youngster. "Suttinly they got automobiles. And they got some magnificent drivers too. Two automobiles on the entiah island, fifteen miles of unobstructed sand to drive ovah and dam' if they don't have a haid-on collision!"


STOP! I'LL SUE!

Question by the Court

With all its solemnity the Supreme Court of the United States sometimes produces an anecdote as a black-robed and learned jurist reveals a bit of his human side. The man who knew the best stories about that high tribunal was the late Philip R. Stansbury, chief deputy clerk, who had been about its staid chambers for forty-five years.

Mr. Stansbury once told this one:

A window-washer fell from a fifth-floor window of an office building, landing upon the head and shoulders of an innocent bystander below. The passer-by was both indignant and badly hurt. After getting out of the hospital he sued for damages. The case finally came to the Supreme Court. The issue was whether the window-washing company, which had the contract to clean up the building, or the owner of the building itself, was responsible for the act of the man who fell out upon the pedestrian.

Exhaustive arguments were presented, the contractor trying to "pass the buck" to the owner of the building, and vice versa.

Finally, with a twinkle in his eyes, Justice John Marshall Harlan, in his whimsical Kentucky way, leaned over the bench and said:

"It may not be relevant to this case, and the record nowhere discloses it, but I am curious to know what was the fate of the gentleman who fell out the window."

And neither of the contending attorneys could remember.

Just Politics

Out of the verbal guile and the strategy that enters into politics there emerge many amusing stories, not the least entertaining of which is that told of the late impetuous and beloved Theodore Roosevelt:

On the occasion of his promoting Assistant Secretary William Loeb from assistant to the full secretaryship, a luncheon was given in honor of the event. President Roosevelt was called upon to make a speech. He arose and, making the usual dental display, said:

"When I originally chose Mr. Loeb for a secretarial job, while I was governor of New York, I did not ask where he came from, nor what his nationality, his religion or his politics were. I asked where I could secure the young man best fitted for the duties that devolved upon that confidential and important position. And I found him!"

Great and emotional applause.

The next person called upon was the venerable Jacob Schiff, whose impaired hearing had prevented his hearing a word that had been said.

"I am highly honored," he said, "by being included in this company today. Also I feel that I may, without presuming, claim to have had some slight influence in selecting the young man. For when Colonel Roosevelt wrote me asking me to name the most influential young Republican Jew I knew, I unhesitatingly recommended Mr. Loeb."

His Eminence Answers

There is an anecdote of the late James Cardinal Gibbons which offers a pretty good example of how to avoid futile argument on doctrinal themes.

A lady with more naïveté than good sense approached the prelate and said:

"Now, your Eminence, with all your ability and brilliance, surely *you* can't believe in the infallibility of the Pope!"

"Well," said the Cardinal soberly, "the last time I was in Rome he called me Jibbons!"

The Book Lovers

After Gene Tunney won the heavyweight championship and it became bruited around that he read lofty-minded books, a sweet old lady, meeting Jack Dempsey, asked:

"And do you read books, too?"

"Oh, yes," answered Dempsey.

"And what do you like best?"

"Shelley," was the Dempsey reply.

When Tunney learned later that Dempsey chose Shelley as his favorite author, his comment was:

"I rather imagined it would be Milton."

"And why Milton?"

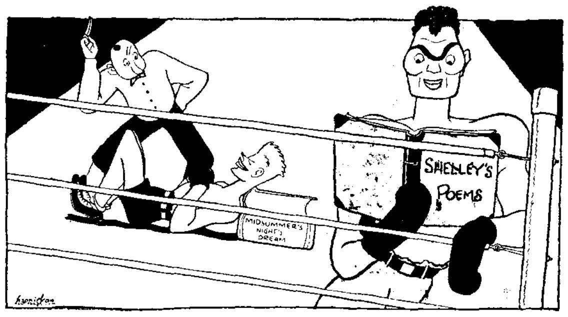
"Wasn't it Milton who wrote Paradise Lost?"

In due course of time Dempsey heard about the "wise-cracking" Tunney, grinned and said:

"Not until after that Chicago fight did I know why Tunney liked Shakespeare so much."

"Why does he like Shakespeare so much?"

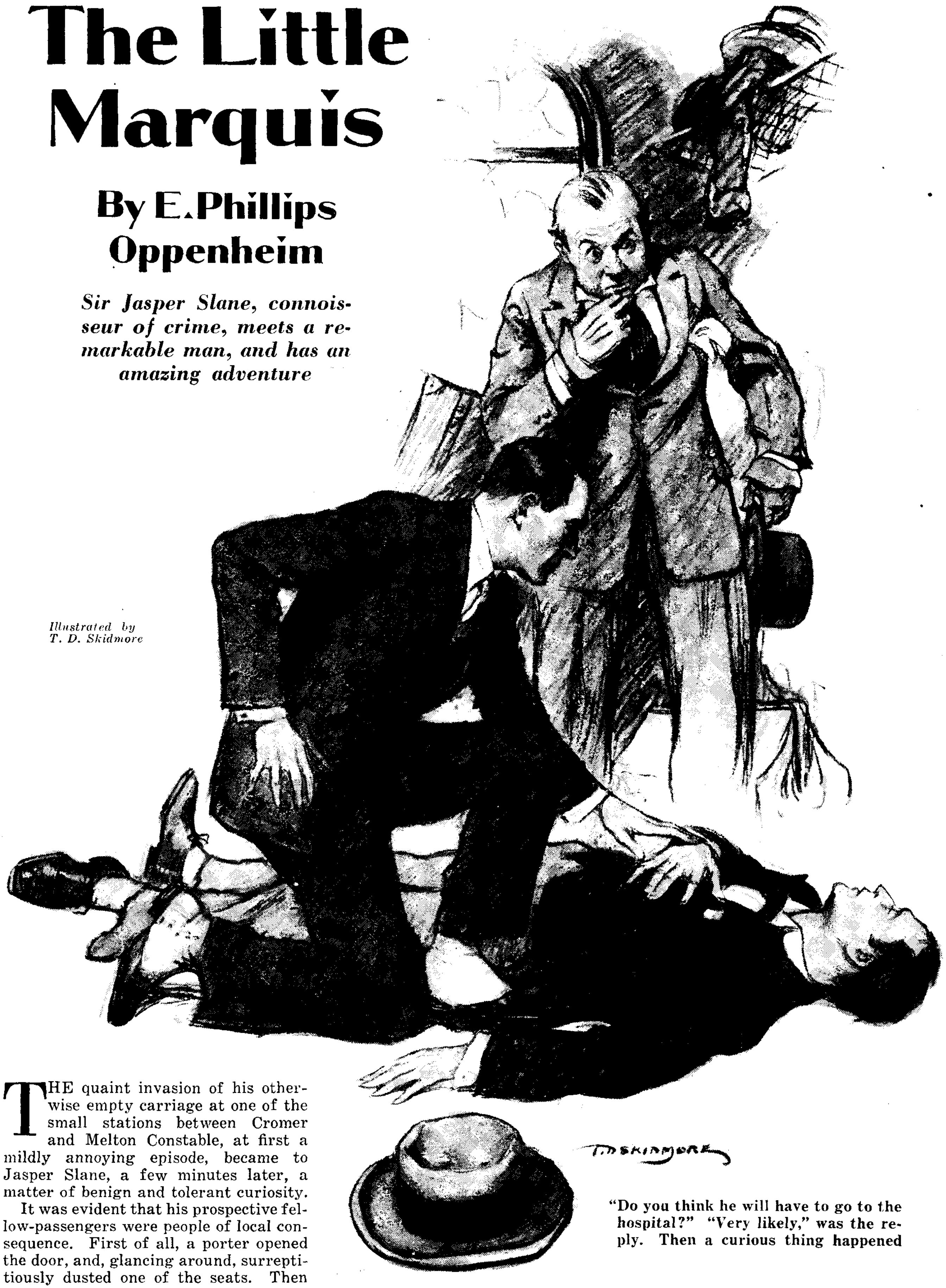
"Well," replied Dempsey, as he recalled that he had Tunney on the floor for a long count in that Chicago fight, "wasn't it Shakespeare who wrote A Midsummer Night's Dream?"



The Little Marquis

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Sir Jasper Slane, connoisseur of crime, meets a remarkable man, and has an amazing adventure



"Do you think he will have to go to the hospital?" "Very likely," was the reply. Then a curious thing happened

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

THE quaint invasion of his otherwise empty carriage at one of the small stations between Cromer and Melton Constable, at first a mildly annoying episode, became to Jasper Slane, a few minutes later, a matter of benign and tolerant curiosity.

It was evident that his prospective fellow-passengers were people of local consequence. First of all, a porter opened the door, and, glancing around, surreptitiously dusted one of the seats. Then a chauffeur in black livery deposited two dressing-cases and a kit bag upon one of the vacant places. As soon as he stood away, the station-master appeared, hat in hand. Following him, a solemn-faced, clean-shaven functionary in black cut-away coat, gray trousers and black bow tie, stepped into the carriage, and, turning round, extended his hand to the very diminutive person lingering in the background.

"If you will permit me, my lord," he murmured, in a deep, sonorous voice.

His lordship, helped by the station-master from behind and this obvious manservant in front, stepped into the carriage without any manifest need of such assistance. He was very small indeed—scarcely more than five feet high, with the sort of skin which looks as though hair had never grown upon it, a sensitive mouth and the eyes of a child. He was dressed in an old-fashioned tweed suit, of pepper-and-salt design, with broad-toed shoes, a four-in-hand tie of black satin of such dimensions that it seemed almost like a stock, and his hat was a flat-topped bowler of a fashion long since discarded. He wore heavy dog-skin gloves, and he might very well have stepped out of one of Punch's cartoons.

HE SANK into his corner seat, and turned toward the station-master. Jasper Slane almost started at the sound of his voice—unnaturally high-pitched, the thin treble of a child.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Station-master," he said. "We shall be very comfortable, I am sure. My trunk is safely in the van? . . . Good! . . . Mason," he added, turning to his companion, "you have remunerated the porter?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied Mason.

The little man raised his hat pleasantly, the servant winked at the station-master, and the train glided off. Jasper Slane resumed his reading, but found it almost impossible to keep his eyes from straying toward this strange couple. The master drew from his pocket a Christie's catalogue, in which, after the first few moments, he seemed completely absorbed. The servant respectfully unfolded the morning paper, and began to read. So the journey commenced, placidly enough. Its end was to be otherwise.

It was not until nearly midday that Jasper Slane rose and stretched himself. His diagonally placed vis-à-vis was still deep in a perusal of the catalogue, whilst his manservant had closed his eyes in slumber. Slane, disturbed by the frantic whistling of the engine, leaned out of the window and thereby probably saved his life. There was a final screech of the locomotive, a violent succession of jolts, and a sensation of delirium, as though that quiet, well-behaved country train had suddenly gone mad. Then the compartment seemed slowly to break up around them. A portion of the luggage racked behind the pompous-looking domestic was smashed in half by some obtruding force, and the man, with a groan, collapsed on to the floor.

Then they ceased to move. The carriage was inclined at a perilous angle toward the ground, and looked as though it might turn over at any moment. There was a terrific babel of shouting and groaning outside, and the hissing of escaping steam mingled with the slow crunching-up of woodwork. The accident, however, so far as they were concerned, seemed to be over.

Jasper Slane, holding on to his end of the luggage rack, stared around him in dazed fashion. The manservant upon the floor was bleeding from the forehead and unconscious. His master was doubled up in a most extraordinary attitude upon the crumpled remains of the seat which he had occupied, his legs in the air, his knee almost touching his chin. He had apparently escaped being crushed to death by a trifle. He turned his head, and looked at Jasper Slane.

"Please help me down," he begged, in his funny, piping voice, without the slightest trace of emotion or distress.

SLANE did as he was bidden. He took the little man almost in his arms, and deposited him upon the one seat which remained intact. Then he turned toward the door.

"I'll see if I can open it," he suggested.

The rescued man took no notice. His eyes were fixed upon the figure on the floor.

"Is he badly hurt, do you think?" he asked.

"I shouldn't think so," was the consoling reply. "He only seems to have that head wound."

"Do you think he will have to go to the hospital?"

"Very likely, for a few days."

Then a curious thing happened. His neighbor looked across at Slane and smiled happily.

"That will be very pleasant," he said. "I hope they look after him well there, but it will be very pleasant. In the meantime I had better have the keys."

He went down on his knees upon the floor, felt in the injured man's pockets, and drew out a bunch of keys. He placed them carefully in his own pocket, and, without even a second glance at the unconscious servant, turned toward Slane with the smile still lingering upon his lips.

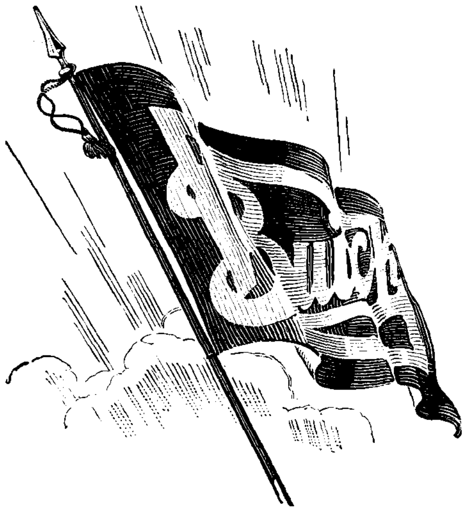
"Do you think we shall be kept here long?" he inquired.

Further speech just then was not possible, for someone had wrenched open the door, and they descended on to the track. The accident, after all, proved to be only a minor affair, but there was the usual miserable period of waiting around, and Slane, being something of a surgeon, busied himself in attending to several of the less severely injured. Presently a relief train appeared, in which he found an empty carriage, and seated himself once more in the corner. Just as the whistle had blown, he heard an agitated little voice:

"Can I get in, please? Please, can I come in? Please open the door."

Just in time, a guard came running up with two dressing-cases, and, with Jasper Slane's assistance, the little man climbed into the compartment. He was still wearing his beatific smile.

(*Continued on page 22*)



LOYALTY

SUCH AS FEW LEADERS KNOW

This message is not an advertisement in the usual sense of that term. It makes no attempt to sell a single Buick automobile. It is rather an acknowledgment to more than two million Buick owners, who have awarded Buick the finest tribute ever paid to any motor car.

Men rarely extend the gift of friendship to any but living things. But the word *friendship* is the only term that describes the tie existing between hundreds of thousands of men and women and the Buick car.

These men and women . . . and Buick . . . are old friends. They have worked and played together for years, and remained true to each other all the time. And together they have written the most wonderful chapter in all motor car history, and perhaps in the history of all manufactured products.

More than *eighty per cent* of this great family of owners *buy Buicks again and again*—the most impressive record of owner allegiance ever won by any motor car.

Some have purchased as many as ten—fifteen—even twenty Buick cars—during the quarter-century that Buick has been building automobiles.

Moreover, *these owners alone* purchase more Buicks, year after year, than the total production of any other individual car in the Buick field.

It is these old friends—and an ever-increasing number of new friends—that have enabled Buick to perpetuate its record of winning more than twice as many buyers as any other car priced above $1200.

Buick has given to the world its most favored quality automobile; but these men and women have given to Buick something even more precious.

They have given Buick loyalty such as few leaders know—and the inspiration to still greater achievement. Is it any wonder that the builders of Buick exert every effort to repay them with a finer and finer Buick—that friendship so pleasant may go on forever.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLaughlin-Buick, *Oshawa, Ontario*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
• BUICK WILL BUILD THEM •

"They have taken Mason off on the ambulance train," he confided. "He is still unconscious, and the doctor said he thought he might be in the hospital for at least a week."

"Where are you going?" Slane asked.

"London," the squeaky voice piped out. "I am going to the great china sale tomorrow. Do you collect china, sir?"

"Well, I'm afraid I'm not a collector," Slane confessed, "but I have one or two rather good pieces of Ming."

His companion's eyes shone.

"Ming," he repeated. "I can tell you all about Ming."

"Have a sandwich first," Slane invited, drawing a package from his pocket.

"Thank you very much indeed, sir. I will eat a sandwich with pleasure. I do not know what arrangements Mason had made about luncheon. Will you tell me your name, please? Mine is Aberway—the Marquis of Aberway."

"Mine is Jasper Slane."

The Marquis stopped eating his sandwich. He looked hard at his vis-à-vis.

"Jasper Slane," he reflected. "Now that is very curious. Someone has told me something about you, Sir Jasper. I cannot remember exactly what it was, but I made up my mind once to write to you, only I could never find your address. You are not a doctor?"

"No, I am not a doctor," Slane acknowledged. "I am really nothing very much professionally. Occasionally, if there is a case in which I am interested, or if any of my friends is in trouble through no fault of his own, I try to help him, if I can do so without interfering with the law."

"A private detective!" the Marquis exclaimed exultantly. "That was it. I remember thinking how strange it was—a baronet, but a private detective."

"Have another sandwich," Slane suggested.

His companion accepted the offering almost mechanically.

"Jasper Slane," he repeated once more. "When we get to London, may I come and see you?"

Slane handed him a card.

"Delighted to have you look in at any time. I have a little house in Hampstead. It's rather out of the way, so you'd better telephone before you come."

"Hampstead is not far," the Marquis observed. "You must allow me—you must really allow me—one moment, please."

HE FUMBLED with the fastenings of one of his flat dressing-cases, opened it, and triumphantly produced a bottle of white wine and some glasses.

"You will drink a glass of wine with me," he begged.

"Rather!" Slane accepted. "I was just wishing that I had brought my flask."

The Marquis produced two glasses and filled them. Jasper Slane stared at the label on the bottle, which was brown with age, and almost illegible, sipped his wine appreciatively, and studied the label once again.

"This is a very marvelous wine to be drinking in a railway carriage," he remarked.

"I am glad that you find it so," was the gratified reply. "It is Château Yquem of a very old vintage. I know very little about wines—only that I am fond of them. If Mason were here, I should have had to drink mine with water. I am glad that Mason is not here. I hope that he will be ill for a long time. It would not distress me if he were to die."

Slane looked curiously at his companion. He was obviously entirely in earnest.

"If you don't like him," he inquired, "why don't you get rid of him?"

The Marquis laughed—a queer, metallic little sound it was, like a child's titter.

"Get rid of Mason," he repeated. "Why it was her ladyship who engaged him. She sent away Craske, who had been with the family for thirty-five years. If I told Mason to go—"

He paused, took another mouthful of sandwich and drank some more wine.

"This is all so exciting," he confided, "that I forgot myself. You must excuse me, Sir Jasper."

"Supposing you tell me all about Ming china?" the latter suggested good-naturedly.

The Marquis finished his sandwich, wiped his fingers with his handkerchief, replenished his companion's glass, and his own, and began. The words tumbled from his lips like a cascade—periods, dynasties, private marks, texture, color design—all like the waters of Lodore—speech which seemed to grow shriller with eloquence, never deeper than the treble of a child of eight. He was still in full swing when they ran into King's Cross Station.

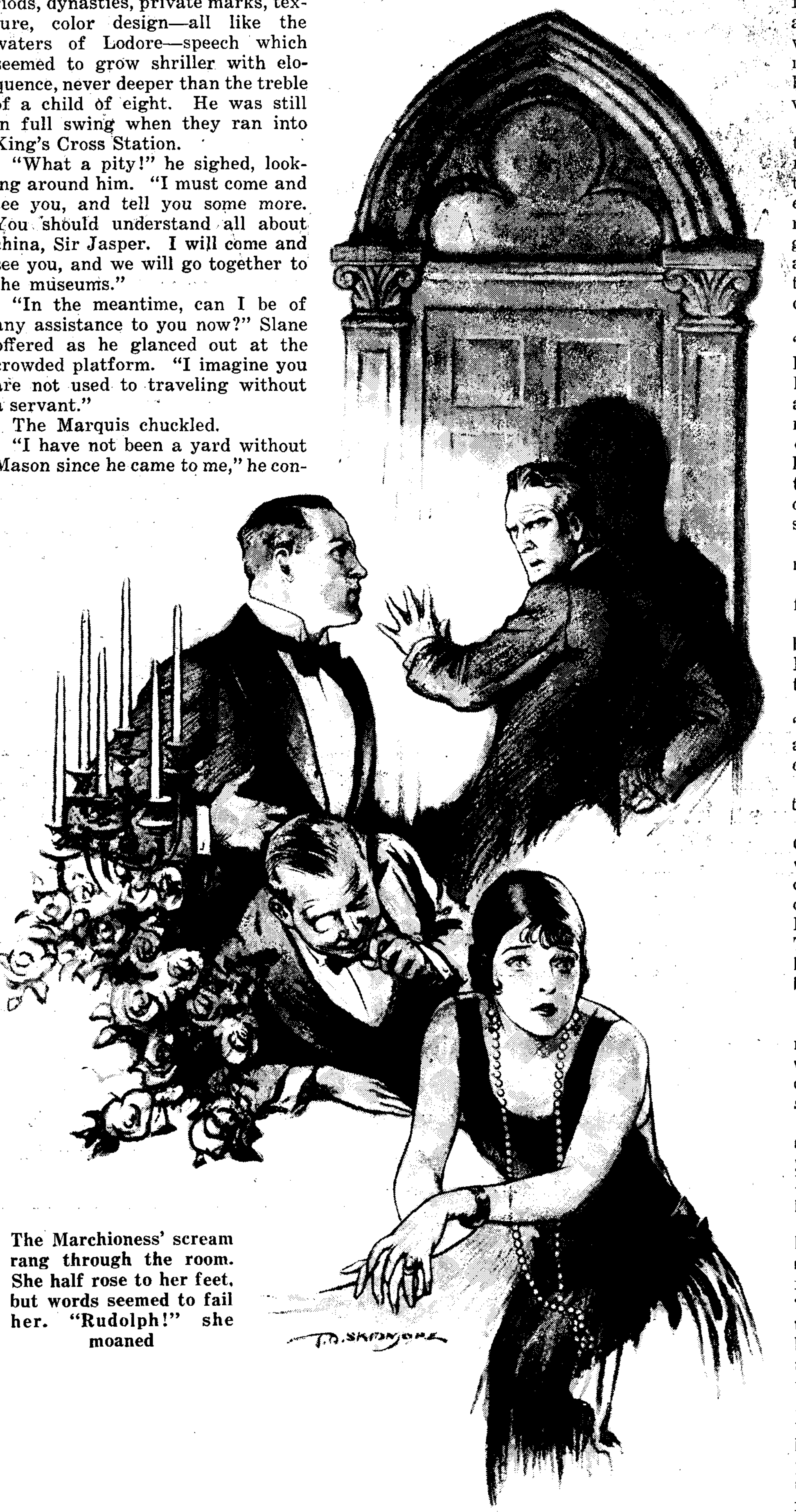
"What a pity!" he sighed, looking around him. "I must come and see you, and tell you some more. You should understand all about china, Sir Jasper. I will come and see you, and we will go together to the museums."

"In the meantime, can I be of any assistance to you now?" Slane offered as he glanced out at the crowded platform. "I imagine you are not used to traveling without a servant."

The Marquis chuckled.

"I have not been a yard without Mason since he came to me," he confided. "I hope very much that he dies. Good-afternoon, Sir Jasper Slane."

He removed his strangely shaped hat with courtesy, superintended the disposal of his bags, and disappeared. Slane watched him step into a taxicab.



The Marchioness' scream rang through the room. She half rose to her feet, but words seemed to fail her. "Rudolph!" she moaned

THAT was the last the world saw of Henry James Marmaduke, Marquis of Aberway, for some weeks to come.

WILL THE GENTLEMAN WHO TRAVELED IN THE RELIEF TRAIN TO LONDON WITH THE MARQUIS OF ABERWAY AFTER THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR MASSINGHAM ON THE 17TH INSTANT, COMMUNICATE WITH THE MARCHIONESS AT ABERWAY HOUSE, BERKELEY SQUARE.

A very tired but very beautiful lady of foreign appearance roused herself languidly from her environment of silk sheets, lace-edged pillows and perfumed coverlet to swear softly at the somber, apologetic figure leaning toward her.

"Marie!" she exclaimed. "But this is unforgivable! It is not yet eleven o'clock, and you disturb me like this!"

"Milady," the maid apologized, "there is a gentleman below who has already been waiting some time. He offers a card, but his errand with you concerns, he says, an advertisement which appeared in the Times this morning."

The Marchioness became suddenly wide awake. She raised herself in bed.

"Is he the man, do you think, Marie, who traveled with my husband to London?"

"One imagines so."

"Draw the curtains," the Marchioness ordered. "Turn on my bath. Be polite to monsieur. Beg him to wait for a few minutes only. Say that I was a trifle *malade*, and resting, but will hasten now. Give him papers, magazines, make him comfortable. Then fly back. A negligée will be sufficient."

Confusion reigned thoughout that very beautiful bedroom, bathroom and boudoir for the next three-quarters of an hour. At the end of that time, Sir Jasper Slane rose with an irritated frown to be greeted by the outstretched hands and the apologetic smile of one of the most beautiful women in London.

"But Sir Jasper," she exclaimed, "how ashamed I am! For myself, I was at that terrible party at Bledistow Palace last night, and afterward—well, what does it matter? I was asleep when you came, but I have hurried—believe me. I have hurried. Now tell me. You traveled up to London after the accident, with that strange husband of mine?"

"I certainly did," Slane admitted.

She sank on to a divan a few feet away from him.

"Tell me—tell me quickly," she begged. "Did he talk to you? Did he tell you what he was going to do?"

"I understood," Slane replied, "that he was going to buy china at Christie's most of the next day."

Up went her eyebrows. She extended her hands.

"Never did he go near Christie's!" she cried. "Neither, when he arrived in London, did he come here—his own house. No one has heard of him. Yesterday, I put an advertisement in the Times, and I telephoned to Scotland Yard. Sir Jasper, my husband has disappeared."

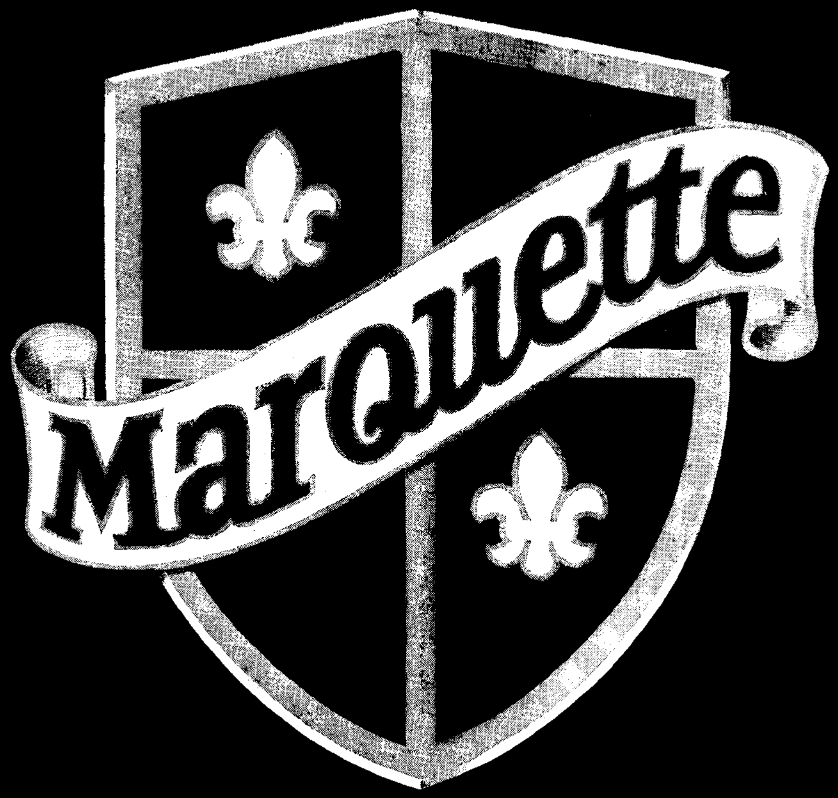
Slane smiled sympathetically.

"Do you know," he confided, "it rather occurred to me from the way he was behaving that he was contemplating something of the sort."

"But how extraordinary," she murmured. "Tell me, Sir Jasper, you had some conversation with him. How did my husband impress you?"

"Like an elderly schoolboy who has escaped from his schoolmaster and meant to play truant for a time," was the prompt reply. "I know nothing definite about the matter, of course. Your husband talked more about china than anything else, but from the remarks he made when he saw his servant unconscious, with a wound in his head, and knew that he had to be transported to a hospital, I gathered that his attitude toward him was not altogether friendly."

(*Continued on page 73*)

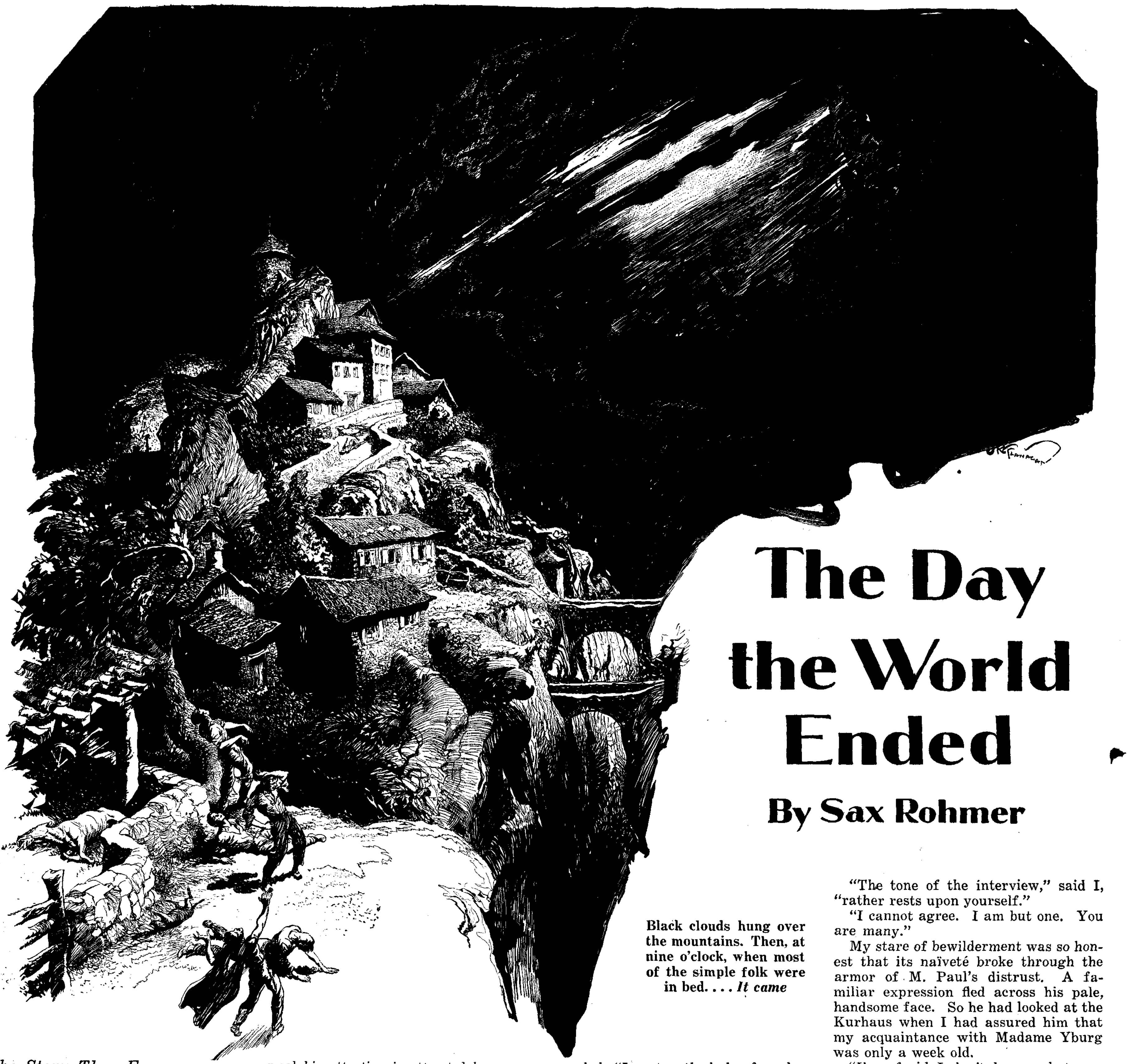


BUILT BY BUICK

The new Marquette, priced within reach of millions—and offered in addition to the famous group of Buick cars—will create an entirely new standard of value among low-priced sixes.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

Black clouds hung over the mountains. Then, at nine o'clock, when most of the simple folk were in bed. . . . *It came*

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE, an explorer, is sent by the Daily World to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate the report that giant bats, thought to be vampires, have been seen in the Black Forest. A bodiless voice warns him to leave within three days. He can gain no information about the bats. But his suspicion is aroused by a Madame Yburg and two men, apparently her accomplices: Kluster, an American, and Paul, a Frenchman.

Next evening Woodville visits the cemetery. There he picks up a French cigarette. A moment later he sees a gigantic bat, vaguely luminous and horribly human, descend near the Felsenweir mausoleum. Later he meets Madame Yburg and returns with her to the hotel, convinced that she is associated with the vampires, if not one of them.

At 3 A. M. comes the Second Warning. Later Woodville sees a man in his window, but he escapes. Next morning Woodville goes to the Devil's Elbow, a vantage point overlooking Felsenweir Castle. Through his field glasses he sees a figure in black armor, patrolling the battlements. "Am I mad?" he exclaims aloud. "Not a bit." He turns to find Kluster watching him. The latter explains that he is in the United States Secret Service—his real name is John Lonergan. They agree to join forces.

Woodville has tea with Madame Yburg and then dines with M. Paul. During the meal his attention is attracted by an exceedingly beautiful girl, apparently of German origin. Later, in his bedroom, he and Lonergan compare notes. Lonergan explains that two months previously there was a mysterious and effective silencing of all radio communication in seven states of the Union. The plant from which the disturbance emanated had been located; the one person so far implicated is Madame Yburg. Lonergan has taken telephotographs of Felsenweir, from which it is evident that the armored figures must be over seven feet tall—and he, too, has heard the Voice.

Lonergan leaves the room. A few moments later Woodville hears a noise on the balcony outside. In bursts Lonergan with a prisoner. As the light falls on his face, they recognize M. Paul!

IV

"THANKS for your hospitality, my friends!" said M. Paul.

He threw his head back and confronted us with a scornful smile.

I exchanged glances with Lonergan. That remarkable man, although he had discarded his footwear, had retained his cigar; and:

"You've got a gun packed," he growled. "I can see the bulge from here. Entertain M. Paul while I go get my shoes. I parked 'em under a rose bush."

He turned, walked out on to the balcony, and silently disappeared. I met the prisoner's unflinching stare, and:

"Won't you sit down, M. Paul?" I said, speaking in French—for no reason that I can assign other than that the defiant figure, with folded arms, was so gallant and so Gallic.

"I must refuse. I accept no favors from such enemies."

"I have never been your enemy," I replied, without any echo of his high challenge. "I was your guest tonight. If you can explain why you were eavesdropping outside my apartment, we shall continue to be friends."

There are nuances in French beyond the compass of our grand but downright language. I have indicated what I said; but in the tongue of M. Paul I said it with infinite delicacy.

He was puzzled. So much was evident.

"You have a perfect Paris accent," he replied—by which equivocal compliment I knew he was playing for time.

"The tone of the interview," said I, "rather rests upon yourself."

"I cannot agree. I am but one. You are many."

My stare of bewilderment was so honest that its naïveté broke through the armor of M. Paul's distrust. A familiar expression fled across his pale, handsome face. So he had looked at the Kurhaus when I had assured him that my acquaintance with Madame Yburg was only a week old.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean. Mr. Lonergan and myself make two to one, certainly. But I cannot admit two to be many."

"What is this?"

M. Paul dropped his hands and bent forward, watching me.

"We stand alone. *You* represent the many."

WHEREUPON, throwing up his palms and his eyes in a simultaneous gesture:

"Mon Dieu!" M. Paul exclaimed; adding, in English: "How silly I am!"

At which moment Lonergan reëntered, wearing his shoes; and:

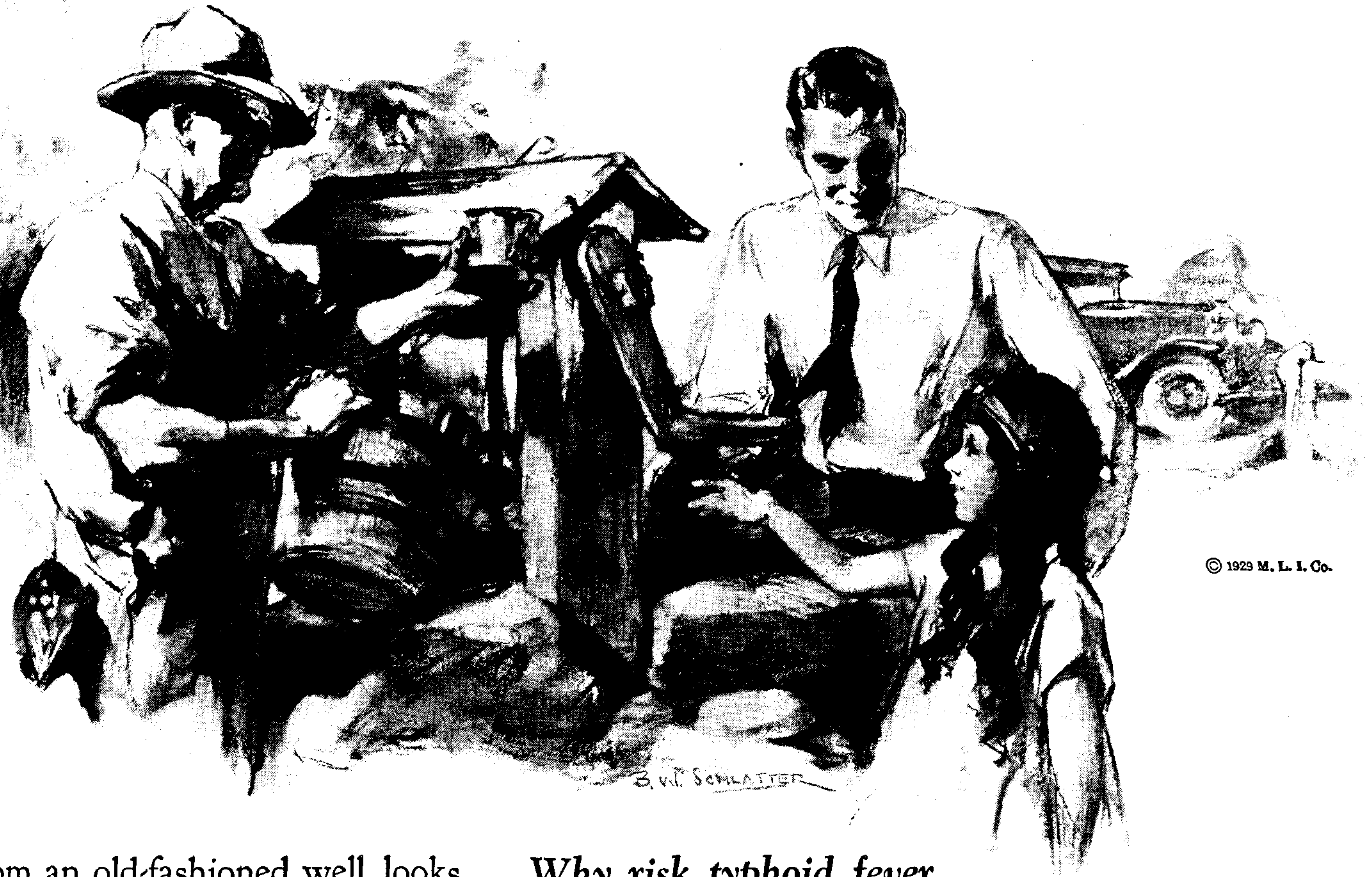
"I guess I'm silly, too," he said. "Listen, Woodville—I've been checking up on you, out there. Don't get up-stage. You weren't dead sure of *me!* My French is practicable but not in the same class as yours. I followed what you said. Have you got a line on the facts?"

"No," I replied angrily.

"Suffering Moses! Isn't it plain that what you

(*Continued on page 26*)

Ready for a Drink?



"You're welcome. And it's the finest water in the world. I've been drinking it for 50 years."

© 1929 M. L. I. Co.

CLEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner of the well drinks the water it must be pure. But the fact that he has drunk the water without apparent harm does not prove that the water is pure.

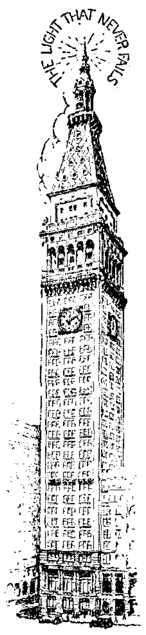
Science has discovered that a few individuals have been able to drink water more or less polluted with typhoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. But it is never safe for anyone to take immunity for granted.

Typhoid fever is a filth disease. It usually kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Until authorities responsible for the purity of drinking water, milk and other foods in cities and towns learned how to guard against typhoid, outbreaks of this disease scourged the country year after year.

There were no great typhoid scourges last year in the United States, yet approximately 65,000 persons were stricken needlessly with typhoid fever and 6,500 died.

Those who recover from typhoid fever are left in such physical condition that for about three years after an attack the deathrate of such persons is twice the normal rate for the same ages.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the deathrate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War, 281,000 of our men went into service. *One out of every twelve contracted typhoid.* In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only *one out of every 3,700 had typhoid.*

While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are extremely simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

Inoculation against typhoid is not the same as inoculation which prevents diphtheria or vaccination against smallpox. All three are necessary health protections at home and especially when traveling.

The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 69-C, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK

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thought of me, and I thought of you, M. Paul here was thinking about both of us!"

"I have been a fool!" the Frenchman exclaimed.

"So have I," said Lonergan sadly. "But Woodville is the biggest fool of the bunch. *He* hasn't got it now!"

"Oh, but yes—certainly!" cried M. Paul, and turned to me eagerly. "It is plain, my dear Mr. Woodville, is it not? You two gentlemen are engaged upon the same matter as myself! You are watching Madame Yburg and Felsenweir? So am I! . . . And like a fool I think you two are her lovers or her accomplices! Perhaps both."

"Got it, now?" Lonergan growled. "When I figure out the time I've wasted covering you, Woodville, and you, M. Paul, I guess I haven't the pluck to log it."

"But—" I broke in.

"One fool at a time," he said surlily. "*I* was saying something." He turned again to Paul, and: "My name's known to you," he went on. "Mr. Woodville, here, was good enough to mention it. I'm Lonergan. United States Special Commissioner."

"But, name of a little dog!" cried Paul. "I know! I *know!* You are John Lonergan? When I heard the name spoken, I knew! It was hearing 'Mr. Lonergan' that told me what a fool I am. We have corresponded! And about this very matter!"

"What!" said Lonergan.

"You exchanged letters with me, in Paris, respecting Madame Yburg—two weeks ago! We had been advised, at the Service, and it was I who replied to you! We should have met, but you left suddenly—"

Lonergan removed his stumpy cigar. It was an unusual gesture. His drooping lids were fully raised. He stared at the speaker; and:

"Name of Gaston Max?" he asked.

Our uninvited guest bowed, showing a row of perfect teeth. Lonergan turned to me.

"Woodville," said he—"meet Gaston Max of the Paris Service de Sûreté! Then, if you'd step outside and kick me, I should take it kindly."

CONVERSATION between Lonergan and Gaston Max became technical. I gathered that the Frenchman enjoyed an international reputation; but since criminology hitherto had been out of my line, the name of Gaston Max had not reached me. His preëminence in his own trade was evident, however.

Lonergan treated him with definite respect.

So much did I feel out of the running, that presently:

"Gentlemen," I interrupted, "as a mere amateur I should like to intrude a remark. So far we have none of us been very wise. I have two suggestions to make."

"Cough 'em up," said Lonergan.

"Beer."

"That motion's carried," he declared. I rang for a waiter, and:

"As an interested party," I went on, "my second suggestion is this: Will M. Max be good enough to inform us in what way happenings in the Black Forest concern the Service de Sûreté?"

"But my *dear* Mr. Woodville!" Max cried, "I am most remiss! My apologies! I am your guest—although the invitation nearly strangled me!" He turned again to Lonergan. "I will speak to you later about that trick."

Lonergan discarded half an inch of cigar, and from his waistcoat pocket took a new one—the first I had ever seen him use.

"Matter of timing," he growled.

Came a rap on the door and a waiter appeared—the same who had advised me to drop my inquiries respecting a giant bat seen in the neighborhood.

I gave the necessary order; and, as the waiter withdrew and we heard the outer door close:

"No!" Max exclaimed—"I don't like that man! I think from the way he looked at us, he knows something!"

"I'm sure he does!" I replied. "Presently, I will tell you why I am sure."

IT STRUCK me forcibly what an odd trio we were, as we awaited that suspected man's return: Lonergan, gaunt, gray-haired and imperturbable; Gaston Max, darkly handsome, and radiating a passionate energy and high spirits; and I, very brown-faced, I suppose, in contrast to my sallow companions, and no doubt very ordinary looking by comparison with either.

When, presently, the ordered refreshments arrived, it was another waiter who brought them! Exchanging nods with Lonergan, I made an inquiry; and:

"Your waiter has just gone off duty, sir," I was told. "Thank you. Good-night, sir."

As the door closed, Lonergan lighted his new cigar, and:

"That first kite with the squint in his eye has gone to make a report," he declared. "At noon today, where I lunched, he was three tables away, covering me!"

In an atmosphere of growing tension almost physically felt, Gaston Max told his story. It served, among other things, to illustrate how big a part chance—or call it Fate if you prefer—plays in all our lives.

It was, then, the presence of the American agent in Paris, and the nature of his correspondence with the French police authorities, which had given the Service de Sûreté its first clue to a mystery six months old! Expressing himself unwilling to call at headquarters or to receive a representative, Lonergan had asked for any information held by the Service relative to Madame Yburg.

"Name of a good little man!" Max exclaimed, "how puzzled we were by your invisibility!"

"Had my reasons," Lonergan growled.

But when, in a telephone conversation, the facts about the radio disturbance in New England came into Max's possession, the link was established.

They held no "dossier Yburg" in Paris; they had never heard of Madame.

But, following the conversation with Lonergan, Gaston Max immediately communicated with the police at Argelès in the Pyrénées and asked a certain question.

"While I am awaiting the result," said Max, "you disappear! So also does Madame Yburg!"

"I was covering her."

"So were we!" cried Max—"acting on your information. We knew she had gone to Germany. But none of my fools knew what had become of *you!* And the one in whom I had most faith described you as a dark man, fresh colored, with a pointed beard!"

"That's right," Longeran agreed, rolling his cigar reflectively. "I introduced myself to Madame Yburg! That's why I thought I was safe."

But, at this, silently as I had listened hitherto, I burst in.

"You *introduced* yourself!" I exclaimed. "Please make this clear. Because, frankly, I'm quite out of my depth."

"So, also, am I," Max declared.

"Suffering Moses!" said Lonergan. "I made the acquaintance of Madame Yburg on the journey from Cherbourg to Paris as a dark man with a pointed beard and a mustache; member of an old Southern family. Got *that* clear? Seeing she wasn't staying in Paris for long, I got to know where she was heading for. Then I told her that my maternal uncle, name of Aldous P. Kluster, was going the same way. Said I was leaving but that he'd call up and pay his compliments. He did. He traveled along with her to Baden-Baden. Here he is!"

The eloquent face of Gaston Max was a study. But, when he spoke, his question surprised me.

"How many passports do you use?" he asked.

"Five. Open that other bottle."

But, whilst I did as he suggested, I was watching Gaston Max. And that master sleuth was watching John Lonergan. Finally:

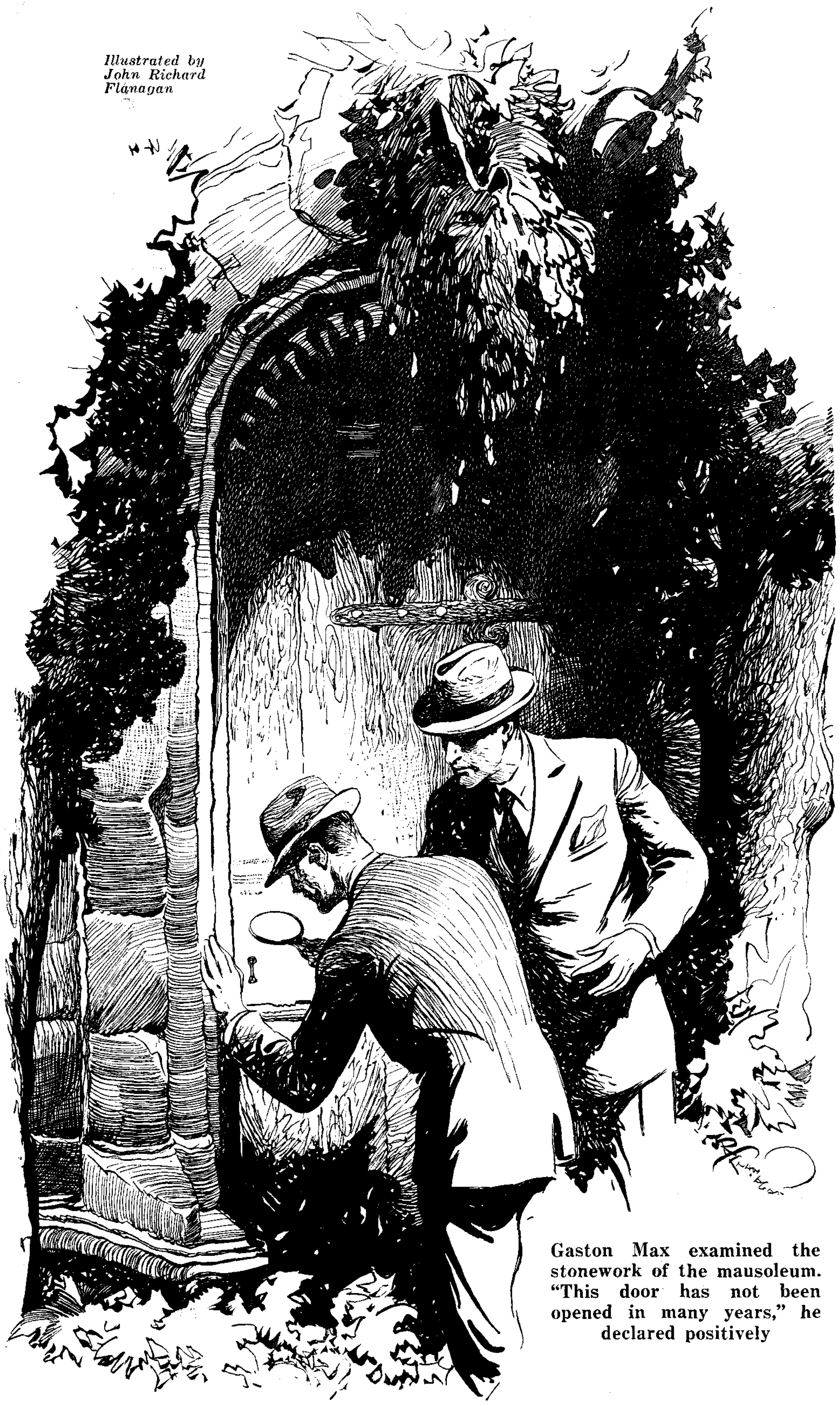
"You got me beat!" he declared.

And the accent with which he pronounced the words, spoken by a Frenchman, astounded me. Even Lonergan's calm was disturbed.

"No wonder," Max went on in his usual manner, "that you slip through our fingers in Paris! No wonder I make a fool of myself in Baden! My congratulations, monsieur! America employs clever men!"

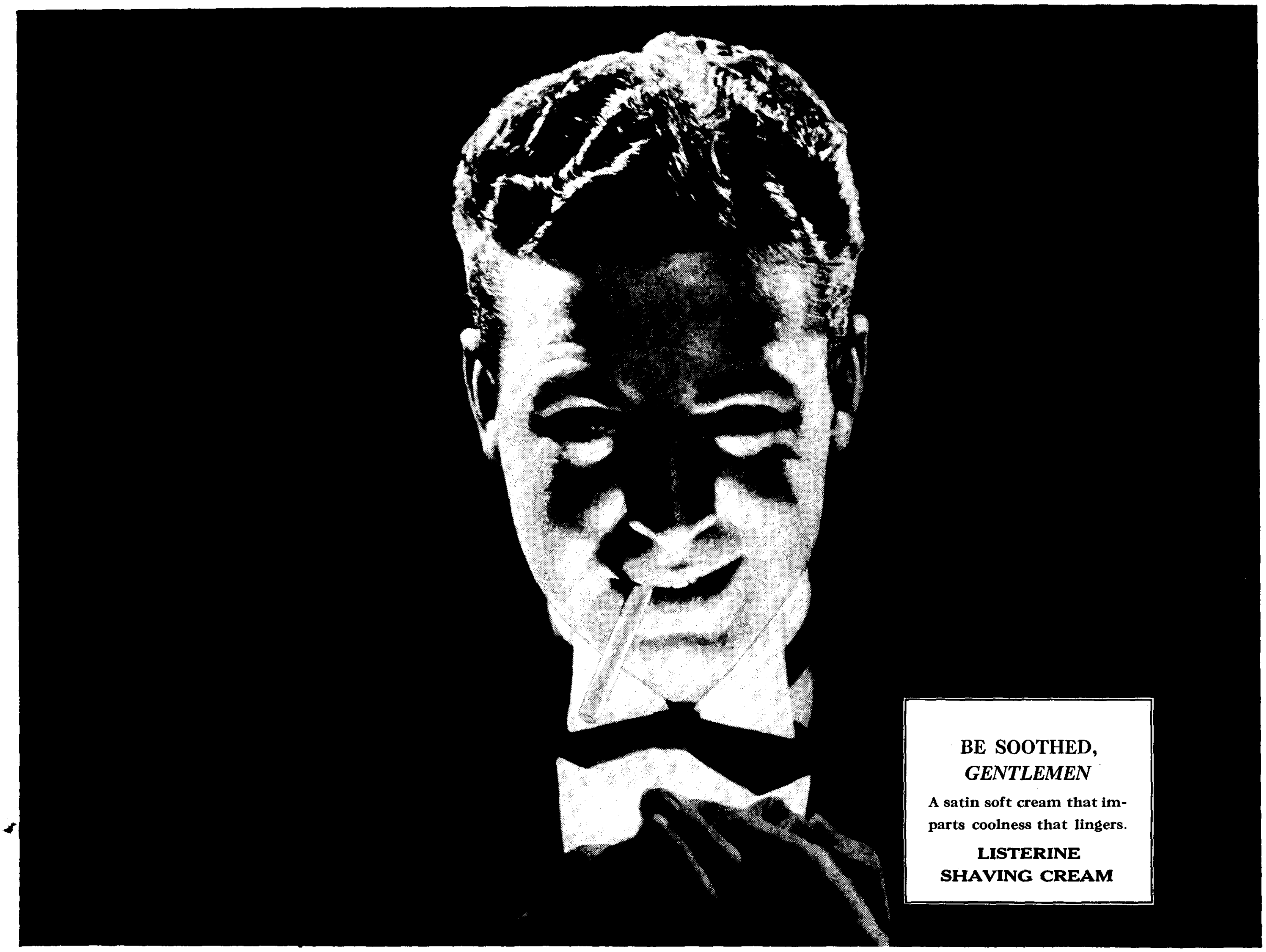
"Sir," Lonergan replied, "I have to hand back the compliment to France. That Lower East Side stuff would pass on Mott Street!"

GASTON MAX, who was, as now began to dawn upon me, France's star detective, told his singular story whilst I taxed my ingenuity in vain. I tried to discover a discrepancy in the account of Lonergan which might help me to decide if the man I knew were the real man or if the pictures of John Lonergan *in propria persona* (attached, (*Continued on page 65*)



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Gaston Max examined the stonework of the mausoleum. "This door has not been opened in many years," he declared positively



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GENTLEMEN
A satin soft cream that imparts coolness that lingers.
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Dandruff disappears so quickly

SOONER or later, everyone experiences the annoyance and humiliation of a case of dandruff. Contact with others, promiscuous use of towels, combs and brushes, the trying on of hats, spread this common ailment.

When this dandruff appears don't let it become serious. At the first sign of it, use full strength Listerine. It has remedied this condition for thousands.

The treatment consists of dousing Listerine, full strength, on the scalp and massaging vigorously, repeating the treatment frequently for several days. This is important.

From the outset you will be conscious of a marvelously cool, clean and healthy sensation of the scalp, and within a few days, you will note that dandruff is disappearing.

Dandruff is a germ condition, and noted dermatologists declare that the successful method of combating it is by frequent massage and applications of antiseptic.

Full strength Listerine, as you know, is not only a safe antiseptic with a tendency to soothe and heal tissue, but is also one of great germicidal power.

Laboratory tests show that it destroys 200,000,000 of the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds. We would not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

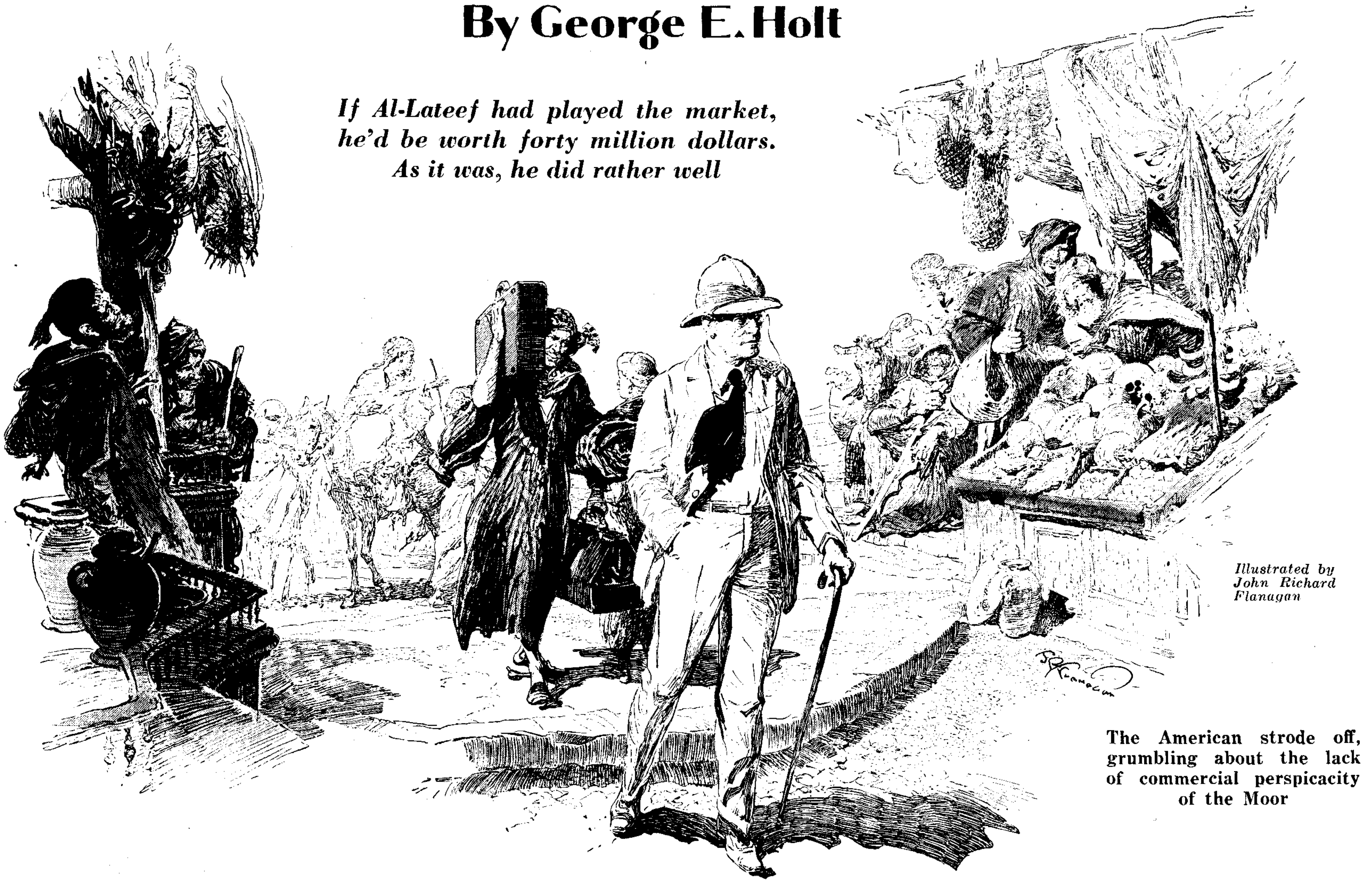
The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

kills* 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds

What Wall Street Missed

By George E. Holt

If Al-Lateef had played the market, he'd be worth forty million dollars. As it was, he did rather well


Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The American strode off, grumbling about the lack of commercial perspicacity of the Moor

"AND the American told you that he desired me to guide him on a journey through North Morocco?" asked Al-Lateef of the fellow-countryman who had just sought him out in the quiet little café on a side street in Gibraltar. The Moorish authorities who greatly desired Al-Lateef's head to stick upon a rusty iron hook over the Fez gate were powerless on English soil—nevertheless, the Clever One—otherwise Sidi Hassan Sanhajji—was careful as to where he exposed his person: one could die from a knife-wound on English soil as thoroughly as anywhere else.

"Yes, Sidi Hassan, yes; that is what he said. To spend a month in the unknown Atlas Mountains, those were his words."

"Hm! It is odd . . . but never mind. Bring the American here; I shall await him."

The Moorish merchant nodded, rose from his squatting posture upon the matting, and strode off. Al-Lateef remained seated, deep in thought.

Charles S. Marvin was an American *rico*—a banker—whom he had once known quite well, years before, during his sojourn in the Land of Liberty. He reflected that it was quite manifest that the American had not become aware of the identity of Al-Lateef with the Mr. Hassan Sanhajji of other times. And he remembered distinctly that the city banker had promised him that some day he should take a vacation and spend it roaming the unknown Atlas mountain regions under his guidance. . . . Now Marvin had come looking for Hassan Sanhajji—and Hassan Sanhajji was Al-Lateef, with a price on his head.

What, pondered Al-Lateef, could be the purpose of Allah in this matter? Why had fate impelled Marvin to make inquiry of the one person in Gibraltar who knew that Al-Lateef was within the gates of the fortress?

At any rate, thought Al-Lateef, it would be pleasant to see the American again—and eventually Allah's purpose might be revealed.

When Marvin appeared in the wake of the white-robed and turbaned merchant, Al-Lateef rose quickly to greet him. Then he led the American out of the main room of the café into a smaller one, where they would be alone.

Charles W. Marvin was as big and bulging with wealth and good humor as a dollar mark.

"Well! well! well!" he boomed. "You're just as young and handsome a scoundrel as you were six-seven years ago. Been livin' easy, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," agreed Al-Lateef, thinking of five or six men he had recently ushered into the smiles of the Prophet—and of a thousand others who were laboring to the extent of their various capabilities to do likewise unto him. "Oh, yes; life is—hm!—somewhat slow here. Not like New York."

"Say, Hassan," the American led up, now, to the point—"you remember you promised to show me the Atlas country if I ever came over here? Well—I'm here."

"YOUR Consul will not permit," said Al-Lateef.

"Damn the Consul," offered Marvin. "I want to take that trip. If it takes money, I've got it. If it takes nerve, I've got it. If it takes anything I haven't got—I'll get it. Now, how?"

"We will have to engage a private felucca—a little sailing boat—and cross the Straits in that. We can make landing in Anjera, some miles east of Tangier, and in a few hours be safe among the hills."

"Tonight, then," commanded the American. "What's worth doing at all is worth doing now. Where can we get a felucca?"

"If," answered Al-Lateef, "you will stay here, I will arrange the matter. Also I will have your things brought from the hotel." He rose. "Don't tell anybody about this. Otherwise—you'll see what every other tourist sees, and no more."

"I'll stay right here," agreed the banker. "Count on me. I wouldn't miss the trip for a dozen more banks."

Certain people took note of the little gray-sailed felucca as it drew away from the quay just before the gates were closed for the night; but they did not perceive that the big man in the brown *sulham* was the American who had been seen on Waterport Street that morning.

Dark fell before the little craft had gotten well away from the coastline of Spain, heading toward Africa. Far to the west twinkled the lights of Tangier, representing Europe and, therefore, presumably, law and order. But here in Anjera there was only the law of the tribe; Tangier and all it stood for was anathema to the men of Anjera, sons of Hercules. Between them and Tangier ran the Wad-el-Halk, and the river marked the deadline. Anjera stayed at home on this side; Anjera made Europe and the Sultan stay at home, on the other side.

The spot where the felucca landed had been chosen carefully by Al-Lateef, because of the fact that a quarter of a mile away was a village where he had relatives and other friends. That the arrival of the boat would be noted by some one of those sentinels always on duty along the bouldered coast was certain. Wherefore Al-Lateef raised his voice in a peculiar prolonged ululation. And like a deferred echo, the sound was returned to him. Very soon a brown figure seemed to detach itself like a limpet from a rock and come forward.

"*Schoon ja?*" the shadow demanded. "Who comes?"

"Al-Lateef," was the prompt response, for Al-Lateef had recognized the voice. "Lead us to your house, Malek my cousin, and we shall eat and rest." The man grunted, turned, and led away—and Charles Marvin of New York was swallowed up by forbidden Africa.

A MONTH later, after four weeks of the best time he had ever had in his life—to use his own words—Charles Marvin bid good-by to Hassan Sanhajji just outside the limits of Tangier city. His expressions of gratitude were heartfelt and lengthy. He was truly grieved when Al-Lateef gently but firmly refused to grasp a bill-fold which held a small fortune.

"A good deed should be its own reward," quoted Al-Lateef, smiling.

"Well, you certainly are a man of no business sense," said Marvin. "Come on, take the money!" But Sanhajji was firm.

Wherefore, with promises that they should meet again sometime, somewhere, the American strode off, still grumbling about the lack of commercial perspicacity of the Moor.

He went at once to the Hotel Cecil and registered. The clerk, reading his name, seemed much excited.

"Well," Marvin demanded gruffly, "what's the matter?"

"Are you—are you Mr. Charles S. Marvin—the American?" the clerk managed to say.

"I certainly am!" snapped Mr. Marvin.

At that moment a tall young man in evening dress entered the lobby. The clerk walked over to him, and whispered a few words in

(*Continued on page 68*)

"I sell more from this one *Ethyl pump* than from all of the others combined"

IT IS not at all uncommon now for filling stations to sell more Ethyl Gasoline than regular gasoline. Rather remarkable, isn't it, considering that Ethyl costs more?

But the explanation is simple enough. The new "high compression" cars that the automobile industry has introduced *must* have fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock standard to run properly.

As for cars of lower compression—and they number millions—Ethyl Gasoline eliminates "knock" and power loss and develops a performance impossible with ordinary gasoline.

After all, what most car owners want is *performance*—and Ethyl makes such a difference to *any* car that its slight extra cost is real economy, as Ethyl users will tell you.

Ride with Ethyl today. Prove for yourself its remarkable qualities. You can get it conveniently wherever you drive, through the service of leading oil companies.

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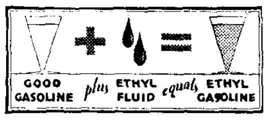


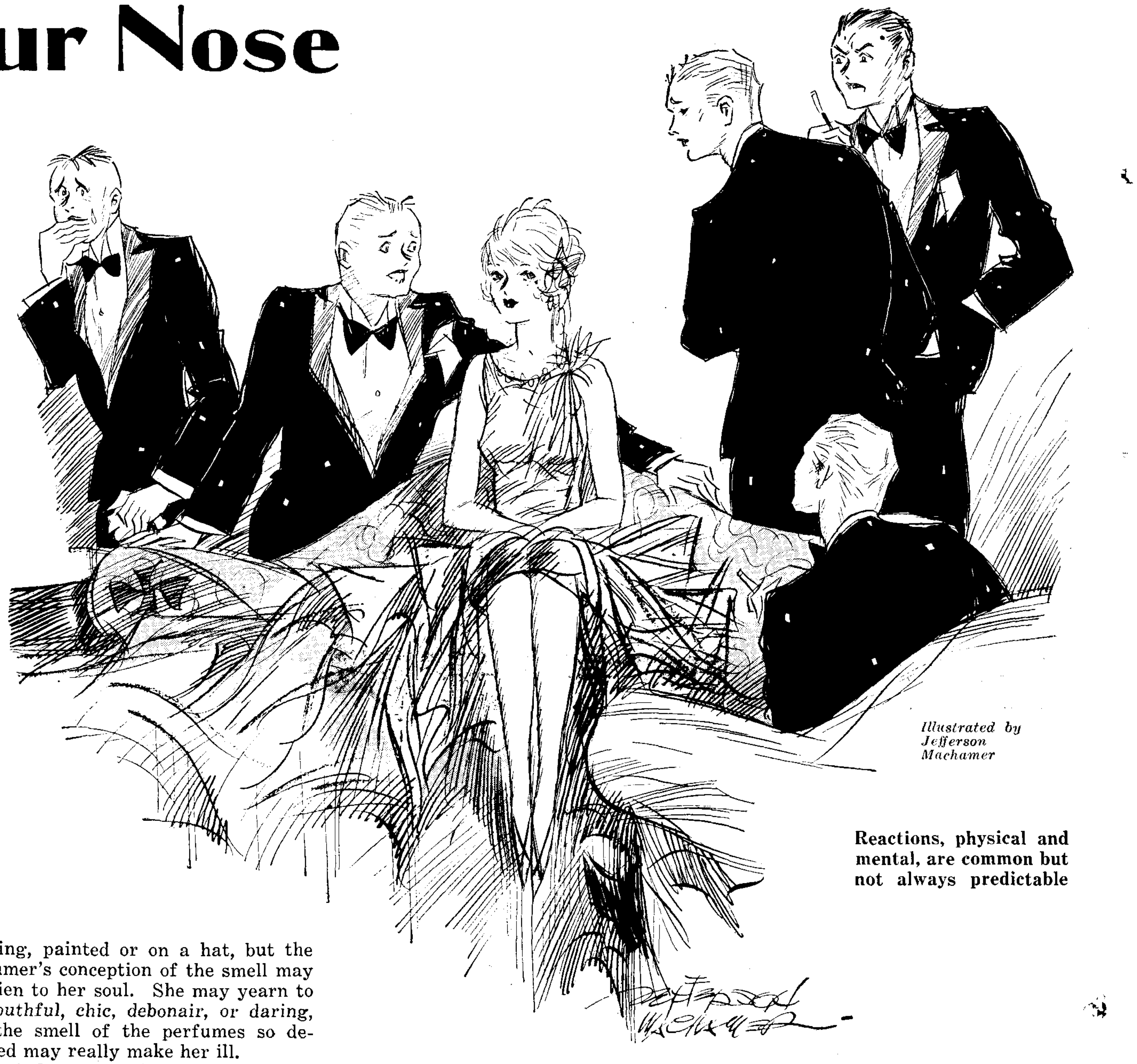
Knocks out that "knock"

"Most cars now stop at this pump."

Follow Your Nose

By Hazel Rawson Cades

Styles change in perfumes as in clothes, theaters, furniture and morals. Here's an expert's suggestion on selecting scents


Illustrated by Jefferson Machamer

Reactions, physical and mental, are common but not always predictable

A WOMAN usually buys her first bottle of perfume by the name, because she thinks it sounds smart or fascinating, because she thinks she is the sort of person the name goes with, or because she wishes she were that sort of person.

A study of the names is therefore interesting, for they indicate what the manufacturers have found out that women want. One group, for example, stresses the style idea, with names of cities, resorts and streets dedicated to fashion. Another school leans to coquetry, dash and intrigue. Another plays on themes of love, betrothal, faithfulness and devotion. A fourth tries to suggest youth, springtime and the out-of-doors. And a fifth—very popular now—contends that true chic is indicated most subtly by a mere number or letter.

Styles change in perfumes as in clothes, theaters, furniture and morals. At present the blended flower odors are in great favor, with a certain smart emphasis also on gardenia and jasmine. Fashionable couturiers put out perfumes to go with their frocks which have quite a vogue. And the modern decorative note appears in names and containers.

I said that women buy their first bottle of perfume by name, for that is practically the only method open to them. It is virtually impossible for any woman to tell by merely smelling, or even testing a perfume once on her skin, whether she likes it or whether it is really suited to her. Every person has an individual body odor to which perfume reacts, and what this reaction is takes wearing to determine. You must live with a perfume to know it.

Perfumes act very differently indoors and out, in hot or cold weather, in empty rooms or crowded companies, and in different localities. Almost every woman who is at all intelligent about perfume has discovered that the choosing and wearing of it is not only a question of personality, but also of time, place and mood. And usually the more she learns about perfumes the more she inclines to the opinion that it takes not one but many to fill her needs.

Certain odors she finds very pleasant in perfume, while others she likes better in sachets for her clothes, in soaps or bath powders for her tub, or in toilet water to bathe her fevered brow.

In the summer she may prefer a light flowery odor; for sports she likes a perfume with the spicy tang of the woods. For a tailored street costume she may feel that gardenia lends the right note. For formal evening wear she may use an amber mixture. And to accent her luxurious negligees she may want something very eastern, or decide perhaps that only jasmine meets her mood (it often depends on the negligee).

The name of the perfume, she discovers, means less than she at first imagined. She may be mad about freesias, growing, painted or on a hat, but the perfumer's conception of the smell may be alien to her soul. She may yearn to be youthful, chic, debonair, or daring, but the smell of the perfumes so described may really make her ill.

The influence of perfumes, you see, is not merely imaginary. They are capable of affecting both your mental and physical states. They may depress or exhilarate you, make you feel frivolous or demure, pensive or gay.

Their effects on other people are not always predictable. They may stimulate, intrigue, annoy, fascinate or make people absolutely sick. They may attract irresistibly or irritate so indefinably that people never realize it is your perfume and not your personality that is estranging them.

The Mysteries of Perfume

Some of this effect is known to be due to constituents of the perfumes. Those in which animal substances—musk, civet, and ambergris—are used, are supposed to have a generally exciting effect. Spicy perfumes are stimulating, and patchouly and amber and sandalwood are "heady." Certain herb and flower odors, like lavender and lemon verbena, are invigorating and refreshing to the nerves. Sweet ones like jasmine may make you feel languorous.

There are also likes and dislikes which are so personal as to be difficult to account for. Some people have a violent aversion to such inoffensive odors as rose. Some seem to get from strong perfumes very little stimulation, while others are almost overcome by the most delicate scents.

Considering all these things that we know and suspect about perfume, it seems the part of wisdom to cultivate a sensitive attitude toward other people's reactions. If they seem restive under your choice take my advice and change your brand—unless you prefer to change your friends.

If you want to know why perfume costs so much, give a thought to the highly specialized business of the perfumer. When you figure that it takes millions of little white violets to make a few enjoyable sniffs and that the blending must be done with infinite skill, you get some idea of why you must pay so much for perfume.

The production of flowers for the making of perfumes is in itself a live industry. Millions of pounds of roses and violets and jasmine and orange and other sweet blossoms are picked each year in Grasse in southeastern France, alone. And from all over the world, perfumers gather their amazing bouquets: almond and benzoin and bergamot, cinnamon and cloves, lavender and lemon grass, peppermint and patchouly, rosemary and tuberose, vetiver, frankincense, geranium and balsam of Peru.

The skilled perfumer knows where to get his flowers and when to gather them. The time of the year and even the hour of the day have much to do with the quality of the perfume. Some flowers give off their odors more fully in the morning, for instance, some at nightfall and some under the midday sun.

Methods of extracting the oils vary according to the flowers. Some give up their fragrance readily under pressure. Some may be distilled. And others are brought into contact with nonodorous fats that absorb the odor and afterward give it off again in an alcohol solution. Sometimes this is done by putting the flowers in hot fat and sometimes it's a cold process: the flowers are laid on sheets of glass which have been covered with fat. This method is slow and costly (for the flowers must be renewed again and again) but for delicate blossoms that cannot stand heat it is necessary.

Into the making of perfumes, as you have guessed, go many things besides flowers. Plants, herbs, roots, wood gums, spices, musk, castor, ambergris—these are but a few of them. (The animal substances are used largely as fixatives to make the odors more enduring and penetrating.) Then there are a large number of synthetics, many of which are coal-tar products.

Synthetics undoubtedly have added to the perfumer's palette some new odors as well as skillful imitations, but they have done more than that: they have put perfume within reach of the most modest pocketbooks.

Blended to Order

The oil extracted from certain flowers does not smell at all like the flowers themselves without dilution—and sometimes not even then. Convincing reproduction of certain flowers can be obtained only by blending other flower oils or synthetics. Almost every odor—with the exception of jasmine—they tell me, can be imitated or reproduced.

Don't try mixing your own perfumes unless you are a pretty good little chemist and can afford to waste money in experiment. The science of chemistry may rise up and hit you in the nose.

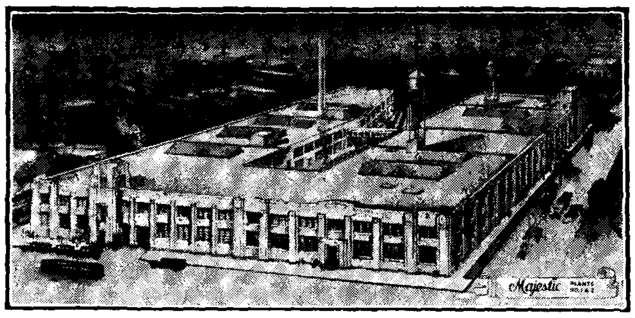
Although the market seems to offer an inexhaustible list of odors in perfume, you can have perfume specially blended for you by experts. This is a lovely luxury if you get a sympathetic blender. If you are one of those clever women, however, who knows her own styles better than anyone else does, don't let anyone tell you what kind of perfume to use, any more than you would let someone select your hats. Follow your own nose and you can't go wrong.

WHAT IS BEHIND GRIGSBY-GRUNOW CO

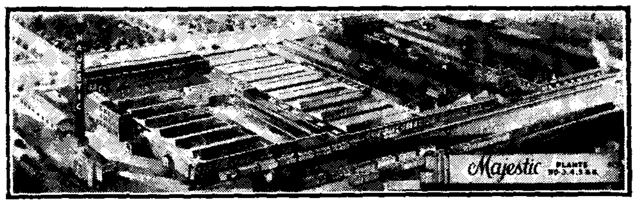
Manufacturers of

Majestic

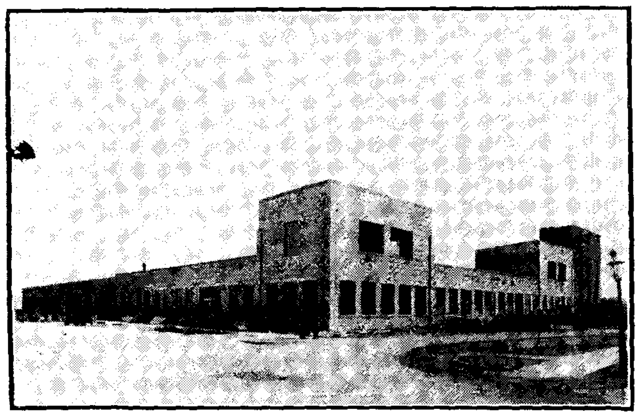
ELECTRIC RADIO



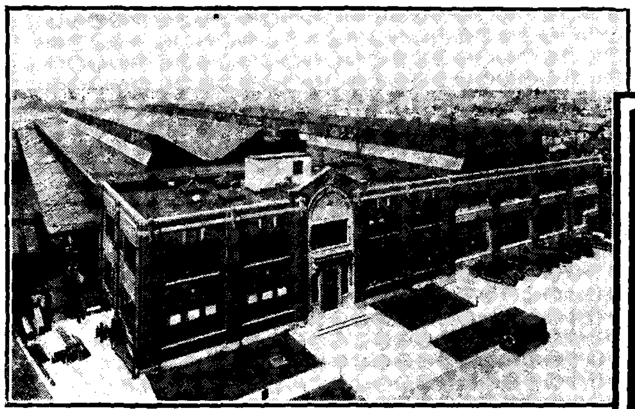
The two Armitage Avenue Chassis plants contain 125,000 square feet of floor space and employ 2500 people. Part of the plants shown have just been completed and will require 3000 more employees.



The four plants at Dickens Avenue are 375,000 square feet in area, and in them 4500 employes make the cabinets, speakers and power packs.



Plant No. 7, nearing completion, adds 50,000 square feet of space and will employ 1000 more men and women.



In this modern tube plant, 1000 employes are making Majestic Tubes of the same high quality as Majestic Radio Receivers.

Every Sunday evening, from 9 to 10 o'clock Eastern Standard Time, Majestic presents headliners of the Stage and Screen over a coast-to-coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the American Broadcasting Company.

Time payments in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan at lowest available rates.

THE world knows and acclaims Majestic radio as the most outstanding receiving set ever built—outselling all other makes by so great a margin that wherever *Radio* is talked of, *Majestic* is talked of.

So meteoric has been the career of Majestic, so tremendous has been its sale, so universal its popularity, that only a very few have come to know the real story behind Majestic success—a story that reads like a chapter from Arabian Nights, yet one that is packed with hard business sense and sound merchandising principles.

It is due the public to know something about the organization behind Majestic, which made possible the slogan that has swept America, the slogan that is true, and the slogan that the public believes—*"You can't buy a better radio set than Majestic at any price."*

Unlike Topsy, Majestic didn't "just grow"—Majestic is the realization of a dream, as all great business successes are realizations of the indomitable spirit of wishing to do something better for the world than has ever been done before. Back of Majestic radio is an organization of men who have put their souls and hearts into building a product better and finer, at a price so low that the whole world may enjoy *all* the thrills and *all* the pleasures of modern radio.

Starting with this ideal—the will to accomplish—Grigsby-Grunow Company within a short space of seven years has grown from a small plant employing a few people, to their present size, where eight great plants, making every part of the Majestic radio receiver, give employment to more than 8000 people. Each working day more than 4000 complete Majestic sets are produced in these eight great factories.

More than thirty carloads of steel, fine cabinet woods, wire and other raw materials are received each day, and more than forty carloads of complete Majestic radio sets are shipped out to more than 12,000 Majestic dealers the same day. To insure its receiving the very finest of raw materials, Grigsby-Grunow's own men are stationed at the sources of supply to select the best, and speed its shipment to Chicago. The company operates its own veneer plant, and has even gone so far as to purchase stumpage, to insure a constant supply of the best panel woods for cabinet construction.

Besides more than 8000 employes in Chicago, a small army of Grigsby-Grunow field representatives travel the entire country, assisting dealers to help you get a greater appreciation of what Majestic is doing and more enjoyment from your Majestic set.

The Grigsby-Grunow policy is not to rest on present achievements, but to look into the future. Scores of the finest engineers in the entire field of radio are constantly experimenting, testing, and planning to make Majestic a still greater value, and a still greater source of enjoyment.

The Majestic story cannot be told in an advertisement. But something of the spirit behind the product can be conveyed, that you may understand Majestic leadership is not transitory, but reaches into the future.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY

General Offices: 5801 Dickens Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates

Majestic Radio-Phonograph Combination gives you—at moderate cost—the greatest instrument for musical entertainment the world has ever seen. *Everything* in Radio—an *electric pick-up*, electric motor phonograph—in a cabinet of beautifully matched butt burl walnut.

No. 4. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*

Engineers examining a photographic accelerometer. This device they developed to show on a motion picture film exactly how much "pick up" a car has per second.

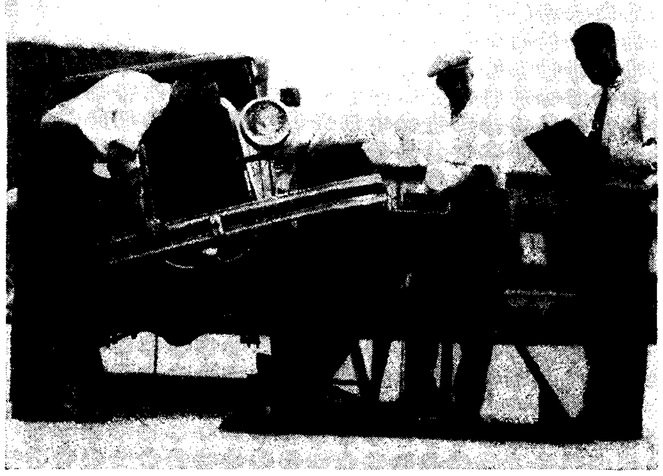
"*Prove it!*"

"YOU'VE got to show us!" say the engineers at General Motors Proving Ground. They hold no brief for *any* car. Their loyalty is only to *facts.*

The Proving Ground occupies 1268 acres in Michigan, convenient to all General Motors' car divisions. It is a great "outdoor laboratory" where automobiles can be tested in a scientific manner under conditions exactly comparable. Especially constructed roads and hills duplicate every driving condition.

At the Proving Ground the General Motors' car divisions thoroughly test and prove their new models before they are offered to the public.

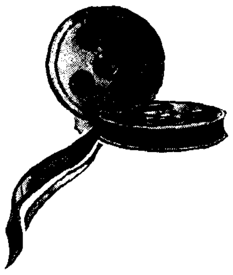
Here also cars of different American and European makes are tested after they are put on the market, thereby enabling General Motors to know precisely how its products compare with others in their respective price classes.



Twisting a car out of shape to determine how stresses and strains affect all parts of it.

The tests involve speed, power, endurance, braking, riding comfort, handling ease, fuel and oil consumption, body style — every phase of car construction and performance. Claims and opinions are reduced to *facts.*

* * *



A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation is available in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. It may be borrowed by schools, clubs, churches, and other organizations. Please specify whether the 35 or 16mm width is desired and give several weeks' notice in advance of showings. Write to Institutional Advertising Department, General Motors, Detroit.

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*

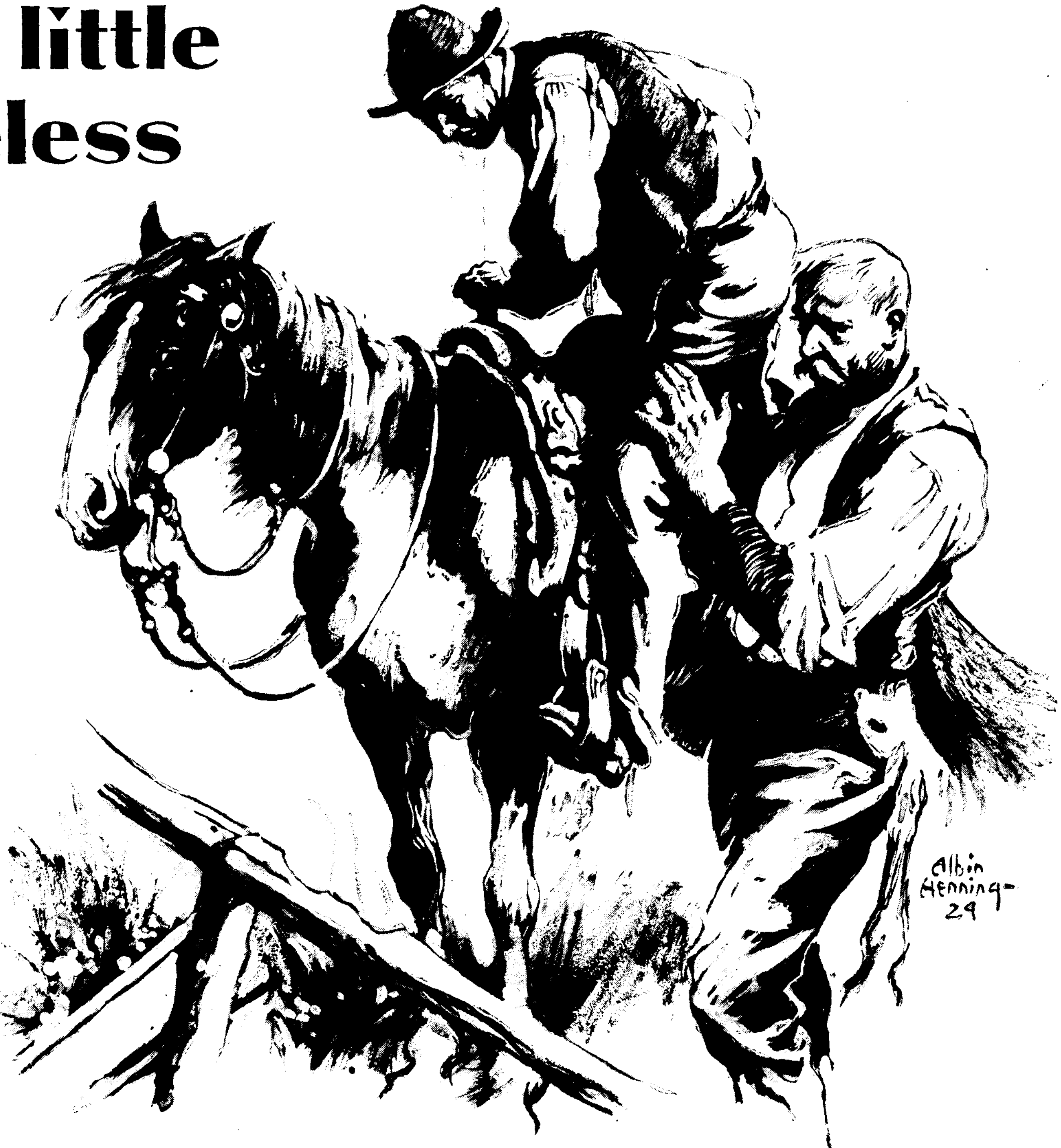
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES · FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* · ℞ *Water Systems* · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

TUNE IN — General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday Evening, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

Just a little Careless

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Stanley Tipton



"Lemme give ye a leg up—ye're a leetle onstiddy on y'r pegs—thar ye be, now"

JIMMY BRISCOE drove up to Pop Hanford's store about three o'clock in the afternoon. The day was hot and sultry—mid-July. Pop was sitting on the porch with his chair tilted back against the wall.

There were three or four other men there—hill-billies, all of them. They had a most disconcerting way of perusing a newcomer. But Jimmy didn't mind. Besides he knew Pop.

"Hello," he said as his buggy wheels scraped the edge of the porch.

"Hullo thar, Mr. Briscoe," drawled Pop, lowering the front legs of his chair and shambling forward to lend a hand with the sample cases.

"Come up 'n set a spell 'n git cooled off," he said.

Pop was proprietor of the store—the only store in Carsonville. He was also postmaster and justice of the peace.

Briscoe's gaze wandered across the canyon. The road looped around the side of the next mountain not more than three hundred yards away.

"How's things down to the Junction?" asked Pop.

"Fine and dandy—how's Ma Hanford?"

"Th' ol' woman's tol'able, jist tol'able," replied Pop, blowing a drop of sweat off the end of his nose.

"Where's the state line along here now, Pop?" asked Jimmy. "I understand they surveyed it last year and found it wasn't in the right place."

"Yep, moved it closter to us," was the reply. "She runs right over thar now—crost th' top o' Ol' Piney."

"Gosh!" said Jimmy idly. "It would be a great place over there for a fellow to take a pot shot at somebody in the village, wouldn't it? He could be out of the state in an hour."

"Jed Hawkins shot ol' Jedge Carter jist that way—twenty year ago," mused Pop. "We never ketched Jed neither. But, shucks, th' ain't been no shootin' round hyar f'r eight er ten year."

A SUDDEN snort and stamping of hoofs drew attention to the shed alongside the store where a couple of mules and a beautifully shaped calico pony were tethered to a rail.

"Hyar, you Frosty," roared Pop, "back up thar! Stiddy now, stiddy—ho! Dern that hoss," he grumbled, "allus full o' hell."

"Still riding the crazy-quilt, I see," said Jimmy with a grin. "That's the loudest horse in this end of the state."

Pop laughed. "Well, I reckon nobuddy'll ever steal 'im," he said. "He's too prominent lookin'."

"Oh," said Jimmy, "I almost forgot. Hetty stopped me as I went by her place this morning and gave me this note for you. Asked me to get it to you as quickly as I could."

"Read it to me, will ye, Mr. Briscoe," requested Pop. "I ain't got my glasses with me."

Jimmy finally deciphered the message:

LEm An injin PeaT wuZ RouND
My pLaSE LAS NiTE An TriDe Tu
GiT iN ThEY bIn DRinKiN LEm
LowED hE AmEd Tu GiT yu Im
AFEErD yu LuKouT. Hetty

"Dern thet Lem Bewley," sighed Pop, his blue eyes clouding. "I tol' him ef he didn't leave Hetty be I'd hafter hoss-whup 'im. Reckon now I gotter do it."

"Who's this Injin Pete?" inquired Jimmy.

"Oh, jist a wuthless skunk. Claims t' be half Injin. I didn't know he wuz out o' the pen yit. Th' guv'nor muster c'muted 'is sentence."

"Hyar comes Lem now," volunteered one of the loungers. "Look at 'im, fuller'n a tick."

Briscoe looked curiously at a red-faced, unshaven man who pitched and reeled in his saddle. He rode into the shed, dismounted unsteadily, tied his horse to the rail and lurched up onto the porch.

"Hot, ain't it?" hiccoughed Lem. "Whew—have a drink," he added, drawing from his hip pocket a quart bottle with a corn-cob stopper in it.

"No, much obleeged, Lem," said Pop. "Too dern hot f'r white mule today."

"Hetty's right sick, Pop," said Lem, his pupils like pin points, "—axed me t' fetch ye over."

The face that Pop turned toward him was unruffled but the eyes were the blue of chilled steel.

"When wuz ye thar, Lem?" he asked gently.

"One o' th' young uns run out an' stopped me as I come by this mornin'," replied Lem. "Young un' lowed she needed quinine. Got any?"

POP nodded and rose to go inside.

"Reckon I better be startin'," he said. "'Low I can jist about make it, come sundown."

"Fetch me a package o' coffee an' six plugs o' Grapevine," said Lem. "I'll ride with ye. Aim t' git home round sundown myself."

Lem produced his bottle again, extracted the stopper, drained the contents and hurled the empty bottle across the road. When Pop reappeared Lem was in the shed staggering toward his horse.

"Hold on a minit, Lem," said Pop, "lemme give ye a leg up—ye're a leetle onstiddy on y'r pegs—thar ye be, now—git y'r foot in th' stirrup. Tell Ma I aim t' git home by daylight, will ye, Mr. Briscoe? She'll fix ye some supper."

Lem had ridden ahead a few paces. He slumped suddenly and slid to the ground like a bag of meal. A second later the bark of a rifle was wafted across the gorge. All heads turned. A ribbon of white smoke was drifting lazily from the bushes that screened the road. Even as they looked they heard the staccato hoofbeats of a lone horseman riding madly upward and away—toward the state line.

Pop was the first to reach Lem. The bullet had passed completely through his body. Blood was spouting thickly from both wounds into the white dust of the road.

"Drilled 'im, by God!" ejaculated Pop. "In under one arm an' out under th' t'other. Come on, boys, le's take 'im inside."

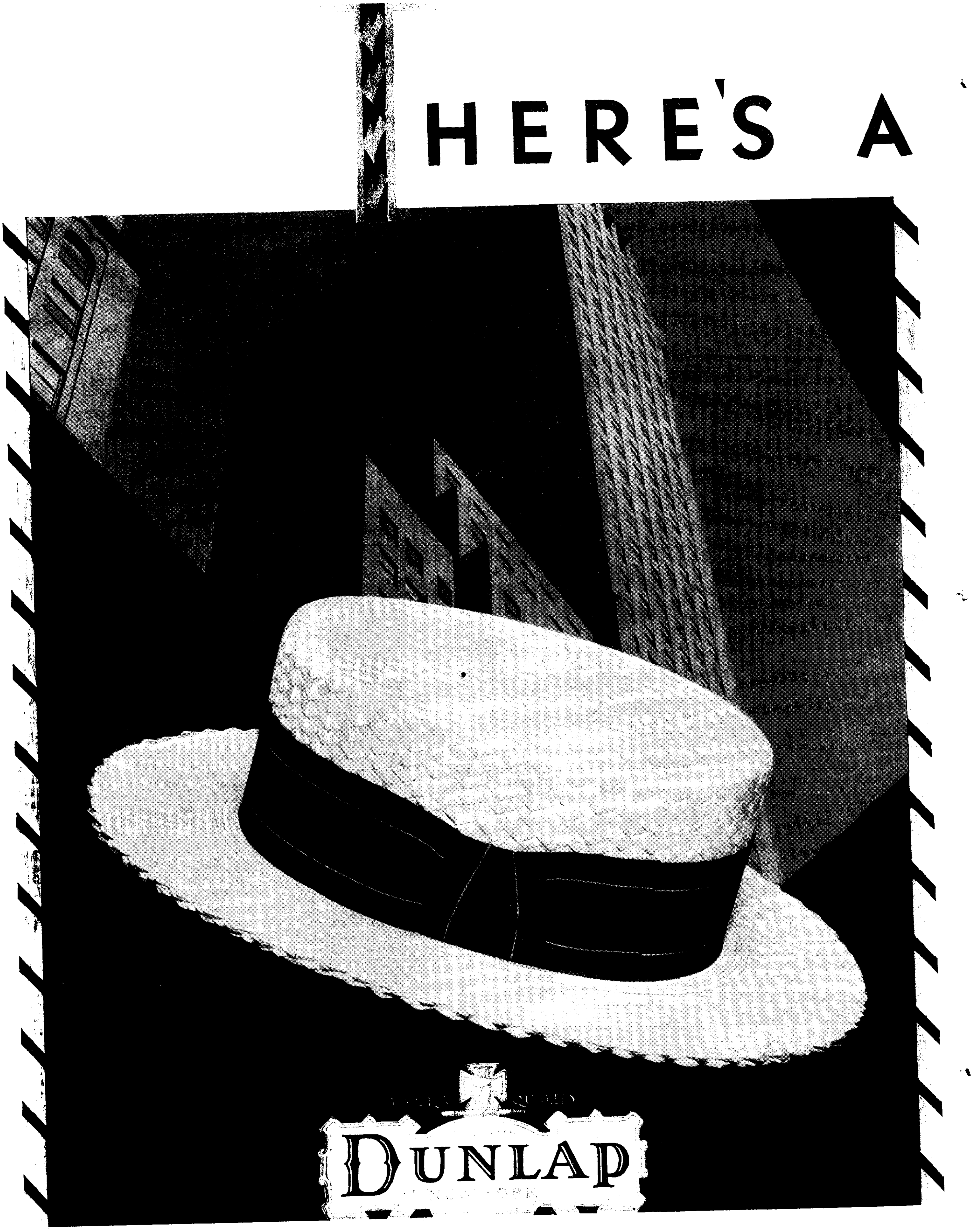
Everybody lent a hand but Jimmy. He sat as if frozen to his chair.

They carried Lem in and laid him on the counter. Then they came outside again. One of the men mounted his mule and started for the county seat to get the coroner.

Jimmy was in a daze. He hadn't moved. His brain was awhirl and yet he was conscious that a thought was trying to force its way through the numbness and confusion. Some half-forgotten thing trying to be remembered. Suddenly it crashed into recognition.

"Pop," he said, "how did you happen to boost Lem up on to Frosty instead of his own horse?"

"Why, dog my cats," said the old man guilelessly. "Did I do thet? I must be gettin' derned keerless."


THERE'S A
DUNLAP

SWIRL OF STYLE TO A DUNLAP HAT

Trim, cool smartness and luxurious comfort give the Dunlap "Metropolitan" the straw vote of the budding season. There's a swirl of style to its narrow brim and belled crown. And there's solid comfort in the resilient strands of soft straw braid woven in the brim where it touches the head. The "Metropolitan" costs $6. Other straws bearing the Dunlap label from $5 to $500.

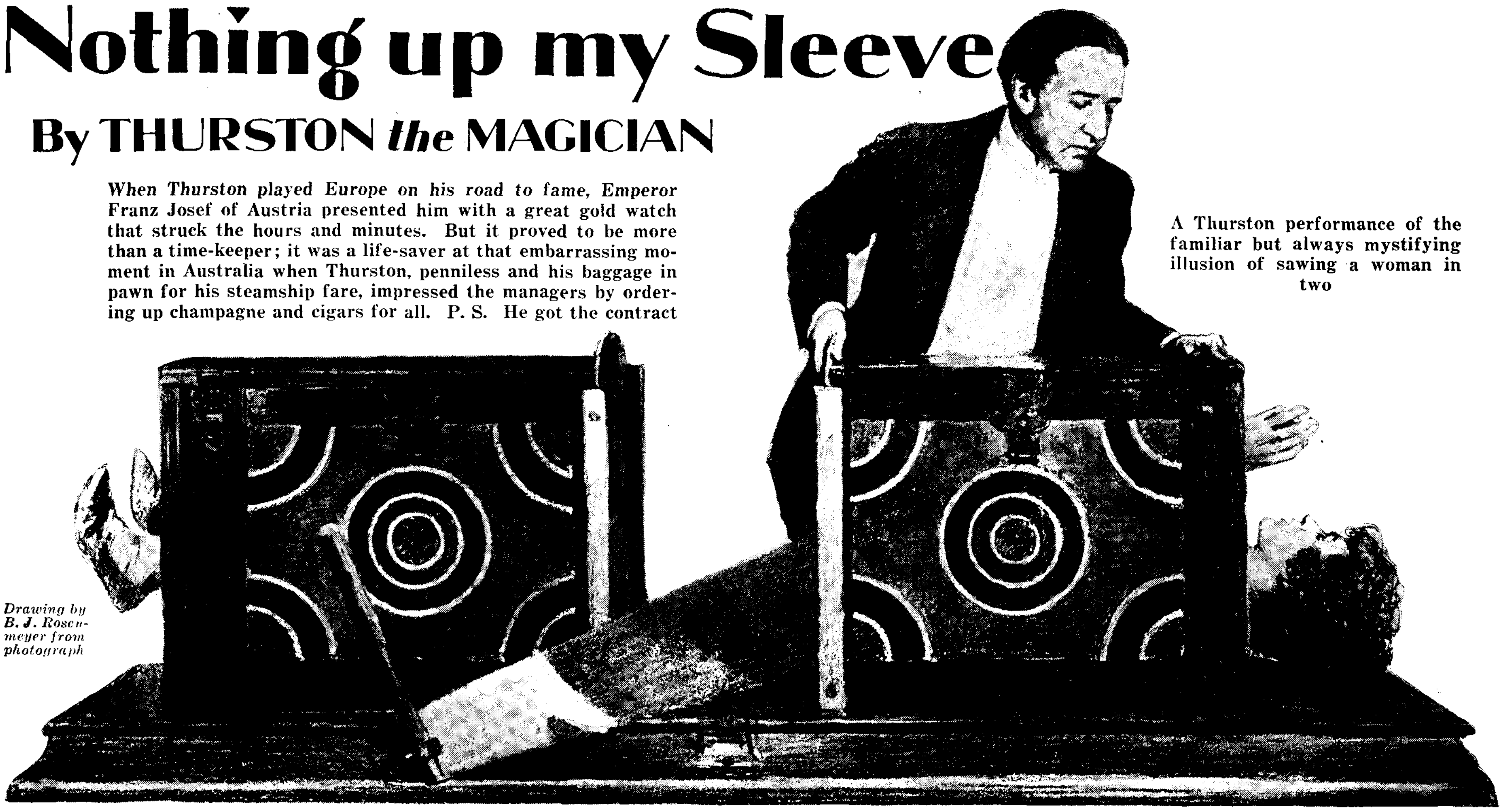
DUNLAP & COMPANY, 711 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
920 PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO. AGENTS EVERYWHERE

DUNLAP

Nothing up my Sleeve

By THURSTON *the* MAGICIAN

When Thurston played Europe on his road to fame, Emperor Franz Josef of Austria presented him with a great gold watch that struck the hours and minutes. But it proved to be more than a time-keeper; it was a life-saver at that embarrassing moment in Australia when Thurston, penniless and his baggage in pawn for his steamship fare, impressed the managers by ordering up champagne and cigars for all. P. S. He got the contract



A Thurston performance of the familiar but always mystifying illusion of sawing a woman in two

Drawing by B. J. Rosenmeyer from photograph

III

ONCE more I invaded New York, stormed the Great White Way, bombarded managers and besieged every vaudeville agent on Broadway.

My room and board cost me $5 a week and I had to buy a new dress suit so as to be equipped to take advantage of the first engagement that might turn up. None turned up! Soon all my money was gone and I was in debt to my landlady. But she was the kindest and most human one in all New York. I shall always remember the twinkle in her eyes and her rich, contagious laugh. All that summer, she never asked me for the money she knew I didn't have. In order that I might make a good appearance on my daily quest for work, she washed my only shirt each night and scrubbed my lone straw hat frequently.

At last I was given an opportunity to show my act. I was told to go to the New York Roof where two agents would look over my turn at ten o'clock one Monday morning. I knew that my chances of impressing the agents were slight, for I depended upon a receptive audience to put over my act effectively. I did not relish the idea of appearing before a virtually empty house with two critical agents as the only spectators.

I hit upon a plan—one that required bluff and plenty of it. I inserted the following advertisement in a Sunday paper:

> WANTED: 1000 men for one hour at $1 each. Apply ten o'clock Monday morning at the New York Roof.

When I arrived at the theater Monday morning the place was thronged. Entrance was impossible. The crowd lined the streets and jammed the elevators. I knew of a back entrance and made my way upstairs. Every seat was taken and more men were coming up. The two agents, who were seated near the stage, were dumbfounded. There was no way to quiet the mob.

I walked on the stage and called for silence. The crowd became quiet.

"Gentlemen," I said, "there appears to be some misunderstanding. I cannot account for this unusual situation, but I know that everything will soon be set right. Probably the man in charge has not yet arrived; I suppose he will be here soon. In the meantime it would be best for all of you to remain here quietly while I entertain you with some card tricks."

My suggestion was greeted with a roar of approval. The crowd settled back in their seats and filled the aisles. Then I began my act. The agents were impressed. When I presented the Rising Card Trick I was rewarded with an outburst of applause. When I finished with the Duck Trick, pulling a large duck from the back of a man's coat, the crowd broke out in a riot of laughter.

A Chance with Tony Pastor

I took my cards, left the stage, and ran down the back steps of the theater.

There were several other acts scheduled to appear, so the agents had no suspicion that I was the instigator of the mob scene. They looked on me as the savior of the situation. My game of bluff had won, and when I called at the agents' offices, they told me that they had several engagements for me.

But my success was dimmed by the news that the first opening would not come for three weeks. I had reached the limit of my resources, and decided to try the game of bluff on someone else.

Among the theatrical agents was a man named Billy Plimmer, who had put off every effort I made to impress him with my act. I decided that this time I would make him listen to me. I went to his office, walked by his secretary, entered Plimmer's office and turned the key in the lock.

Plimmer half rose from his chair and looked at me in amazement. I looked straight into his eyes, and said:

"Mr. Plimmer, I want to show you my act."

He did not reply, but watched me steadily as I began my card manipulations, which consisted of original sleights that I still perform. Nothing like these manipulations had been seen before. Plimmer settled back in his chair, impressed. He had an eye for originality and said nothing about the locked door. When I had finished I knew that I had succeeded.

He gave me a note to Tony Pastor and arranged an interview with the famous impresario of vaudeville for the following day.

I shall never forget my entrance into Tony Pastor's private office. He seemed to know instinctively that I was at the end of my resources and gave me a kindly greeting. I had fortified myself for the ordeal, but my throat was dry and I found difficulty in starting the conversation. He smiled and said:

"It's an engagement you want?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

He looked me over slowly, pursing his lips and rubbing his chin reflectively. Finally he spoke: "Come to rehearsal next Monday at eleven o'clock."

The whole thing was so sudden I could not realize I had really secured an engagement at Tony Pastor's. A pleasant voice brought me back to earth.

"How much do you want?"

Even in my confused mental state I remembered that vaudeville performers had advised me to value my services high.

So I answered glibly, "Eighty dollars."

Tony Pastor looked at me with a quizzical smile and a twinkle in his kindly eyes. "Young man, I have offered you an engagement. I don't know what you can do, but from your looks I think you're all right. As to eighty dollars a week, I can't afford to pay that much. As you're a stranger in New York your name will not add a cent to my business. Besides I can engage all the well-known acts I want at that price. Fifty dollars is all I can pay you." Then he added with characteristic generosity, "I'll give you a contract for eighty dollars and charge you thirty dollars to put your name on the billboards. If your act's a success, the contract will help you to get a larger salary in future engagements."

In the street the whole world seemed different to me. I fancied I could see my name in big black letters on the billboard in front of Tony Pastor's and underneath the magic phrase "The Man That Mystified Herrmann."

I advertised at once for an assistant. That night, after supper, a small colored boy knocked at my door. His name was George. He was nine years old. He appeared to be a bright, intelligent boy and after a few questions I engaged him at five dollars a week, and all expenses, including board and clothes. We practiced all day Sunday, and Monday morning we went to Tony Pastor's for rehearsal. I carried a small grip containing my cards and George followed lugging a duck.

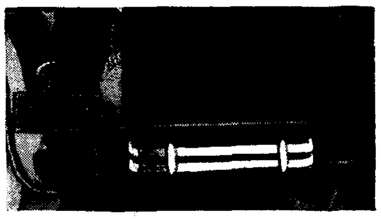
The boy had never been in a theater. I was about to warn him not to be nervous when it occurred to me that it would not be wise to put any such idea into his head.

We were third on the bill at Tony Pastor's that afternoon—the red letter Monday in the calendar of my days. I can close my eyes and recall the scene. The orchestra played the Zenda waltz, and I moved forward out of the wings like a man in a dream, conscious of nothing going on about me until a few scattered handclaps in the audience brought me to my senses.

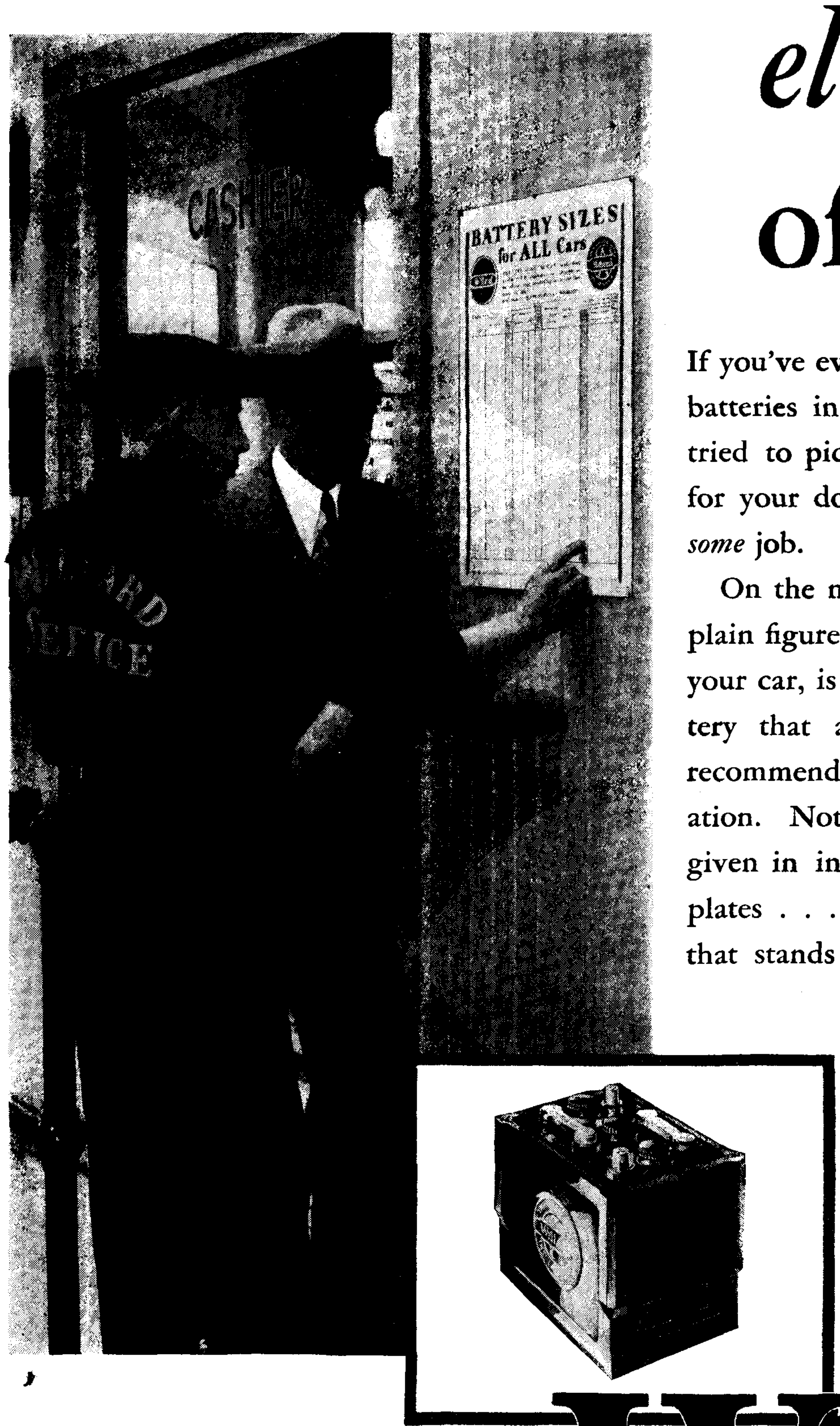
A Trying Rehearsal

Nothing seemed to go well with the act. The day was sweltering and the air inside the theater like a furnace. My hands perspired so the cards stuck to my fingers. The footlights were brighter than I had ever experienced and dazzled my eyes. The house was packed, and for the first time I knew what it was to have stage fright. But the boy George was as cool and unconcerned as if he were rehearsing in my room. His absolute lack of self-consciousness helped me. I pulled myself together, managed to get through my card manipulations in some sort of way, and finished by inveigling a man onto the stage and pulling a duck from his coat collar. The (*Continued on page 38*)

You'd never make the mistake of buying too small a bumper. Correct battery size is even more important.



. . . New chart gives correct *electrical size* of batteries . . .


CASHIER
BATTERY SIZES for ALL Cars
ARD
SERVICE

If you've ever looked at a row of batteries in a dealer's place and tried to pick out the best value for your dollars, you know it is *some* job.

On the new Willard Chart, in plain figures, beside the name of your car, is the "size" of the battery that automobile engineers recommend for satisfactory operation. Not only is the "size" given in inches, and number of plates . . . but an *electrical size* that stands for active electricity producing material is also shown.

You're sure . . . dead sure . . . that the battery the Willard dealer offers you will do a satisfactory job in your car. You can be equally sure that the extra margin of built-in quality in a Willard Battery will give you more useful battery life.

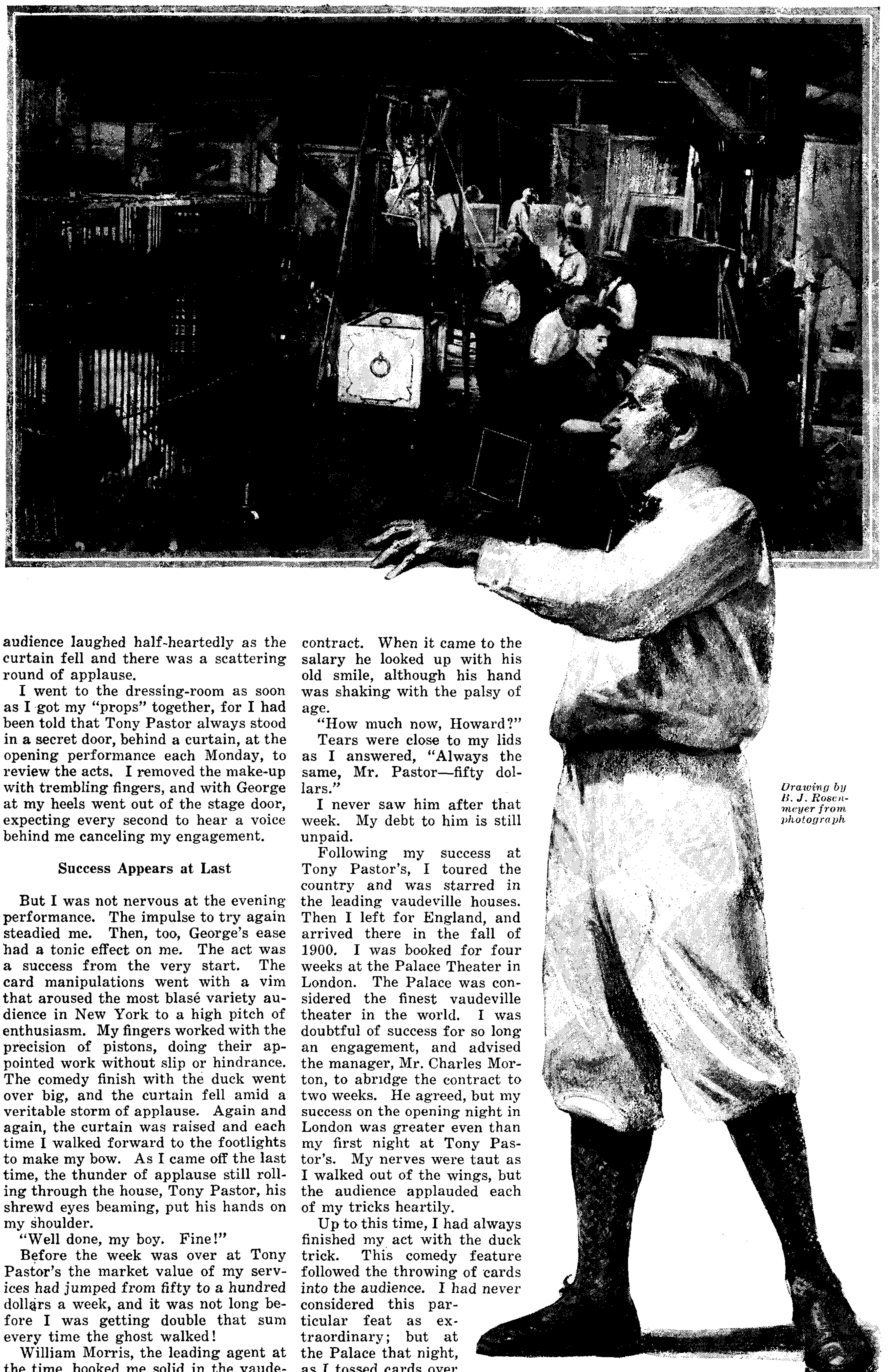
Another thing to remember . . . wherever you drive your car there will always be a Willard Battery Man to give your battery proper attention and care.

The Willard Thread-Rubber Battery

For every normal condition of driving, you will receive satisfactory service and big value for your money with the Wood-Insulated type of Willard Battery.

On the other hand, if your driving program calls for high mileages or constant operation of your car for a good part of each day, it will pay you to consider the Thread-Rubber type which Willard builds to meet specific conditions of heavy duty and abnormal mileage.

Willard
STORAGE BATTERIES



Drawing by B. J. Rosenmeyer from photograph

Thurston in his workshop, where his large-scale illusions are planned and constructed

audience laughed half-heartedly as the curtain fell and there was a scattering round of applause.

I went to the dressing-room as soon as I got my "props" together, for I had been told that Tony Pastor always stood in a secret door, behind a curtain, at the opening performance each Monday, to review the acts. I removed the make-up with trembling fingers, and with George at my heels went out of the stage door, expecting every second to hear a voice behind me canceling my engagement.

Success Appears at Last

But I was not nervous at the evening performance. The impulse to try again steadied me. Then, too, George's ease had a tonic effect on me. The act was a success from the very start. The card manipulations went with a vim that aroused the most blasé variety audience in New York to a high pitch of enthusiasm. My fingers worked with the precision of pistons, doing their appointed work without slip or hindrance. The comedy finish with the duck went over big, and the curtain fell amid a veritable storm of applause. Again and again, the curtain was raised and each time I walked forward to the footlights to make my bow. As I came off the last time, the thunder of applause still rolling through the house, Tony Pastor, his shrewd eyes beaming, put his hands on my shoulder.

"Well done, my boy. Fine!"

Before the week was over at Tony Pastor's the market value of my services had jumped from fifty to a hundred dollars a week, and it was not long before I was getting double that sum every time the ghost walked!

William Morris, the leading agent at the time, booked me solid in the vaudeville theaters of the United States from coast to coast.

Three times after success was attained I appeared at Tony Pastor's theater, and each time I stipulated that my salary should be the old one of fifty dollars. The last time I played at Tony Pastor's he had become old and feeble and seldom came to the theater. But I waited for him all morning, for it was a matter of sentiment with me that my old friend himself should write out the contract. When it came to the salary he looked up with his old smile, although his hand was shaking with the palsy of age.

"How much now, Howard?"

Tears were close to my lids as I answered, "Always the same, Mr. Pastor—fifty dollars."

I never saw him after that week. My debt to him is still unpaid.

Following my success at Tony Pastor's, I toured the country and was starred in the leading vaudeville houses. Then I left for England, and arrived there in the fall of 1900. I was booked for four weeks at the Palace Theater in London. The Palace was considered the finest vaudeville theater in the world. I was doubtful of success for so long an engagement, and advised the manager, Mr. Charles Morton, to abridge the contract to two weeks. He agreed, but my success on the opening night in London was greater even than my first night at Tony Pastor's. My nerves were taut as I walked out of the wings, but the audience applauded each of my tricks heartily.

Up to this time, I had always finished my act with the duck trick. This comedy feature followed the throwing of cards into the audience. I had never considered this particular feat as extraordinary; but at the Palace that night, as I tossed cards over the audience and to the back of the theater, the applause was interspersed with "bravos," many in the front seats standing to see the cards striking against the back wall.

There are two tiers of boxes in the Palace, and as I threw cards into each box of the first tier, the applause greatly increased. When I had finished with the second tier, it seemed that everyone was applauding, and amid the roar of "bravos," I sent a stream of cards to the gallery and against the dome of the theater.

I was stunned by the acclamation of the great audience. It would have been folly to attempt the duck trick, and risk an artistic success for comedy, so I bowed, while the entire orchestra of forty men stood in the pit and applauded. That is considered the greatest tribute that an artist can receive.

The next day Mr. Morton offered me a contract at a salary much higher than any sum I had received in my own country.

Offers came from London managers and from theaters all over England and the Continent. I finally accepted a contract at the Empire Theater in London for three months a year for a period of three years. My outside engagements at clubs and private houses sometimes numbered four and five in one evening. I dressed at home, played a club or two, drove to the theater in time for my act, jumped into a cab again and played two or three private engagements before retiring. My fees ranged from five to twenty-five pounds.

Hobnobbing with Emperors

During my London engagement the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, witnessed my performance at the Palace Theater. The Prince was a sleight-of-hand performer himself. Curiously enough, nobody informed me of his presence in the royal box, and I was not aware of it until after the show, when Mr. Morton brought him to my dressing-room.

Prince Edward sat on a trunk, and in a few minutes I found myself teaching him how to hold a card and at the same time show his hand empty, back and front. He mastered the sleight with surprising dexterity, and as he was leaving he asked if he might return at some later date and practice it again. On four different occasions he attended the performance that winter, and each time came back to show me how he was progressing and to see if there was anything else in magic he might learn.

The Queen's death put an end to private engagements in London, and as business would not pick up for several months I deemed it a good time to tour the Continent. In Paris I played before President Loubet and the King of Siam at the same time. At Brussels I appeared before the King of the Belgians, and while in Budapest I gave a performance in the palace of the Emperor Franz Josef in honor of the birthday of one of his grandchildren. The next day the Emperor personally presented me with a large gold watch which struck the hours and minutes.

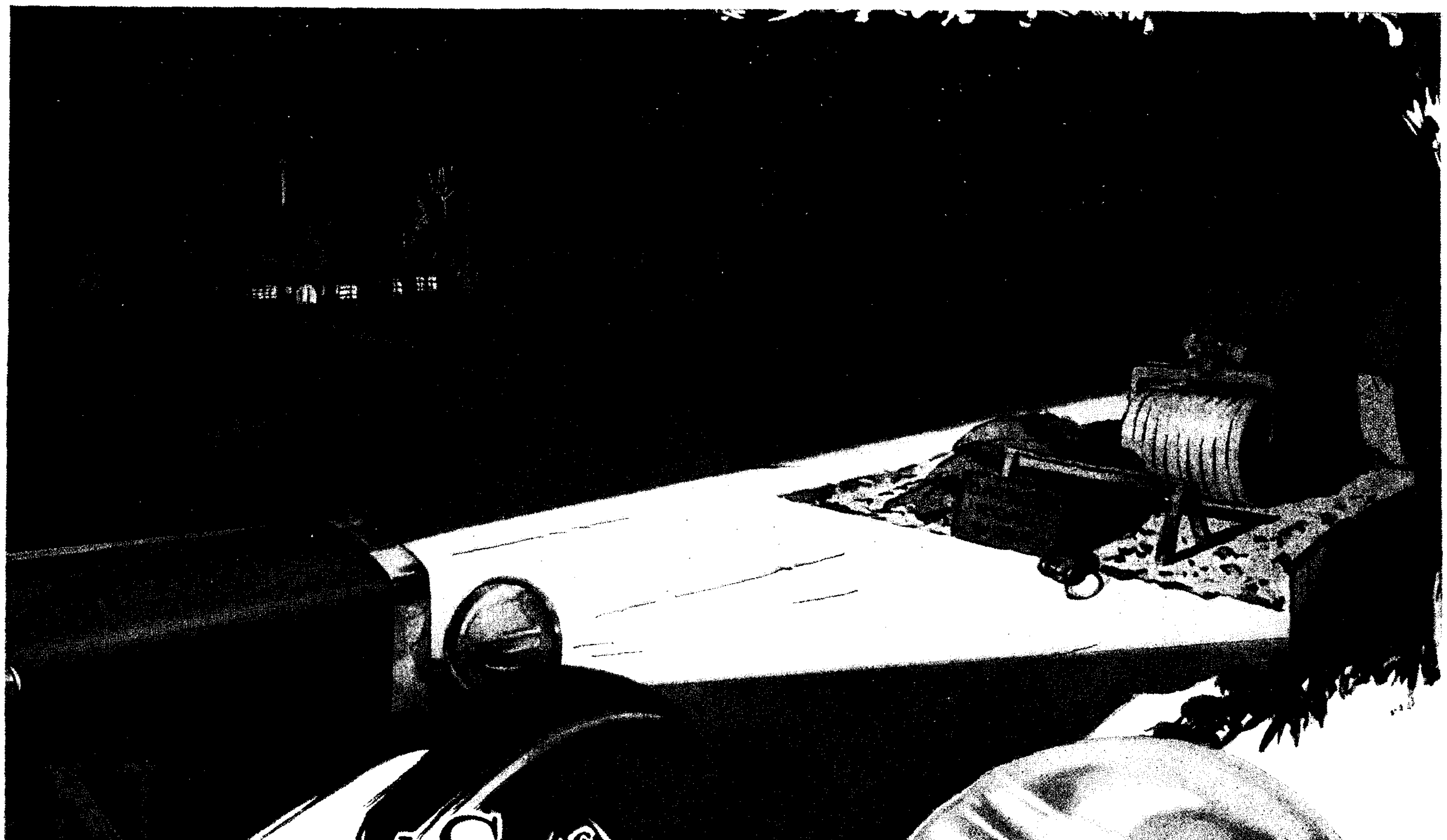
While appearing at the Winter Garden in Berlin I did my best to arrange a performance for the Emperor of Germany, but I was told bluntly that such a thing as an American vaudeville artist appearing before the Kaiser had never been heard of.

One morning, however, as I was driving in an open carriage down the famous Unter den Linden, a cordon of police forced our driver to the curb in line with hundreds of other vehicles. After the police had gone I ordered our driver to go on. He shook his head and muttered something about the Kaiser, several times. Then I noticed that the sidewalks were filling with people, lining up in serried ranks, and the meaning of the whole incident was plain.

In a few minutes the royal procession appeared. As the Emperor's carriage rolled by I had a sudden inspiration. Jumping onto the seat, I took off my hat with my left hand, and raising my right hand in the air, produced a fan of cards at the finger tips. The Emperor followed every movement of my hand, and as the cards fluttered from my fingers to the ground he smiled and bowed twice.

The next instant two mounted policemen rode up and informed me in German that I was

(*Continued on page 50*)

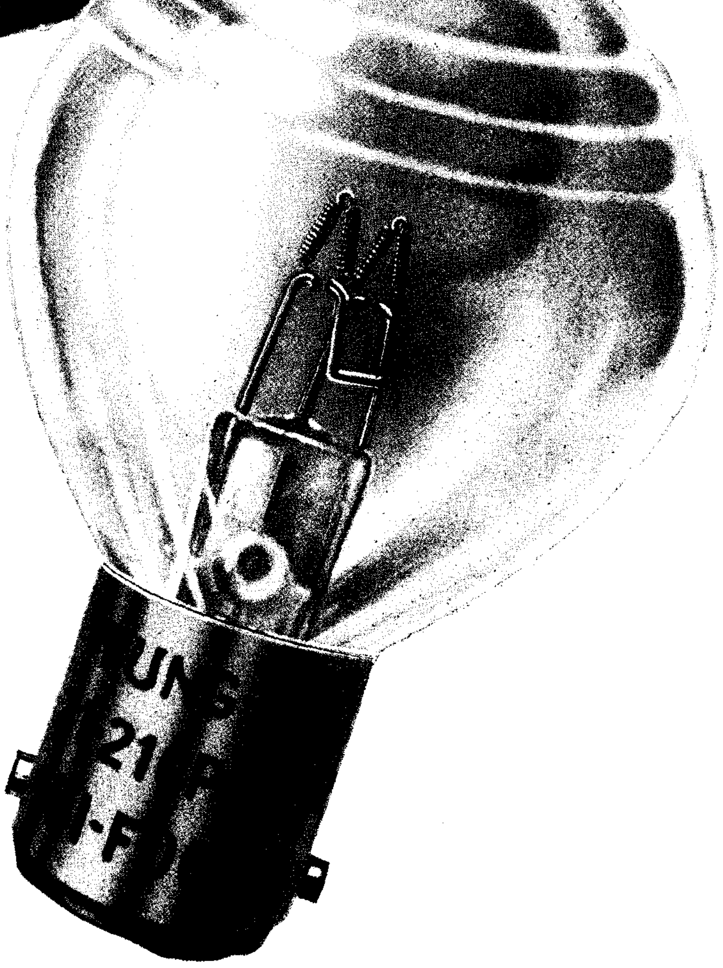


ew and Safer Road Illumination

CONGESTED highways and the constantly increasing number of automobiles has created a need for new and safer road illumination. Tung-Sol BLU-WITES successfully meet existing conditions by providing whiter light and better light with added comfort.

The "red" rays in artificial illumination are irritating. They cause undue strain on the eyes. Tung-Sol BLU-WITES, with their pale *blue* color, absorb these bothersome "red" rays without in any way diminishing candle-power. The road appears in its natural colors. You drive with daylight confidence and grateful relief for the eyes.

Equally desirable is the courtesy extended to others. Tung-Sol BLU-WITES, properly focussed and adjusted, provide the most ideal driving light obtainable. These bulbs are preferred by car owners who seek the *latest development* in automotive illumination. Ask your dealer for Tung-Sol BLU-WITES.

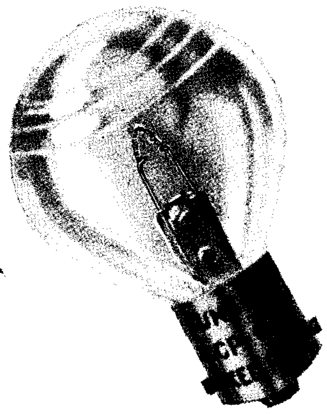


NO DRAIN ON BATTERY

With Tung-Sol BLU-WITES there is no change in generator setting. Maximum candle power is obtainable with only ½ ampere more current consumed per bulb — an almost imperceptible increase in current consumption.

BI-FOCAL 32-21 C. P.

We recommend 32-21 C. P. double filament bulbs wherever they are legal. A more penetrating beam is available, permitting still greater safety wherever and whenever high speed on the road is permissible.

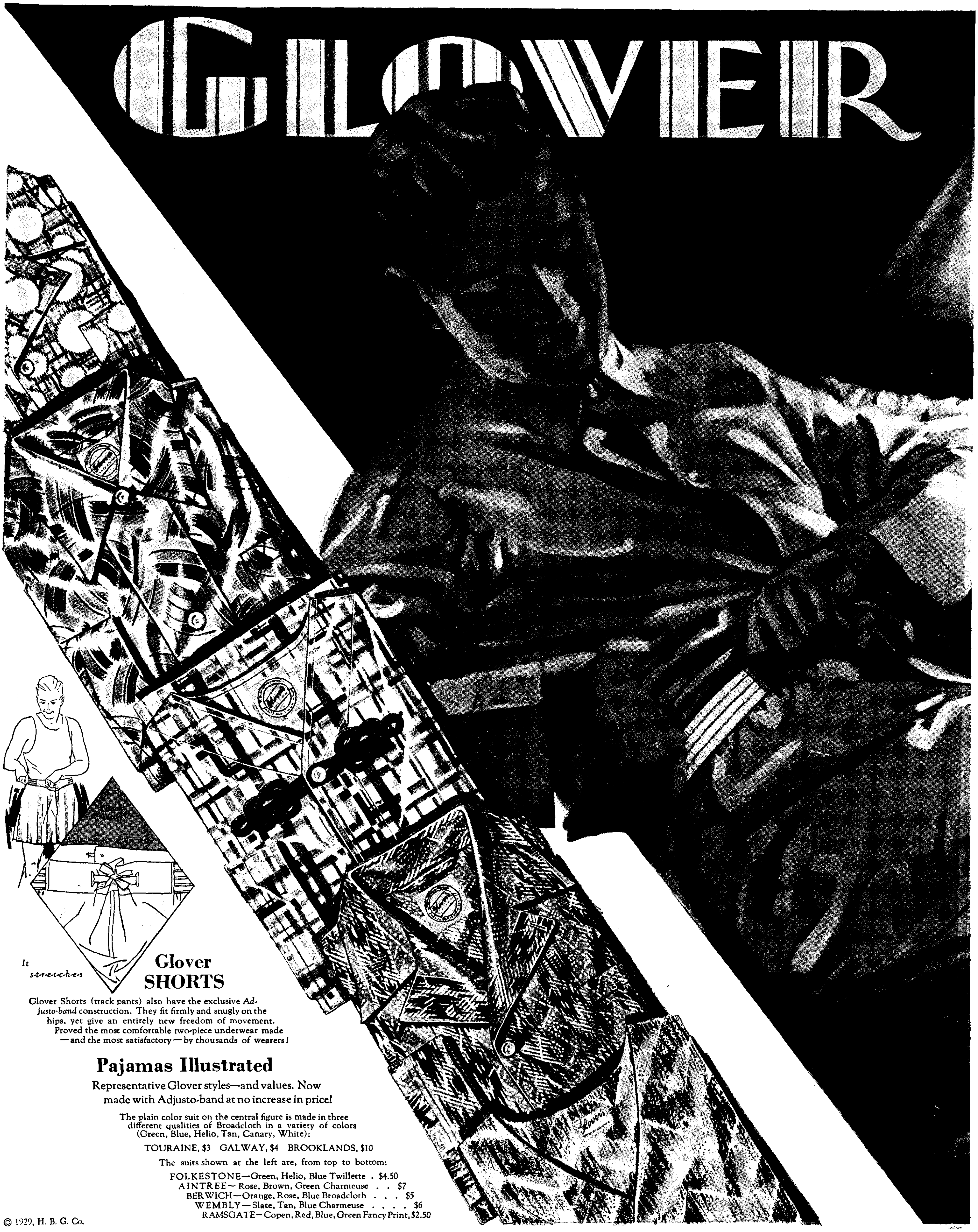


TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE BULBS
may be obtained with either
single or double filament.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
NEWARK NEW JERSEY

Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

TUNG-SOL
BLU-WITE
TRADE MARK



Glover SHORTS

Glover Shorts (track pants) also have the exclusive *Adjusto-band* construction. They fit firmly and snugly on the hips, yet give an entirely new freedom of movement. Proved the most comfortable two-piece underwear made —and the most satisfactory—by thousands of wearers!

Pajamas Illustrated

Representative Glover styles—and values. Now made with Adjusto-band at no increase in price!

The plain color suit on the central figure is made in three different qualities of Broadcloth in a variety of colors (Green, Blue, Helio, Tan, Canary, White):

TOURAINE, $3 GALWAY, $4 BROOKLANDS, $10

The suits shown at the left are, from top to bottom:

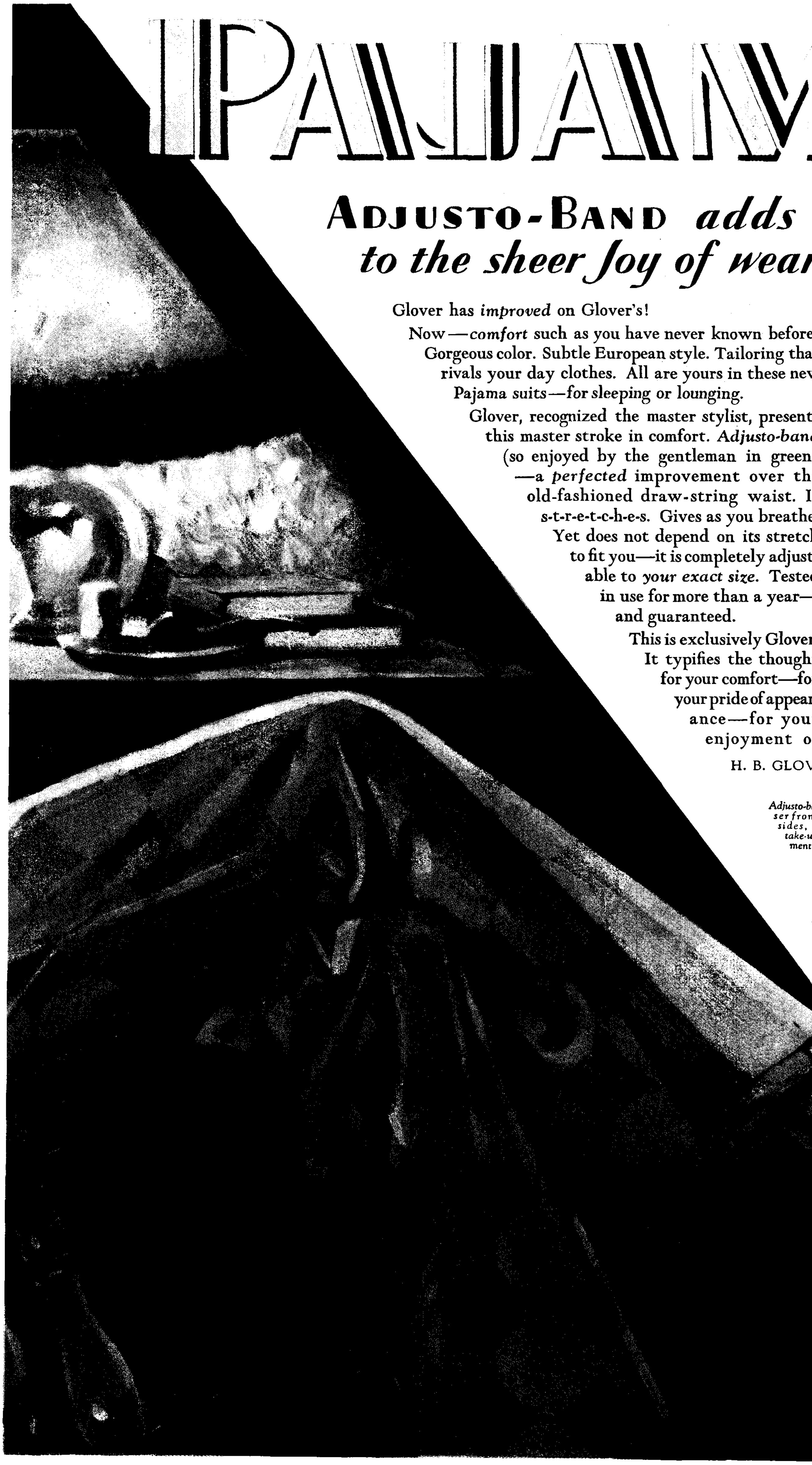
FOLKESTONE—Green, Helio, Blue Twillette . $4.50
AINTREE—Rose, Brown, Green Charmeuse . . $7
BERWICH—Orange, Rose, Blue Broadcloth . . . $5
WEMBLY—Slate, Tan, Blue Charmeuse $6
RAMSGATE—Copen, Red, Blue, Green Fancy Print, $2.50

© 1929, H. B. G. Co.

PAJAMAS

Glover's
BRIGHTON-CARLSBAD

ADJUSTO-BAND *adds still more to the sheer Joy of wearing* GLOVER'S



Glover has *improved* on Glover's!

Now—*comfort* such as you have never known before! Gorgeous color. Subtle European style. Tailoring that rivals your day clothes. All are yours in these new Pajama suits—for sleeping or lounging.

Glover, recognized the master stylist, presents this master stroke in comfort. *Adjusto-band* (so enjoyed by the gentleman in green) —a *perfected* improvement over the old-fashioned draw-string waist. It s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s. Gives as you breathe. Yet does not depend on its stretch to fit you—it is completely adjustable to *your exact size.* Tested in use for more than a year—and guaranteed.

This is exclusively Glover. It typifies the thought for your comfort—for your pride of appearance—for your enjoyment of the niceties of life—that has made Pajamas by Glover so definitely the choice of the discerning, of every age.

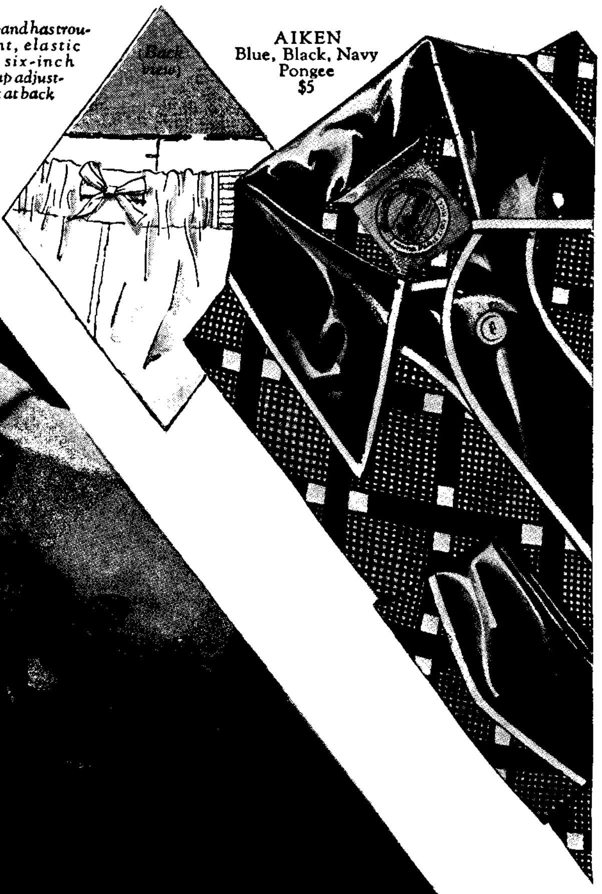
You know Glover Pajamas, of course, as pioneers in the modern trend. Skilfully combining colorful style with luxurious ease and freedom, they introduced the new vogue of Pajamas for lounge wear, which has swept the country.

But if you have not yet experienced for yourself the thrill of satisfaction that comes with *wearing* Glover's, look over the selection at your favorite store. The beauty of their *fast-color* fabrics—the perfection of cut and finish—the exclusive advantages, such as Adjusto-band—quickly reveal why Glover Pajamas have so marked a leadership. And their moderate pricing makes them doubly interesting.

* * *

The few styles and patterns pictured are typical of the broad range of Glover Pajamas at every price from $2 to $25. Look for the woven label. If your store cannot supply you, write us.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY · New York · Chicago · Dubuque
(Address Executive Offices, Dubuque, Iowa)

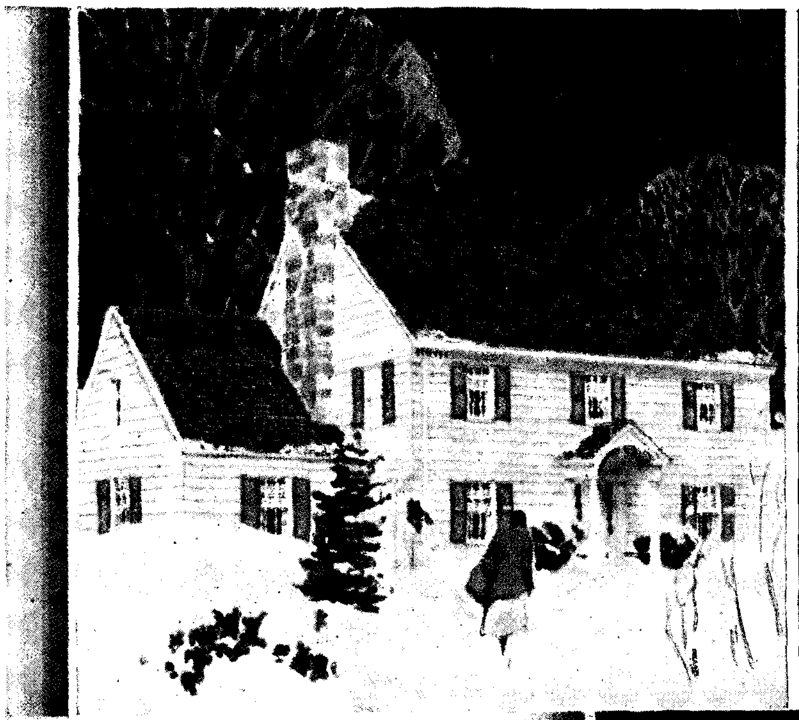


Adjusto-band has trouser front, elastic sides, six-inch take-up adjustment at back

AIKEN
Blue, Black, Navy
Pongee
$5

Weather will *never* wear them out

On new houses or old, J-M Asbestos Shingles are everlasting



Ice and snow have no more effect on J-M Asbestos Shingles than on granite. Impervious to weather, unburnable by fire, they make a roof which everlastingly ends roofing expense.

The most intense tropical sunlight is merely pleasant warmth to J-M Asbestos Shingles, which are not harmed by white heat of a furnace.

Spring showers or summer thunderstorms serve only to brighten the charming colors of everlasting, fireproof J-M Asbestos Shingles.

EVERLASTING is a strong word. Yet you can truthfully call your roof everlasting if it is made of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. To produce this roofing, unburnable asbestos and cement are blended under terrific pressure into monolithic stone shingles. No natural rock can be so free from splitting, so completely impervious to fire. These sturdy Asbestos Shingles have the further advantages of colors to meet every requirement, and absolute uniformity of quality in every shingle.

Consider what these points mean to you in protecting and beautifying your own home.

When you re-roof your present home with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you re-roof for the last time. Or if you cover your new house with J-M Asbestos Shingles you will never have to buy another roof, nor make repairs.

J-M Roofs Improve with Age

The process of making J-M Asbestos Shingles is as if rock were produced to meet specifications. These Asbestos Shingles can be raised to white heat, then plunged into cold water, without harm. No other natural or manufactured roofing (except sheet metal) would stand such treatment. In fact, the toughness of J-M Shingles is such that the only effect of weather is to make them harder and stronger. It is literally true that the longer J-M Asbestos Shingles are exposed to the weather, the less the weather can injure them. Actual tests show that the portions of J-M Asbestos Shingles exposed to the weather are stronger after 15 years of service than the portions which are covered.

Beauty plus Utility

Any home, from a tiny cottage to a great house, is improved by a roof of these colorful, rough-textured, sturdy Asbestos Shingles.

When you order a roof of our Shingles you receive from your contractor a certificate which attests to the genuineness of the roof. Ask for this. It protects you from disappointments due to substitution of inferior material. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are everlasting.

The famous J-M trade mark also stands for quality on automobile brake lining as well as on packings, heat insulations, built-up roofings, flooring and numerous other products. By using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles your home receives the benefit of this same engineering skill.

Johns-Manville

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM CORPORATION

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO
(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)
Send me your free booklet telling the story of colorful, permanent roofs.

Name..

Address..

RS-16-4

The Lady's Engaged

By Merle Thorpe

Editor, Nation's Business

The female of the species is more visionary, intuitive and tactful in business than the male, Mr. Thorpe finds. But she has an inferiority complex! There are 9,000,000 women employed in this country. Our national industry is undergoing an extensive interior decoration

Men in earlier days treated the woman worker like a dinner guest

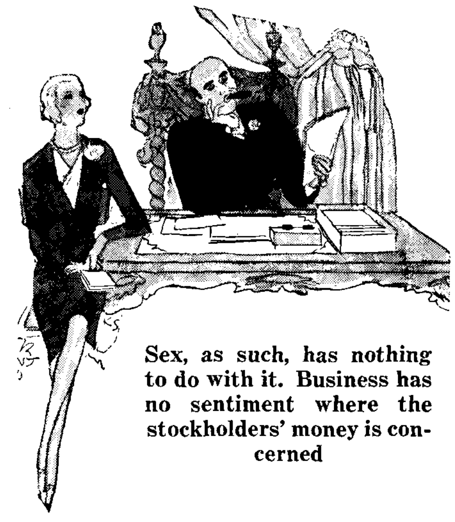
FOR nearly a year I have been asking executives about women in business. Are they able to compete with men in the higher positions? Do employers consciously or unconsciously discriminate against them in favor of men? What does the future hold for women in business?

I have discussed these questions with life insurance presidents, bank officials, manufacturers, department store owners, hotel managers, a railroad president, and perhaps twenty leaders in a dozen other fields.

Herewith, not a detailed statistical analysis of trends and tendencies, but an impression—for I took no notes—an impression of what American Business thinks of the woman in business.

It is noticeable, even to the casual observer, that women in great numbers have boldly entered the business arena and that the increase is by geometrical progression. The census showed 8,500,000 women gainfully employed in 1920; unofficial government figures estimate the number today at 9,000,000. This is roughly one woman for every four men, who work for a livelihood in the United States. No figures as to women in executive positions are available, but a few straws in the wind point to fairly safe conclusions.

First straw: One married woman in twenty-two was working for pay outside the home in 1890, says the Department of Labor, while one in eleven was similarly employed in 1920. My guess is that the census next year will show a still greater increase, and, while this pictures all women, it is fair to assume that those in the higher positions have increased accordingly.

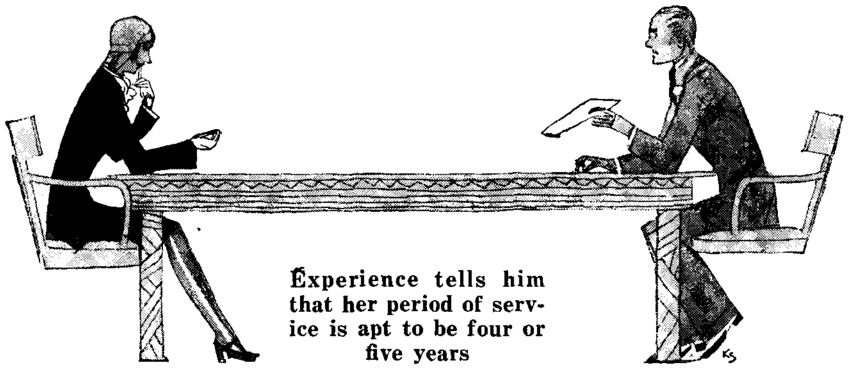


Sex, as such, has nothing to do with it. Business has no sentiment where the stockholders' money is concerned

Second straw: Changes in family life are significant. Professor Ogburn, of the University of Chicago, reports that from 1900 to 1920 the number of restaurant waiters increased about three times as fast as the number of families; restaurant owners four times as fast. Delicatessen dealers increased by forty-three per cent, or about three times as fast as population.

Bakery production increased sixty per cent for 1914 to 1925, while population increased fifteen per cent.

Third straw: Several cities have a Woman's Chamber of Commerce, where a woman, to be eligible, must either own or manage a business. There is a Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, national, with chapters in forty-seven states and more than 52,000 women members. The Zonta Club, a civic organization of women executives, similar to the Rotary Club, has sixty-six clubs. The Soroptomist Club, a similar group, has 1,500 members.



Experience tells him that her period of service is apt to be four or five years

Recently, I attended a business dinner in Petersburg, Virginia. The guests were seated at five long tables. One table was labeled: Business and Professional Women. There were about sixty women, and I was told by the toastmaster that they were all actively engaged in business. And remember, this was Virginia!

The Impersonal Attitude

Forty, and even twenty years ago in some sections, a woman who sought a means of livelihood had rare courage to face the ridicule and contempt of her neighbors, the objections of fathers and husbands, the slings and arrows of men competitors. Now, she arises from the breakfast table, nonchalantly announces she is going to look for a job, and by noon has been accepted in as matter-of-course a way as the application was made.

The executives I talked with were unanimous upon one thing: Sex, as such, (that is, skirts)—has nothing to do with it. They employ ability, capacity, nothing else. Business is full of sentiment, but not where stockholders' money is concerned. There it is glassy-eyed, hard. I believe the business man, off-guard, has as much sentiment as a doctor, preacher, lawyer, teacher. But in the choice of assistants to do a job efficiently, race, religion, or previous condition of servitude have nothing to do with the case. A Steinmetz, immigrant hunch-back Pole, found his opportunity to fight to the top of a glorious career in a great American company.

The first observation can best be told in the words of a chief executive. I had asked him, "You say you pay women less for the same quality and quantity of work than you pay a man. Why do you thus discriminate?"

"If two persons applying for a position of an executive nature," he answered, "one a man and one a woman, sat opposite my desk, I should consciously fix a figure for their services on this basis: I should apply an actuarial table. I should look at the man and say to myself that here is a man who shows latent ability. With proper coaching and training there is likelihood that in twenty-five years he may become a wheel-horse in the organization.

"For a period, any new addition to the staff is a liability. We put more in than we get back. Soon comes a turning point, when the new member gives back more than he takes out. He has become an asset. When we hire anyone we take that chance. By long experience we have found that the best investment in new personnel is the one where the employee stays longest after that turning point has been reached.

"I look at the woman. My actuarial table, made up of experience and observation, shows me that instead of a probability of her staying with us for twenty-five years, the period is more apt to be four or five years. The liability is greater. The chance of the woman's staying twenty-five years and becoming indispensable to the organization is infinitely less probable.

"It becomes a matter of hard common sense. We can afford to pay the man more money than the woman, because over a period the investment will produce more."

"I should like to know," I interrupted, "if you have had occasion to change your actuarial tables in the last ten years?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," he replied, "ten years ago, I should say, I never figured on the possibility of a woman representing more than temporary employment. Today, I find myself applying the test immediately and trying to satisfy myself on the point of how long she will be with us. I find myself cross-examining her, in an effort to bring out evidence as to her future.

Social small-talk slowed down the office routine ten years ago

"We buy the market. To the run-of-the-mine employees we pay the market price. To those who show promise of a long-term investment, we pay more."

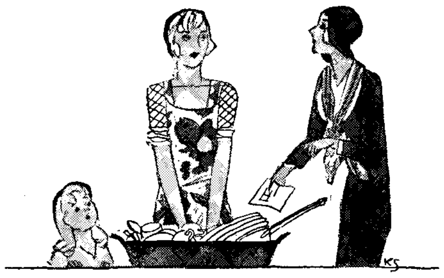
It must be said, however, that in a good many organizations there still prevails the feeling of twenty years ago, that all women are temporary, using the job as a stop-gap until they marry and transfer their activities to home-making. The keener executives, however, have sensed the change that has come about in twenty years, have adjusted their sights, and are attaching to their organizations women of promise, on an equal basis with men. Ideas change slowly.

Measuring Woman's Value

"What do you try to buy, in addition to hand and foot labor, when you employ a new member of your administrative staff?" has been a favorite question of mine, and, "How do you evaluate these qualities in men and women?"

The great majority placed first the qualities of vision and imagination. Most of them do not call them by these story-book names, but, in the last analysis, that is what they mean. They were inclined to say that they looked for assistants who could think ahead, who could see the business undertaking a year from today, or even five years from today.

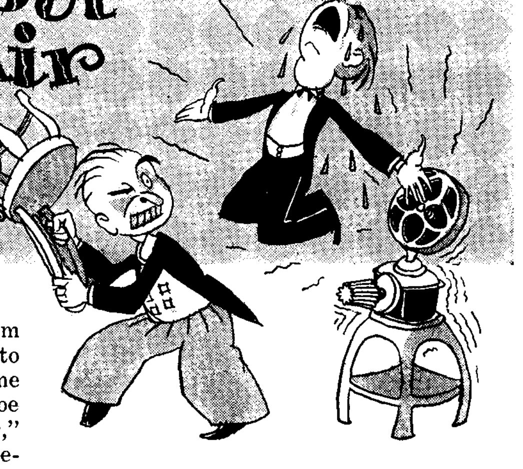
I know that it is an age-old theory that men use reason and women use intuition. (*Continued on page 70*)



A business career on an equal footing with men offers the woman an attractive alternative to home-making

Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns



THE old slogan of "Why let 'em suffer," which one used to hear in cabarets when some painful singer broke loose, will be changed to "Why make us suffer," if radio fans have their way. Recently I have received a number of letters from readers protesting against crooning tenors and wailing baritones who labor under the delusion there is no difference between cacophony and euphony. The general attitude of the listener may be epitomized in the appeal that William Watson of Philadelphia sends me.

"Among the undesirables of broadcasting," he writes, "is the increasingly prevalent 'crying' or 'weeping' tenor. The worst specimen heard lately was from WJZ. Now can you not give us a bit of protest against these terrible inflictions calling themselves tenors? They seem to be appendages of many of the dance orchestras who must use them as cheap fillers-in."

One Wave-Length Chains

"I DISAGREE with you on cutting out half of the stations now broadcasting." Thus writes M. B. Mitchell of Canton, Ill.

"For the Lord's sake tell us who listens in on half of the stations that are mugging up the free air? Their programs are trash." There you have the opinion of R. Wilson of Philadelphia.

I could go on at great length quoting from similar letters that reach me, showing that the present condition is a vital subject with the listeners. It is interesting however that most of those who take the first viewpoint believe, as does Mr. Mitchell, that chain stations should be compelled to use the same wave length. They are all under the impression such broadcasting is not only possible but quite satisfactory.

Untimely publicity has been the curse of radio ever since broadcasting began. An engineer makes an experiment that looks promising and immediately his associates proclaim it to the world as a revolutionizing actuality. This fault is responsible for the belief of many listeners that single-wave chain broadcasting is quite possible.

Unfortunately it is not true. Careful experiments are being made, but they have not yet reached the point where reliable service can be guaranteed. To put all the stations of a chain system on a single wave length before satisfactory service can be guaranteed would ruin chain programs for everybody. Of course if the majority of listeners do not want the chain programs there would be a reason for taking such a drastic step, but I cannot conceive such a possibility.

Let's Hope It's More

RADIO has risen to its greatest height in public service through the weekly Universal Safety Series inaugurated by the National Safety Council over the NBC chain. The standing of the speakers who have donated their time assures the greatest possible results from the campaign. More than one hundred thousand people are killed in accidents throughout the United States each year. The greatest portion of these accidents is avoidable.

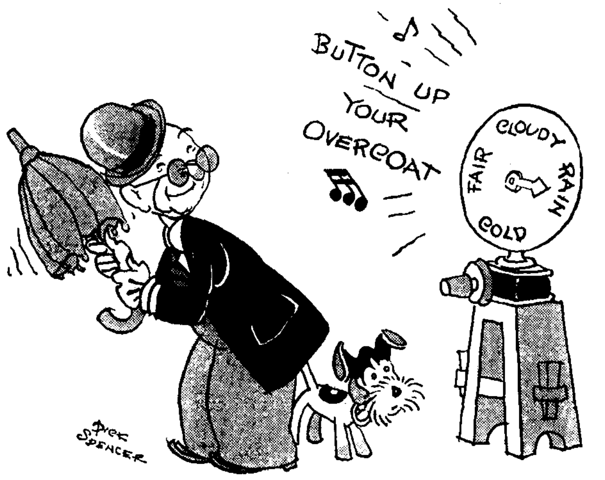
In announcing the new series which is designed to prevent such accidents as far as possible, Henry A. Reninger, president of the council, says: "It gives every promise of being the most effective and significant program of safety ever attempted in this country. The underlying purpose is to awaken the individual citizen to his own personal responsibilities in accident prevention and to arouse the American mind from its lethargy and indifference toward one of the vital problems of the day."

If the campaign results in a reduction of only one tenth of the yearly accidents it will have been fully worth while.

Rain or Shine Music

SCIENCE SERVICE reports that Dr. D. R. Colwell of West Virginia University has determined a direct relationship between the intensity of signals received from KDKA Pittsburgh and the general weather conditions at Morgantown, W. Va. After recording the signals during forty observations, the resulting curves show that whenever the signal strength drops clear weather follows, and when the signal strength rises cloudy weather or rain ensues.

Here is a wonderful opportunity for some genius to evolve a doojigger that we can attach to our radio sets so that when our favorite station comes in unusually weak the needle would point to "clear," and if the station is extra loud the needle should swing around to "rain." To be a perfect invention the device should utilize the extra loud signal to turn on an automatic phonograph record which could yell into our ears, "Button up your overcoat and put on your rubbers."



The Clock that Laughed

Continued from page 7

downstairs, there was certainly something like a smile among the lines of the grim old face on the pillow. . . .

There was a lot of talk among the wise ones of the village about Sue's first auction, which was held a month later. Old Ezra, for instance, would have known better than to have had an antique auction in June. He would have waited till July, and so have caught the summer visitors—caught 'em like molasses catches flies.

For all that, there was a fair-sized crowd when young Eben Witwer from Danielson finally rapped his gavel on Ezra's desk. The Reverend Prentice was there, for one, and Mrs. Lawton, who had just given the organ to the church, and Frank Sheldon, the postmaster, and Mrs. Tilley, the local historian. And Fiddle-Back Holburn was there, too, a commanding figure with his loud voice and his honest off-hand manner—contrasting well with Spinning-wheel Jackman, a watchful little figure under his mop of gray hair—Whispering Jackman as he was sometimes called by the wise ones because of his favorite method of conversation.

THE Reverend Prentice got an old Bible, no one competing when it was seen that he was bidding for it. And Mrs. Lawton bought two rush-bottomed chairs, and Frank Sheldon a bookcase, and Mrs. Tilley the books which were in it. Frank also bid as high as forty dollars on Ezra's desk, but retired when Mr. Holburn promptly raised him to fifty. Fiddle-Back also bought one of the hall clocks, his last commanding bid of a hundred and fifty dollars proving depressive to competition. He started to bid on the next one, too, but the auctioneer reminded him that under the terms of sale, only one clock was to be sold to a customer. So Spinning-wheel Jackman whisperingly and thriftily bid it in at a hundred and twenty, and Judge Brierson bought the third at an even hundred.

"The fourth clock is not for sale," said the auctioneer. "It was Mr. Turner's wish that his granddaughter should keep it." Following his glance, they all looked at Old Toby, and Old Toby beamed back, reserving his comments, however, until the even hour, and no one heard him then because the crowd had moved into the next room where the last few items on the list were being sold.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the auctioneer, after his hammer had dropped for the last time, "I have an announcement to make. Miss Turner has asked me to sell this house at public auction a week from today. It is, as you know, an historic colonial structure—one of the few still standing with an overhanging second story—and I hope to see a big crowd here when I open the sale on Wednesday next at ten o'clock sharp in the morning."

Again the wise ones of the village put their heads together. General Griswold, who fought in the Revolution, had been born in the old house, and it was suggested that the State Historical Society should buy the property, "and preserve it as a fitting memorial to those who had written with their lives the first glorious pages of our history as a nation."

So with one thing and another there was such a crowd on hand at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning that the auction was held in the park on Common Square instead of in Ezra's old store. The bidding started at five thousand dollars, and soon reached seven thousand—the figures at which the wise ones had generally valued it.

"Eight thousand!" exclaimed an unidentified voice in the crowd.

"Eight thousand I'm offered," chanted Eben Witwer. "Eight thousand I'm bid. Eight thousand dollars for this very desirable historic old property—"

"Nine thousand!"

"Nine thousand I'm offered! Nine thousand I'm bid!" changed Eben, voice and tempo both rising. "Nine—nine—nine—nine— Who says ten? Nine—nine—nine—nine—"

"Ten thousand!"

A stir of subdued excitement went through the crowd. Feet shuffled, heads turned, eyes either stared or looked knowingly at each other. "The State. . . . The State. . . ." The whispered S's could be heard all over the square—accompaniment for Eben's quickening tone.

"Ten thousand I am offered! Gentlemen, a relic—a Revolutionary relic—and I am only bid ten thousand. Ten—ten—ten—ten—ten—ten—ten—"

"Eleven!"

"Eleven thousand—"

"Twelve!"

"Twelve thousand—"

"Thirteen—"

"Thirteen thousand—"

"Fourteen!"

"Fifteen!"

"Sixteen!"

Eben jumped in there—his voice almost cracking under the strain.

"Sixteen thousand I am offered! Sixteen thousand I am bid—"

"Seventeen!" interrupted a sharp, commanding voice.

By this time, the bidders had been spotted in the crowd. One was a stranger—well-dressed and able-looking—the center of a growing sea of S's—oh, most assuredly from the State. And the other, rising at last from the cannon on which he had been sitting, was Fiddle-Back Holburn, his face redder than usual, standing on a spoke of the cannon, as though to see who was bidding against him. Whether or not his threatening appearance had anything to do with it, competition stopped, and a few minutes later Eben brought down his hammer for the third and last time, "Jesse H. Holburn. . . . Seventeen thousand dollars. . . . This way, Mr. Holburn, if you please. . . ."

AS YOU may remember, the sale of the Turner house—that old colonial landmark of by-gone days—was held on Wednesday. On Saturday evening of the same week, Judge Brierson received a caller.

The judge was at home, sitting in the room which served him as office, when Mrs. Brierson came in and whispered that Mr. Holburn was at the door.

"All right, Bessie," he said. "Show the gentleman in."

Mr. Holburn entered, loud-voiced and genial, his honest off-hand manner never more apparent.

"Sorry to bother you, Judge," he said after the first greetings were over, "but I wonder if you've got a copy of Ezra Turner's will here—the one that was filed for probate the other week."

"Guess so," said the other in his mild voice.

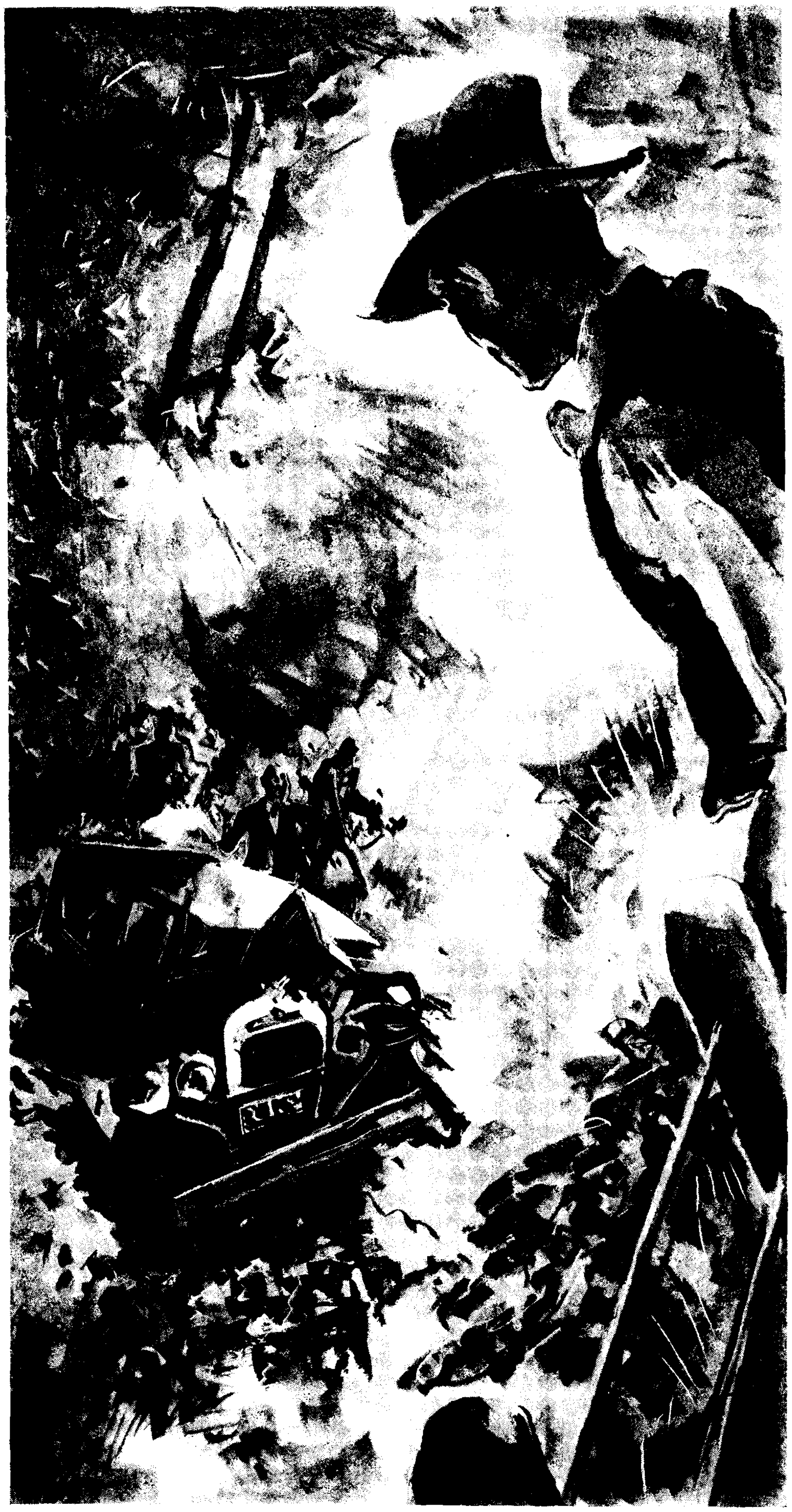
"I wonder if you'd let me see it for a minute."

"Got the 'riginal right here," said the judge, slowly rising and walking to his little safe. "Better'n any copy."

The will was in a letter file, duly indexed under T; and moving always in

(Continued on page 46)

RUSH AID AT ONCE!



DURING his summer vacation at Glacier National Park, Mr. Herbert and four friends set out for an early morning ride. About eight miles from the hotel, a tire blew out. The car leaped out of control, rolling over and over. Within a terrifying second or two, the $4500 custom-built sedan had become a pile of debris from which Mr. Herbert and his guests painfully extricated themselves. From his hotel, where he had been taken, Mr. Herbert wired the Ætna-izer in New York who had sold him his Ætna Combination Automobile Policy. Advised by New York to rush aid at once, the Ætna adjuster in Great Falls, Montana, was soon on the scene ready to be of service.

Mr. Herbert had good reason to be thankful that he was Ætna-ized. The claims for personal injuries were promptly settled and he received a check in full for his wrecked car. His confidence in Ætna was justified by this demonstration of country-wide service.

The Ætna is quick to respond when called. Even though an Ætna policyholder is far from home when his need for insurance service arises, his call for assistance is immediately answered. Any one of the more than 20,000 Ætna representatives can set in motion the efficient machinery of this nation-wide organization.

The Ætna organization writes not only Automobile insurance but practically every form of insurance and bonding protection—Life, Casualty, Fire, Marine insurance or a Fidelity or Surety Bond. You will find every Ætna representative equipped by experience and training to help you build an economical program of protection.

The case presented is an actual occurrence, full details of which are recorded —with the correct name of the assured— in the Ætna files.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company, The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN
YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS
A MAN WORTH KNOWING

THE BRIDGE PRIZE
YES, MY DEAR! YEARS OF PATIENT STUDY OF THE GAME! HOURS AND HOURS DIGESTING THE OPINIONS OF EXPERTS! ETERNITIES OF CONCENTRATION ON ITS PROBLEMS! NIGHT UPON NIGHT OF DESPERATE PLAYING AND AT LAST, HEAVEN BE PRAISED, I HAVE RECEIVED MY REWARD!

Don't let Contract scare you

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

THIS week we discuss take-outs—questions of whether No Trumper's partner should pass, jump the No Trump or overcall with a suit-bid.

When to Bid a Minor

Over partner's one No Trump, bid two of a five-card minor which contains at least two of the three top honors when the hand does not contain in the other suits an Ace or a King or a count of 4. With a side Ace or King, or a side count of 4 (e. g., two Queens or one Queen and two Jacks) to support a strong five-card minor, it is better to jump partner's No Trump. To illustrate: Here are two hands supposed to be held by North; the score is love. South has bid one No Trump and West has passed:

	(1)	(2)
Spades:	10-x	10-x
Hearts:	x-x-x	K-x-x
Diamonds:	Q-x-x	K-Q-x-x-x
Clubs:	A-Q-x-x-x	Q-J-x

In No. 1 the North hand counts 10 for a No Trump jump and 9 is enough to jump to two No Trumps; but only 2 of the 10 is outside of the Club suit, so North's bid would be two Clubs to show South that the North hand contains a strong five-card Club suit, but does not have an Ace or King or much Queen-Jack assistance in any other suit.

With Hand No. 2, the bid should be three No Trumps because the hand, while strong enough in Diamonds to justify a Diamond take-out, has other strength and its count of 13 is one more than sufficient to justify jumping the one No Trump to three.

Major Take-Outs

Suppose that South should bid one No Trump, West pass, and that North hold either:

	(3)	(4)
Spades:	A-Q-10-x-x	Q-x-x
Hearts:	A-x-x	K-J-x-x-x
Diamonds:	K-x-x	x-x-x
Clubs:	x-x	x-x

With No. 3, North would have ample strength to justify bidding three No Trumps over his partner's one No Trump. It needs only a count of 12 to do that and the North hand counts 15; but it is possible that Spades would be a more productive bid for the combined hands.

If North should bid either two Spades or two No Trumps, South with a minimum No Trumper would pass and the opportunity for a game would be lost. If North should bid three No Trumps or four Spades (he has the strength for either) his bid would work badly if the other declaration would have been more productive. A game bid by North would not give South a chance to show his preference; but by bidding three Spades, North can extend the option to South to try for game at either Spades or No Trump.

This is practically the only case in Contract Bridge, when played by the method I advocate, in which a forcing or "demand" bid is made; *i. e.* a bid that forces partner to continue bidding. Generally when a player has shown the full strength of his hand by his first bid, he should not bid again; but in this case North virtually bids for game by telling South to choose between two game-going bids. Consequently when South responds with three No Trumps or four of North's major, he is not announcing additional strength in his own hand, but is bidding on North's strength at North's request. Under such conditions South rarely will make a mistake.

In Hand No. 4 the situation is quite different. The strength of North's hand does not warrant his expecting to go game with the help of a partner who can bid only one No Trump; but it does look to North as if more would be made—or possibly less would be lost—by playing the hand at Hearts. Consequently North should bid two Hearts, knowing that two of a major over one No Trump will convey a message very different from a bid of three. The two-bid tells the No Trumper that the hand contains a weak six-card major, or a five-card major neither worthless nor particularly strong; also that the hand does not justify urging the No Trumper to a game bid, it suggests that he should not bid again unless his hand is much stronger than his original bid signified.

The Clock that Laughed

Continued from page 44

his mild manner, the judge carried it to his desk and flattened it out on the blotter. Mr. Holburn hitched his chair over and the two of them looked at it together, Fiddle-Back's eyes eagerly seeking for the date.

"Ah-ha!" he suddenly exclaimed in his honest, outright manner. "May fourth, I see. Now isn't that too bad!"

"Isn't what too bad?" asked the judge, beginning to stare at him.

"Why, this will's no good. Dear me; I'm sorry—sorry in a way—but it isn't worth the ink it was written with."

"WHY ain't it no good?" demanded the judge.

"Because I've found a later one. Dated May fifth. Found it—" he hesitated an almost imperceptible moment and then continued in his hearty, cheerful voice—"found it today in that old clock I bought at Turner's first auction. Opened the clock to wind it, and then I noticed a loose piece of board in the bottom, cut just the right size—the way lots of the old-timers used to cut 'em and put 'em there, and keep their silver spoons and wedding c'tificates and other old papers underneath.

"So, I says to myself, 'Oh-ho!' says I. 'Let's have a look under here.' And sure enough, when I lifted it up, there was Ezra Turner's last will—dated May fifth, just as I've told you, and witnessed by three people—three first-rate citizens who I've seen already and they all remember signing it."

"Well—the law's the law," cautiously admitted the judge. "Got it with you—this new will you found?"

"I got a copy of it with me," said Fiddle-Back, producing it. "The original I took to my lawyer in New London—so's he could make sure everything was ship-shape and in proper legal form. He tells me the will's as sound as a gold dollar. He's going to bring it in Monday morning, but I thought I'd drop in tonight and tell you, seeing that I was passing by."

"You seem to be pretty much interested in it," said the judge.

"I certainly am," said Mr. Holburn with hearty emphasis; and handing over his copy, he said, "You read along here and you'll know why."

He pointed to the following paragraph: "I direct that $20,000 of my estate be set aside as a trust fund. My granddaughter Susan is to have the use of this as long as she retains possession of the Turner property on the corner of Main Street and Wharf Road where I now reside. If, however, she sells this property after my death, the aforesaid sum of $20,000 is to go to the new owner to be used by him or her for maintenance, repairs, or for any other purpose which he or she may think best in his or her own absolute discretion."

"Mmm," muttered the judge with something like a sigh. "That sounds clear enough. Have you—have you paid for this property yet?"

"I certainly have," said Mr. Holburn in his hearty voice. "Paid for it and got the deed."

"Mmm," muttered the judge again. "All sounds straight except one thing. Seems queer to me you didn't find the will till after you had paid seventeen thousand dollars for a house worth less'n seven—"

"Judge—so help me—"

"Oh, I'll help you—all I can. But first let me tell you why it seems queer. The day after you bought your clock, two lawyers from New London came in about an hour apart and each of 'em asked to see Ez Turner's will—"

"Two lawyers?" repeated Fiddle-Back with unconscious emphasis on the number.

"Two, yes. One of 'em I haven't seen since. But the other I saw at the auction on the square. In fact he was standing by the side of Jackman, the other antique dealer, and he's the man who was bidding against you for the old Turner place."

This time it was Fiddle-Back's turn to blink.

"You say Jackman's lawyer was bidding against me?"

"He certainly was. But when you stood up on the cannon and he saw you, I noticed Jackman pulled his lawyer by the sleeve and shook his head as if he smelled something funny."

"I don't know anything about that," said Mr. Holburn, beginning to show impatience. "But I know I've got a later will than the one on file here, and it's going to be probated."

"I don't think so," said the judge in his mildest manner.

"Why don't you think so?"

"Because the last few days of his life, Ezra seemed to be mighty uncertain just how to dispose of his property. The day after he signed that paper which you found in your clock, for instance, he made another will—just a few lines, leaving everything to Sue. She found it this morning when she was moving out. Found it under the old clock—the one they call Old Toby—the one she didn't sell. Yes, sir, Ezra just naturally seemed to turn to old clocks when he wanted a place to hide papers and things. I s'pose that's because he was an old-timer, too."

"Why didn't you tell me about this other will before?" demanded Fiddle-Back. "Why did you show me this old one?"

"Because you asked for it. You said you wanted to see the one that was filed the other week, and so I naturally showed it to you."

For the last minute, Mr. Holburn's neck had been turning from its customary royal red to a richer imperial purple.

"It's a game—a swindle—sticking me on a piece of property like that!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I'll sue the whole *lot of you! I'll go to court! I'll get my* money back!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the judge. "Weren't you setting up to swindle Sue? . . . And wasn't there something between you and Ezra about an old highboy. . . ?"

DOWN in their new home by the lighthouse overlooking the harbor, Sue and Joe had just finished hanging the shades in the living-room, Old Toby beaming at them from his place of honor between the windows.

"Let's sit down a while," said Sue. "If we don't look out we'll be working all night."

So they sat on the davenport.

"What I can't understand," murmured Sue, "is how anybody can be so happy. . . ."

"What I can't understand," said Joe in the same thoughtful voice, "is why Fiddle-Back Holburn paid seventeen thousand dollars for the house. . . ."

Behind them Old Toby suddenly chuckled—preparatory to striking nine—and although, of course, it was some trick of echo due to the fact that the house was not yet fully furnished—if you had been there, it might have occurred to you that somewhere in the shadows, old Ezra seemed to be chuckling, too. . . .

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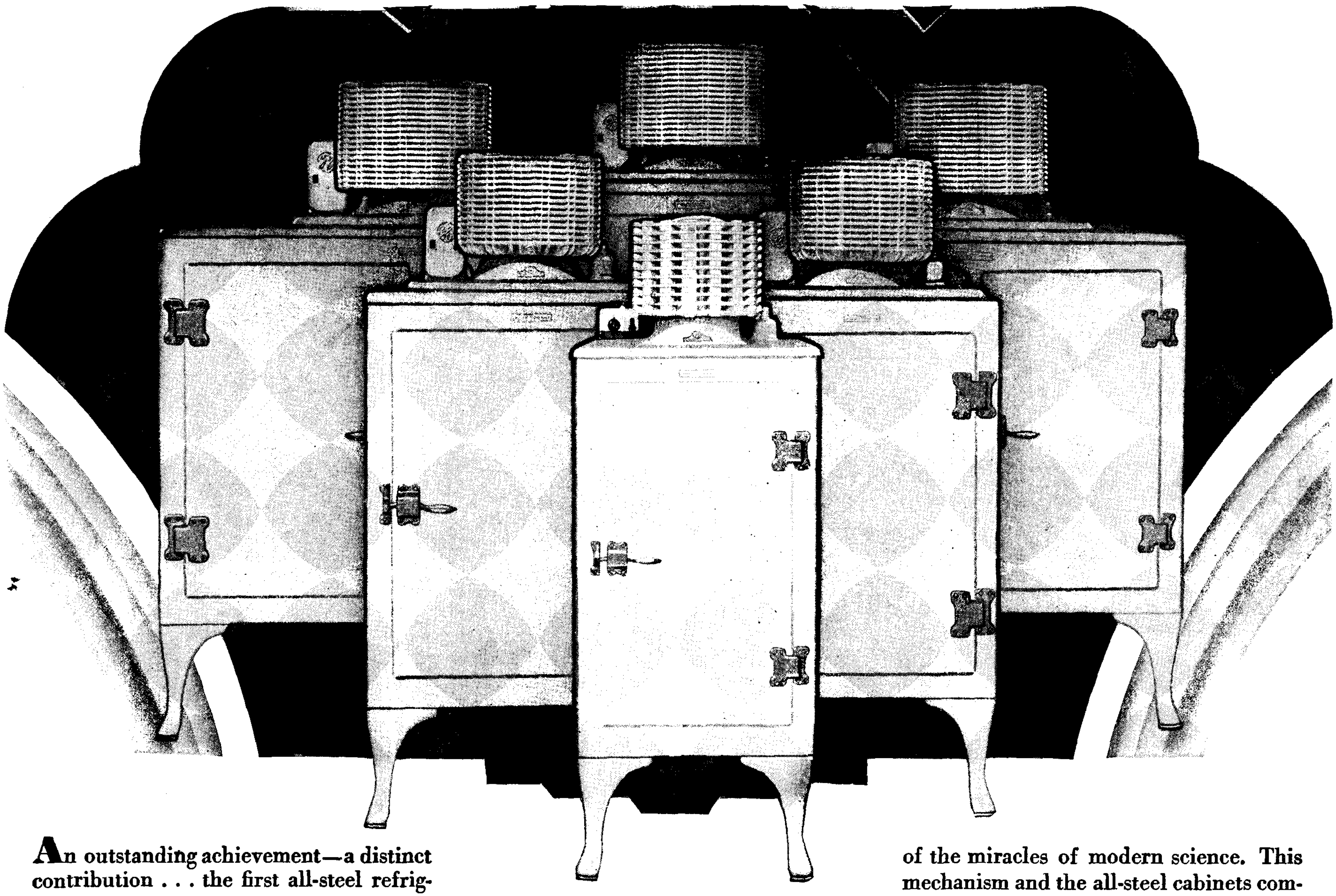

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This all-steel refrigerator development marks the climax of years of painstaking work. It is another contribution to better living—made by the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. This is the same group that perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism which, by reason of its simplicity, its quietness and its efficiency, has already made the General Electric Refrigerator an outstanding success.

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Now you can buy a refrigerator with a cabinet built like a safe. One with doors that will always fit perfectly. One which will operate with the least current.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
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The Revival of Witchcraft

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

THE famous trials at York, Penn., aroused amazement throughout the country. But there was nothing alarming about them. The superstition of the weak-minded and ignorant countrymen involved was merely a hangover from days when such beliefs were held by the wise and learned. More startling and much more serious is the recrudescence among educated moderns of such superstitions after they had become virtually extinct, except for backwater and submerged sections.

Newspapers publishing clarion editorials for clearing out superstition by compulsory education run daily horoscopes in the same issue. Astrology was laughed at by the educated Greeks and Romans, but we see astrological birthday books on our newsstands, and one of the charges made against the governor of Oklahoma was that he signed bills according to the dictates of the zodiac.

In the Pennsylvania trials no effort was made by the lawyers to prove the reality of witchcraft, but only a few years ago, in a similar French trial, the plaintiff in which had been beaten up by those who thought he had bewitched them, evidence was admitted in court to prove that it was possible to injure or kill persons at a distance in the good old-fashioned way of sticking pins into their wax images. In support of this, experiments by French psychologists were adduced and backed by photographic exhibits.

A few years ago I took a trip in a motor boat with a colporteur who was distributing the literature of his denomination, mixed with secular periodicals to make it more palatable, among the sailors in New York harbor. His engine stalled on the way, and he could not find anything material the matter with it. But he explained to me that such accidents were not infrequent with him, for the "malicious magnetism" of the enemy sects caused much trouble with his motor.

I WAS talking once in a Mid-West city on this topic and, being a bit carried away by the occasion, I ventured on the rash prophecy that: "The general atmosphere is becoming so foggy with superstition that I expect to see witches once more in America before I die." I thought, as I said it, that I was giving myself a long life, but you can't go back and erase a word when you are on the platform. When the question was opened for discussion, a lady arose in the balcony and said she was a witch. She offered to prove it by telling me how old I was, but I declined on the ground that I knew that only too well and did not care to have other people know it.

In the nineteenth century we were expected to outgrow fairy stories at the age of ten, but in the twentieth we are urged to believe in fairies, not merely by Peter Pan, but by Sir Conan Doyle, who publishes photographs of them.

A CONSPICUOUS indication of the restoration to respectability of a belief in witchcraft is shown by its appearance in two prominent scientific and historical collections of the times. In The Outline of Science, edited by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen, one of the sections is given over to Psychic Science, by the distinguished physicist Sir Oliver Lodge. The book is intended to present accepted modern science to the unscientific reader, but there is no intimation that this chapter is not as substantially supported and as completely accredited as any other, and in the eleven works that Sir Oliver recommends for reading there is not one on the other side of the question.

The other work I refer to is that imposing series The History of Civilization, edited by C. K. Ogden of Cambridge University and Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College. This will comprise some 200 volumes and purports "to present in an accessible form the results of modern research and modern scholarship." So it is surprising to find two learned volumes devoted to witchcraft by a believer in its reality. In the History of Witchcraft and Demonology, the author, Rev. Montague Summers, argues that magic divination, demoniac possession and witchcraft cannot be denied by anyone who accepts the truth of the Christian revelation. And in his Geography of Witchcraft he says: "That a coven of witches existed in Salem is proved beyond all question." So the Oxford divine and the York yokels meet on a common ground of credulity. There are cycles in beliefs as in modes and manners. The flapper, with a cigarette in her mouth as she flies along the highway through the mountains in her auto, passes a log cabin where sits the crone smoking a corncob pipe. Yet between the two smokers were two generations of women who disdained the touch of tobacco. So, too, witchcraft is coming into fashion again after a lapse of 200 years.

Hearing Things in the Dark

Continued from page 9

opera and those classics which are not attempted by the movies. And once more the movie theater will curtail the activities of vaudeville, although the vaudeville artists will not suffer financially. They will merely do less traveling.

It was predicted in the beginning that the silent movie would mark the end of the vaudeville act. For a while it did seriously threaten this very thing but vaudeville began to revive as the motion picture theaters grew larger.

As the seating capacities of the movie theaters grew, the demand for greater pictures took on bulk. We discovered that silent pictures of considerable merit and which would have been furious successes in small theaters, were suddenly dwarfed in the huge houses.

To give the entertainment bulk it was necessary to bill acts of various sorts to support the picture. Presently, acts so ambitious in size, price and the fame of the star were engaged that the picture became incidental instead of paramount. The trend seemed backward—backward toward the earliest days of motion pictures, when they were mere extra and added attractions to the variety show. The situation had not quite approached that, but the trend was apparent.

Censorship of Sound

The sound and talking pictures will remedy that. And better programs will be presented.

The star system—that is, the system of featuring some popular star on even terms with the picture itself—will prevail in this new order of things. New faces will be seen, as a matter of course; we are always on the alert for new personalities; but the star of the legitimate stage will not supplant the silent headliners merely because of their voices. The talking pictures will present new problems to both schools of acting. The movie player will have to learn something of the other's art and the stage star will have much to learn from the film-wise actor.

We hear it predicted that we shall lose our foreign markets because the dialogue is in English. Perhaps some shrinkage will ensue but this presents merely another problem that we will have to solve. Even if we do not attempt foreign languages we shall encourage a better understanding of English the world over by putting forth films in our own language. Pictures with music scores will enter the non-English-speaking markets with no handicap whatever, music being the universal language. Furthermore it is exceedingly unlikely that the talking picture will descend upon the foreign markets with the over-all suddenness that it has come to America. We are not wholly satisfied that the silent picture will not retain something of its vogue in non-English-speaking countries.

The question of censorship of the sound picture will be one of the hardest of our problems. It will be, of course, wholly the problem of the producer. Scenes and titles could be cut out and replaced in the silent film, but if the censors tamper much with a sound picture the business of correcting it to suit their dictates will be tremendous.

Put yourself in the position of the producer for a moment. You have made a picture with sound accompaniment using the disc system for sound recording. You submit your picture to your local group of censors and they order the elimination of several scenes in the picture. And here's where the extra work and expense bobs up; you not only have to take out the original scenes but also have to make a new record, for you cannot eliminate a few grooves in the disc as easily as you can kill scenes in the picture.

There is a plan now under consideration which provides for submission of the story and scenario to be filmed with sound accompaniment to the censor board. In this manner objectionable scenes or titles can be eliminated before the story is filmed and before the music accompaniment has been engraved on the discs.

Talking pictures have worked wonders in gathering to the motion picture theater many persons who heretofore had disdained this type of entertainment.

Let me go back for the moment. Fifteen years ago the motion picture was starting to earn recognition as one of the principal means of amusement. Daily the number of persons attending the motion picture theater grew until in 1925 approximately thirty-five per cent of the population of this country were attending the movies.

But the stagnation point had been reached. From 1913 to 1925 the percentage of attendance at picture theaters had increased yearly: some years, three; other years, five or ten per cent, but always an increase. But during the years 1925 and 1926 the percentage was at a standstill. The motion picture held the audience it had built but had not acquired any new spectators.

Meanwhile, magnificent, palatial theaters varying in seating capacity from 1,500 to 3,000 were being erected all through the country. More persons had to be sold on the motion picture entertainment.

Various methods were tried. First, symphony orchestras, numbering anywhere from 50 to 100 pieces, were installed in the de luxe theaters. This move had its reward, for it attracted music lovers who then stayed to see the pictures, this resulting in some converts.

Next came the prologue, generally consisting of an atmospheric bit of stage action bearing on the same theme as the feature picture and calculated to generate in the spectator a receptive mood for what the picture had to offer. This idea, too, had its effect as the great number of prologues were staged at considerable expense and in very good taste in so far as artists and background selected were of the best.

Here to Stay

Until the spring of 1928 motion picture theater patronage practically had been at a standstill for some time. It had neither increased nor decreased but such a condition, as you know, is not healthy.

Since the release of the first talking picture the business has jumped by leaps and bounds until today we find that there is no longer need for worry as to what next to devise in order to attract the public.

The talking picture has arrived and is here to stay, though there is no thought of entirely abandoning production of silent pictures. There will always be silent pictures because there will always be stories which can best be produced in silent form. But the artistic future of the public's newest art-form, the talky, is as big as the human imagination can make it.

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ATWATER KENT
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"...but why do you
Wash the Air?"

A VISITOR who was being shown around the factory where Atwater Kent Radio is made was puzzled when his guide pointed at a ventilation chamber and said: "That's where the air is washed."

"But why do you wash the air?" the visitor asked.

The reason is that in this part of the factory a certain sort of condenser is made. Even the smallest particle of foreign matter in one of these condensers might interfere with the perfect reception of a finished set. So the room in which they are made is sealed, and cool fresh air for the workers is blown through a filter—the air is "washed."

Over-particular? The owners of Atwater Kent receivers say "No." This extra care in the factory means freedom from care in the home.

We *could* make radio without matching all the parts for harmonious action.

We *could* make radio without insisting on the finest materials and fraction-of-a-thousandth-of-an-inch accuracy in workmanship.

We *could* make radio without having every eighth employee an inspector or tester.

We *could* make radio without washing the air... without taking a great many precautions that we *do* take.

But it wouldn't be Atwater Kent Radio.

Because we do make radio in our own way—because the public knows how extra care counts in evening after evening of clear, consistent, untroubled reception—Atwater Kent Radio is the most popular radio in the world.

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Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 38

under arrest. The situation at the police station looked serious for a time, but the manager of the Winter Garden, after a great deal of trouble, succeeded in "squaring" things with the authorities. As we left the station together I remarked that the incident would make good advertising.

"Mein Gott!" growled the manager. "You Americans! Will you never learn? It is lese majesty. They'd put you in prison for two years. The wonder is the police didn't shoot you for an anarchist when you raised your hand."

I was becoming tired of success scaled to a small act. So I canceled my Continental contracts and returned to London, determined to heap all my winnings in one pile and hazard the lot on a single venture. The time was ripe to attempt bigger things in magic. Although my card act was a great success I wanted to give the public something more imposing.

I rented rooms in Bedford Square and entered into a new phase of magic—that of originating and constructing sensational illusions. I prepared a list of seventy ideas for possible magic effects. Nine of these I was sure were new in principle. I visioned them in sequence, as they should be presented on the stage, and knew that if I succeeded in solving the many apparently insurmountable problems in mechanics, physics, light, color, strength, and kind of material necessary to the perfection of these nine new mysteries, my success would be assured.

For months we worked eighteen hours a day. But experimenting with magical apparatus and complicated stage illusions is an expensive indulgence. I had planned to build an entirely new act, based on scientific principles, in three months, but after six months of experiment I discovered that I had underestimated the cost. The ten thousand dollars I had saved was exhausted, and I was forced to borrow money from friends in order to finish the act.

At length, after nine months of labor and experiment, my act was ready for inspection. I rented the stage of the Princess Theater and invited the vaudeville managers and theatrical agents of London to the trial performance. In the audience was an American manager, Paul Keith. He was so enthusiastic over the new act that he outbid the other managers.

A Triumphal Return

We opened at Keith's Theater in Boston in May, 1902, and after a week of tuning up, jumped to Philadelphia. Mr. E. F. Albee personally helped in perfecting the act. It was a big success, so much so that Mr. Keith decided to use it at once in his Fourteenth Street Theater, New York.

The act was presented in beautiful Oriental scenery, the columns flashing with many-colored lights.

Several beautiful girls clad in Oriental costumes assisted, while the boys were dressed as Nubian slaves.

Electric fountains were produced from an empty shawl, followed by large bowls of colored fire. A golden ball floated across the stage and over the footlights. Members of the audience were allowed to pass a hoop over the ball.

A dozen vari-colored balloons appeared from an empty opera hat. In the center of the stage a great platter made its mysterious appearance, and I broke it with a gilded hammer while George caught the pieces in a basket. A marble statue slowly materialized, then changed to a living girl who instantly vanished beneath a sheath of silk.

At the finish the stage was a blaze of color, beauty and mystery. The columns of the scenery were illuminated from within by changing colored lights. A group of girls flashed into view upon a pedestal. Streams of colored water rose from the electric fountain and blasts of fire shot from a magic caldron. Gallons of water gushed from an empty cocoanut shell held in my right hand, while fire streamed from the fingers of my left.

We played for five consecutive weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theater—until the middle of July—to record business. We could have played through the summer at other theaters, but I had thought of, talked of, and worked at magic so consistently for so many years that my brain was tired.

My vacation, however, proved to be a summer's engagement at Willow Grove Park near Philadelphia, where we leased a theater and gave daily performances afternoon and evening. Besides this I opened a shop backstage and perfected some new illusions.

We worked harder than ever and seldom left the theater until the early hours of the morning.

The current of my life flowed smoothly for the next two seasons, although I was not able to save much money out of a salary of six hundred dollars a week, for I had to carry a large company, a carload of baggage and pay my old debts.

On New Year's Day, 1905, I met M. B. Curtiss, who had just returned from managing a successful Australian tour of a magician known as Dante the Great. As Dante had been accidentally shot while hunting, Curtiss was in New York looking for a new star to take to the Antipodes. In the circumstances it was an easy matter for us to come to terms, Curtiss agreeing to pay all expenses and manage the tour for an equal division of the profits.

Yo-ho for far Australia!

So early in February I packed my baggage in a freight car and consigned it to Curtiss, who had gone to San Francisco to make arrangements for sailing. He was to pay freight charges and send us transportation to San Francisco.

We waited three weeks, each day expecting a letter that never came. After much telegraphing, which brought no response from my new manager, I bought tickets for George and myself and arrived in San Francisco only to discover that Curtiss had put my baggage in pawn with the management of the Fisher Theater, and had signed contracts for me, as my manager, for five weeks at Fisher's at three hundred and fifty dollars a week. He had drawn a large amount of money on the contract, leaving my baggage as security.

Curtiss met me on arrival and, flattering and threatening in turn, sought to induce me to accept the terms he had arranged, explaining that he expected to receive money enough in a day or two to pay back the money he had borrowed on my contract. But from what I had been told about him in San Francisco, I believed it best that we separate. This left me in a precarious position. Not only was I without money, but I was unable to redeem my baggage. As the contract Curtiss had made was binding, I decided to play out the engagement.

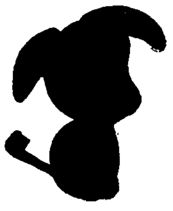
We played to more than sixty thousand people during the five weeks. Curtiss took advantage of the contract I had signed in New York and entered suit against me for half my salary and secured an attachment on my baggage. The trial was set for three months later, demanding a bond of one thousand dollars. I was virtually a stranger in San Francisco, and the reduced salary made it impossible for me even to pay back the money Curtiss had drawn in advance. For three weeks I tried every expedient to raise the bond money. Finally I was introduced to James E. Duffy, passenger agent of the Santa Fé Railroad, one of the finest and biggest-hearted men I have ever known. He listened to my story thoughtfully; and then took me to the judge's office and signed my bond. We hadn't known each other thirty minutes!

I told Duffy that I had made up my mind to go to Australia in spite of what had happened. Just how I was to pay the Fisher management and buy tickets

(*Continued on page 52*)

Cutting Class

YOU'LL never know what astounding results you can get out of the little black Colliergraph pieces. You'll never know 'til you try. And then they won't be able to drag you away for meals or business or party calls. See what someone has done in the way of an ingenious toad, below.



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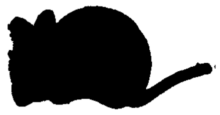

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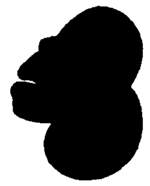

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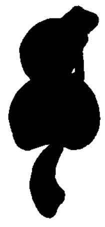
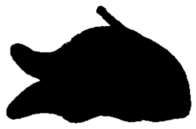
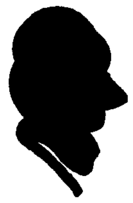


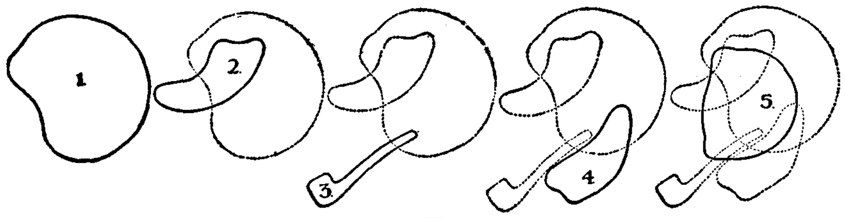
"Toad on Toadstool," by Mrs. E. M. Law, 810 Eye St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



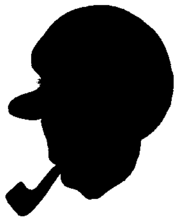
Genevieve Wilcox, Lobeco, S. C.



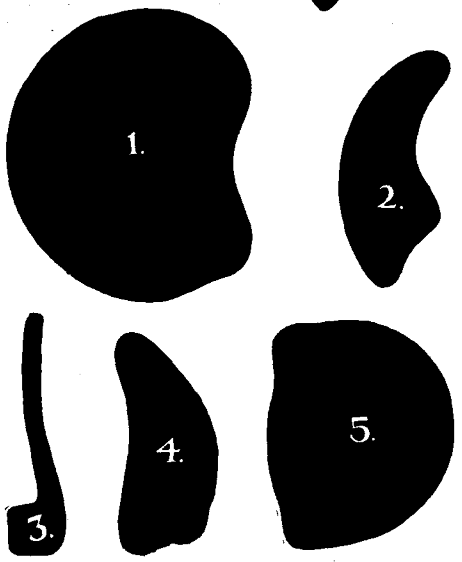
P. W. Steil, 25½ N. 6th St., Zanesville, O.



How to Do It



Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another, shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

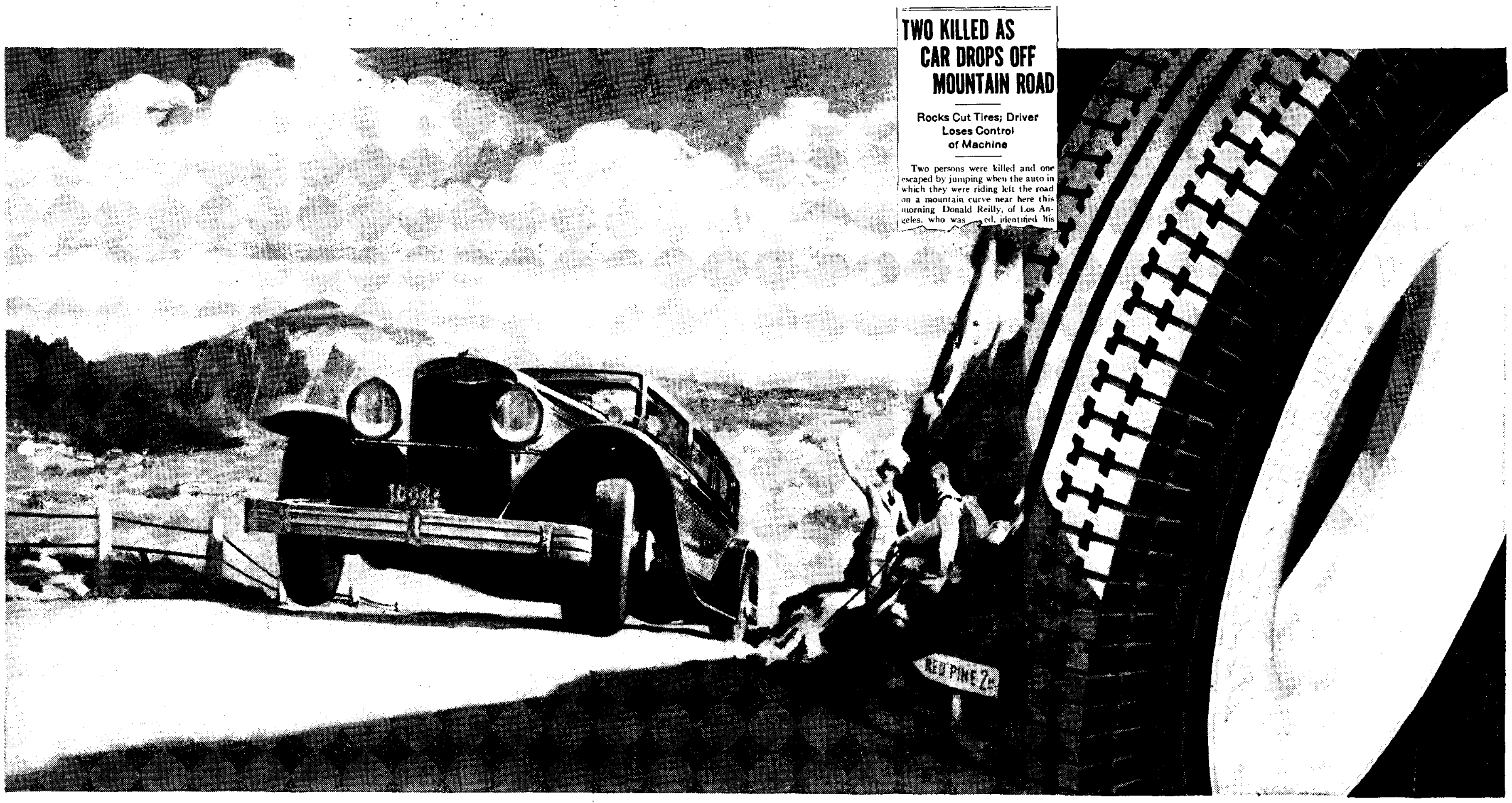


Here are the pieces— cut them out

$5.00 Each for Those Published

When you have achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York. Remember you must send in the separate pieces actually pasted to a sheet of paper. No Colliergraphs can be returned.

High-balling the curves at 60 — *this better tire is worth its weight in gold*... made with a margin of safety that also adds a multitude of extra miles



TWO KILLED AS CAR DROPS OFF MOUNTAIN ROAD

Rocks Cut Tires; Driver Loses Control of Machine

Two persons were killed and one escaped by jumping when the auto in which they were riding left the road on a mountain curve near here this morning Donald Reilly, of Los Angeles, who was [illegible]ed, identified his

A message of supreme importance to everyone who owns or operates an automobile . . . .

AGAIN Dayton has developed the greatest tire of its day. A tire that anticipates the needs of tomorrow. A tire that will go down in history as one of the greatest tires ever built. A tire that gives a boundless measure of added safety. A tire that gives mileage, mileage, mileage!

This new tire is the Dayton DeLuxe Thorobred Balloon . . . a development of the same engineers who gave America the Thorobred Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tire and the original Thorobred Stabilized Balloon. And just as these two revolutionary tires established new standards so will the Dayton DeLuxe Thorobred Balloon establish new standards.

It's built to do it! The Dayton DeLuxe Thorobred Balloon is built by men who know how to put mileage in tires . . . by men who realize that life itself may depend upon the quality of their workmanship. It is stabilized. It is made as a fine watch is made . . . as expensive motor cars are made. And it has in it the strongest, most durable materials that money can buy.

It is a tire that gives you a new confidence on the open road, a new sense of security on swiftly taken curves and a new feeling of safety when your foot comes down hard on the brakes. It is thicker, wider, heavier, sturdier . . . as puncture-proof and as blowout proof as a tire can be made. And yet, despite all this, *it costs but very little more than ordinary tires.*

See the Dayton DeLuxe Thorobred Balloon at the Dayton dealers. The highest class of tire dealers in America handle Daytons. The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Dayton

De Luxe

THE NEW DAYTON STABILIZED BALLOON TIRE

Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 50

for the five persons I intended to take with me, I had not figured out. But nevertheless I was determined to go. With Duffy's help I secured short engagements in towns near San Francisco and saved enough money to pay off the Fisher indebtedness. But the bigger problem, that of getting transportation to Australia, was not so easily solved. Duffy and I talked it over many times.

Good-by to the Last Dollar

At length we hit upon a plan. Duffy introduced me to the manager of the A. & A. Steamship Line, and to him I broached the plan of putting my baggage in pawn for transportation.

The manager, a Mr. Cockrell, shook his head. "It's against the company's rules, and I should have to be personally responsible for the money."

In the end, with Duffy's help, I won Cockrell over. In exchange for transportation valued at five hundred dollars for George, four mechanics and myself, I made a legal assignment of all my baggage to the company. That very day the trunks and boxes were loaded into the hold of the steamship Sonoma, and the agreement made in writing that the cash value of the tickets was to be paid before the baggage could be taken from the wharf at Sydney.

On the eleventh of June, 1905, under a turquoise California sky, with a sun as stimulating as wine, the Sonoma steamed down the bay.

As I walked the deck that morning the world looked new and unfamiliar. I studied the sky with interest and gazed curiously at the receding water front. For a time I couldn't believe I was actually free, that all the black weeks of trouble and worry, debt and bitterness, were behind me.

Then I became conscious for the first time that it was useless to worry about what awaited me across ten thousand miles of sea. So the burden slipped from my shoulders.

George was standing by my side. I fished a silver dollar from my pocket. "George," said I, "do you see that coin? Well, if you are a real 'wiz' and know the right incantation you can banish worry as easily as you can make a coin disappear." I flung my arm upward. The coin twinkled at my finger-tips, and then—instead of vanishing up my sleeve as I had intended, the coin flew through the air, dropped on the deck and rolled into the sea. I turned a smiling face to my assistant.

"George, I've got a hunch that we are going to win out. Something always turns up when I'm down to the last cent."

A startled look flashed into his big, black eyes. "What do you mean?"

"George, I'm broke—dead broke. That was the last dollar I had to my name!"

I had learned during the voyage that Australia's stringent immigration law excluded the black and the yellow races. So naturally my chief concern was to frame some plan for getting my colored boy George off ship. I arranged with one of the officers for George to take his place among the crew on the freight deck, and it was understood that when I should give him the cue, by wiping my forehead with a handkerchief, he was to work his way to the wharf with the stevedores, lose himself in the crowd and meet me later at Tattersol's Hotel.

I engaged the immigration official in conversation and at a propitious moment mopped my brow, and George made his way down the gangplank and disappeared in the crowd.

I had one piece of money to my name—an Australian two-and-six piece, worth about sixty cents, which I had borrowed from George. I surrendered my baggage to a porter. He sized me up for a generous tip and ushered me pompously to a cab. With the hauteur of an English lord I ignored his outstretched hand and said, "Tattersol's Hotel." I gave the two-and-six piece to the driver although it was sixpence more than the legal fare and, entering the hotel, wrote my name in the register, and asked for the best room in the house.

Stretched on a comfortable bed I reviewed the situation. At last I was in Australia. But my dreams of the Antipodes had been far different from the actual conditions that confronted me. I was flat broke, my baggage was in pawn for five hundred dollars, and I knew no one in the country. I had no engagement, and downstairs George and the four mechanics were waiting for me to advance money for living expenses. The hotel clerk gave me the name of a suitable boarding house and I took George and the four mechanics there and arranged for their board. I told the landlady to send their bill to me. To my relief she assured me that it would be all right.

At the hotel I met Mr. Collins, business manager for George Musgrove, a leading theatrical manager of Australia. He had received word of my arrival and hastened to offer his services as manager. He introduced me to several other managers, and we sat at a table in the marble bar of Tattersol's Hotel. Mr. Collins ordered some drinks; his example was followed by a fellow manager. When Mr. Edwin Geach ordered a round of whisky and soda, I learned that the rules of the Australian theatrical game were different from those in America. In the States I had to seek the managers; in Australia the managers were seeking me.

A Profitable Inspiration

I assumed an air of importance and promised to look the situation over carefully before making arrangements. But I added that I fully expected to make a decision within a few days. By the time I was through talking, the glasses were empty and it came to me that it was my turn to treat. There was no way out of the dilemma. Either I had to order a round of drinks or own myself a piker, and I knew that a reputation for stinginess would not help in that country. I doubt if I ever did so much thinking in so short a time as I did at that table. It was a habit of mine, when thinking, to toy with my watch pocket. This time the touch of the metal inspired a plan.

Excusing myself, I hurried to the street and found George, whom I had told to be at the hotel. I handed him the watch that the Emperor Franz Josef had given me, and told him to run to the nearest pawnshop and borrow what he could on it.

Quicker than I had expected, George returned and gave me four pounds in gold. I put the four pieces in my outside coat pocket and returned to the table. Mr. J. C. Williamson had joined the party. There were nine at the table including the leading theatrical managers of Australia. After a few moments, I ordered champagne for the party, adding, "Bring the best cigars you have." A magnum of champagne and a box of cigars were brought. When the barmaid brought the bill, I rattled the gold pieces in my coat pocket, then carelessly laid them on the table. She returned several shillings. Without looking at the money I asked Mr. Geach a question, shoved all the change to the barmaid, and continued my conversation with Geach.

I sensed the effect on the party. My reckless extravagance had registered as I had planned. Without a ha'penny to my name I had forcibly planted the impression that I was wealthy. I had won a great point in the deal that was to come; but I had lost a degree of self-respect to my ability as a magician, however. Goodness! How I wanted to snap one of those shillings up my sleeve; but the consequences of a false move would have been too great.

I laid siege to Edwin Geach at once, for I recalled that he had been associated with Curtiss in managing the magician Dante. So when it came time for the party to break up, I managed to signal to Geach to come back after the others had gone. We then arranged to meet in his office the next day.

A Pressing Problem

Altogether it had been a busy, worrisome day. Nevertheless I accepted an invitation to the theater that night to see Andrew Mack, and to my surprise Mack, recognizing me, rolled a silk handkerchief between his palms, as deftly as I could have done it, and made it vanish. Then he looked over at our box and smiled. The audience knew something unusual was taking place for they craned their necks to see us.

After the show I met George Fuller Golden, Johnny Sheridan, Winfield Blake, Maud Amber and several other American actors. The day being the Fourth of July, the American actors in Sydney had planned to celebrate at midnight with a dinner at the Australian Hotel. Every American artist was present as well as Mr. Geach and other leading theatrical managers. We told stories of the old days in the States. George Fuller Golden recited, Andrew Mack sang, and we all joined in the chorus.

It was four o'clock in the morning when we left the banquet hall. That afternoon I signed a contract with Edwin Geach to manage my tour through Australia on terms seldom yielded to a foreign artist. Geach was to furnish the theater and all attachés, including the expense of transportation and advertising. My responsibility rested solely behind the curtain. I was to receive sixty per cent of the gross receipts. It was also stipulated that I was to open at the Palace Theater, Sydney, on the twenty-second of July, and that Geach should furnish wagons to haul my baggage the next morning.

In more favorable circumstances I should have been jubilant over the liberal terms of this contract; but the very generousness of the terms increased the difficulties of my position. Geach had yielded point after point because he believed me to be a wealthy American showman. Should he learn of my actual pecuniary condition he would very likely cancel the contract or, if we did business at all, the contract would be rewritten in his favor. How was I to get my baggage without money and without Geach knowing it was in pawn? What kind of a show was I to give even if I were lucky enough to redeem my baggage? By the most liberal timing, my repertory of tricks and illusions could not stretch longer than forty minutes, and

(*Continued on page 54*)

Why didn't some one think of this before?

—SAYS many a man with a tough beard and a tender skin after trying Hinds Cream before he lathers.

We learned it by accident ourselves. It's an accident no longer. For millions of men now include it in their shaving ritual.

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Before and After Shaving

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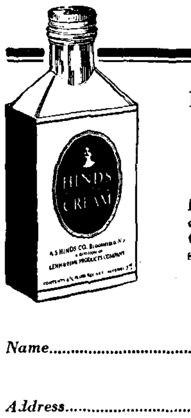

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 969,
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Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. I want a smooth, quick shave.

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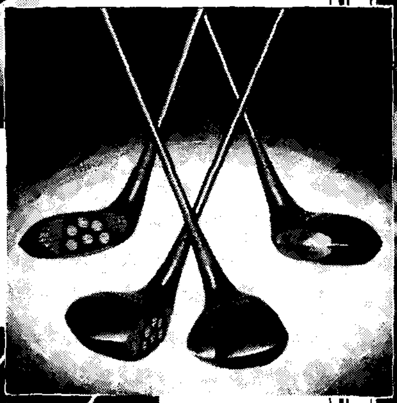
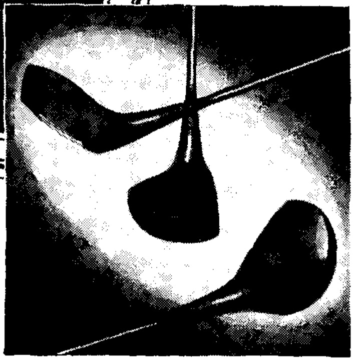
V-34's (left)—Natural wood finish. Seven ivory pins in faces. Steel or hickory shafts. Driver, Brassie and Spoon, $15 each. SET O' THREE, $45.



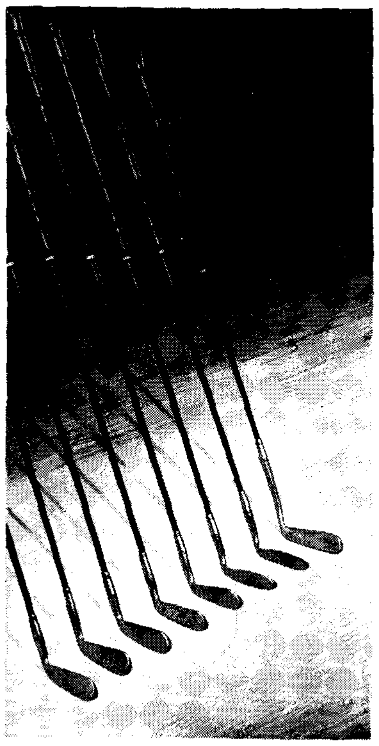
V-35's (right)—The new Streamline woods. Handsome mahogany finish. Six ivory pins in face. Steel or hickory shafts. Each $12 — SET O' THREE, $36.

V-36's and V-37's—(right) Driver, Brassie and Spoon with MORE-YARDS face inserts in individual colors. Steel or hickory shafts. Each $10 or $30 for the SET O' THREE.



V-40's (below)—A popular steel shafted model at $5 each. Most unusual value in a low priced club. Carefully made. Driver, Brassie and Spoon.

Speaking of GOLF CLUBS



VULCAN'S Matched Irons in STAINLESS and BURMA models come in matched sets of eight or five. Steel or hickory shafts. STAINLESS, $8.50 each; BURMA, $6 each.

▲▲▲ YOU should see the new Vulcans. There's an intriguing smartness about them...trim beauty, symmetry of design and tasteful use of color...that makes you want to get hold of them...to examine them as you would a rare jewel.

▲▲▲ An inevitable urge, then, to heft and to swing them means complete capitulation ...for, once you get the feel of a Vulcan club, you experience a sensation that every golfer, man and woman, longs to enjoy. It's the character in them...character that interprets itself to you in terms of utter confidence.

▲▲▲ Vulcans are furnished in a wide range of models...the woods offering a choice in shafts of truest steel or seasoned hickory, with heads of toughest persimmon, scientifically designed...all in pleasing combinations of materials and color, at prices from $5.00 to $15.00 each, or in Matched SETS O' THREE from $21.00 to $45.00.

▲▲▲ The irons are patterned after Scotch hand-made models, with heads of Stainless or finest carbon steel, and shafts of steel or hickory, as preferred. They range in price from $3.50 to $8.50 each and, in matched sets of eight or five, at from $30.00 to $68.00.

VULCAN GOLF COMPANY
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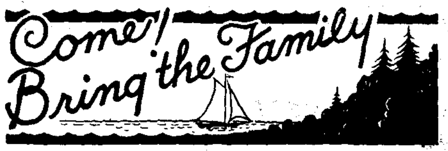
CLUBS OF CHARACTER

Please include the name of your Pro or favorite dealer when you write for the new Vulcan catalog.



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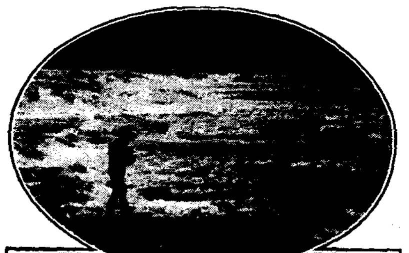
LAND OF *Ten Thousand* LAKES

and yours to come—to rest—to frolic—to enjoy her scenic charms and healthful summer climate.



Revel in Outdoor Pleasures

—in the joys which Nature so bountifully supplies in Minnesota. Fish where fishing is good! Bathe, canoe, sail, canter horseback, or hike over woodland trails, motor over wonderful roads. Play golf, tennis, croquet. Dance to lilting music. Camp on the sandy shore of a lovely lake, rough it in a log cabin among the tall pines or enjoy the luxuries of modern hotels.

Stay a Week, Fortnight or All Summer

Enjoy every minute in this land of 10,000 Lakes. You will carry away memories of your most wonderful vacation. Plan now to come. The railroads offer special low rates to Minnesota. Fine train and bus service throughout the state. Attractive tourist camps everywhere.

Free:—Send the coupon for interesting Minnesota Vacation Booklet, stating the kind of vacation and accommodations in which you are interested.

Minnesota Farms Offer Opportunity!

Farmers do better in Minnesota, the leading butter state of the Union. Good creameries in every locality. Write for booklet of valuable agricultural information.

TEN THOUSAND LAKES—GREATER MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION
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MINNEAPOLIS DULUTH

mail this coupon

1502 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Send booklet and information on:—
☐ Minnesota's Vacation Attractions
☐ Minnesota's Farming Opportunities

Name ....

Address ....

Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 52

the contract stipulated a two-hour performance. How was I to build enough new material to fill in the extra time? Finally, how was I to pay for myself and company and live the life of a wealthy American showman.

The most pressing problem was that of the baggage I must get it out of pawn before Geach's wagons reached the wharf the next morning. I went to the head official of the steamship company, and after a long hour of earnest talk, I won his confidence, and he consented to release my baggage on my personal note without endorsement. He readily promised not to tell anyone of my embarrassing condition. Britishers are the finest chaps in the world once you break their barrier of reserve.

When the baggage was safe back of the scenes of the Palace Theater, I went to Geach's office. We had a long talk, during which I explained that I intended to build a number of new illusions, paint new scenery and make new costumes. I asked him frankly to assume the responsibility for my business arrangements as I wished to be free to apply myself to the work on the stage. I insinuated that many persons thought me eccentric—even irritable at times—but as he had had long experience with stage artists he could readily appreciate my position.

He assured me that he would attend to all the business personally, and instructed the man at the stage door to refer all business inquiries to the office.

This point gained, I informed Geach that I should be obliged to make purchases from time to time, and in order to save confusion, I deemed it best to have all bills paid at the box-office. In this way all the business would be in his hands and he could render me an account later. To my infinite relief he agreed that it was the most satisfactory way to manage our partnership.

"Don't bother your head about the business end," he said, jovially, as I left the office. "You'll have all you can do to get the show ready for the opening night."

Solid Work

Now came long days and nights of constant work, stage-hands, mechanics, scenic artists, carpenters; wardrobe women were engaged, and the work of building new illusions, painting scenery, making costumes, and rehearsing new tricks went on from early morning till late at night. I put every bit of energy into the work, for I knew that I was at a turning point in my career. If I made good in Australia with a program two hours long, it meant that I should eventually go back to the States with a show of my own to compete with Kellar and the younger Herrmann.

It was my task to shore up a vaudeville turn into an evening's entertainment and hazard my future on the result. We ate most of our meals at the theater, and slept at night beside our work. Geach kept his promise and paid for everything, even the wages of the stage-hands and the members of my company, at the box-office.

The day of the opening was spent in continuous rehearsals; there was no time for meals; we worked until the last minute. The theater was filled and the orchestra was playing.

I was on my knees in overalls and dirt adjusting a spring when Geach ran backstage and cried:

"My God, Thurston! It's time for the curtain!"

I shall never forget the expression on his face as I arose and replied:

"All right! I'm coming now!"

Geach ordered the orchestra to play another overture, and followed me downstairs to the dressing-room. I was nervous, tired and hungry and was dying for a smoke. In feverish haste I threw on my clothes and "made up" my face. The orchestra was repeating the second overture and I could hear the stamping of feet above my head.

Then a catastrophe loomed. I had lost my collar button. Geach quickly gave me his. The orchestra finished as we reached the stage. The audience was whistling and clapping.

Geach exclaimed excitedly: "It's the biggest audience we've ever had. The house is packed!"

Wobbly in the Knees

The entrance music was ending. I gave the cue for the curtain. George touched my sleeve, and whispered, "Good luck!" Then blinking in the sudden glare of the footlights I faced all the people in the world. The audience, as if set off by a prearranged signal, broke into tremendous applause. I bowed as one dazed and the applause became heavier. Again I bowed, and again the applause increased.

I wanted to speak, but my mouth was parched and my throat choked. I tried to step forward, but my knees began to tremble and my feet seemed glued to the floor. The audience noted my bewilderment and a husky voice in the gallery called out:

"Good old America!"

The refrain was caught up by others and the hand-clapping broke out again in all parts of the house. Tears welled into my eyes, and, hardly knowing what I was doing, I nodded to Sid Watson, the musical director.

The orchestra swung into the Zenda waltz. And at the familiar tune, which I had been using for years, I found myself. George handed me the cards. The moment my fingers touched the pack, I forgot the audience, Australia, the future and everything. The cards slipped in and out my fingers as if there was something live in them. I thrilled at the mastery I had over them. The most difficult manipulations and formidable sleights were accomplished with ease. Indeed, I almost persuaded myself that the cards actually vanished in air.

Such magic had never been seen in Australia before; the spectators sat as if under a spell of enchantment. I could feel the current of their interest flowing across the footlights, and it nerved me to perform the most difficult and seldom-presented passes in my repertory. When the last card fluttered from my fingers, I thought the audience would never stop applauding. As the storm of approval swept through the theater I looked at my assistant and repeated the words I had used at our opening at the Palace in London:

"It's all right, George!"

He gave a knowing smile.

In the Hour of Triumph

Success was in the air. Nothing could go wrong that night, and at the evening's end I had to take several curtain calls. When the curtain fell for the last time, I sat on a trunk exhausted. Geach was on the stage, his face beaming with joy.

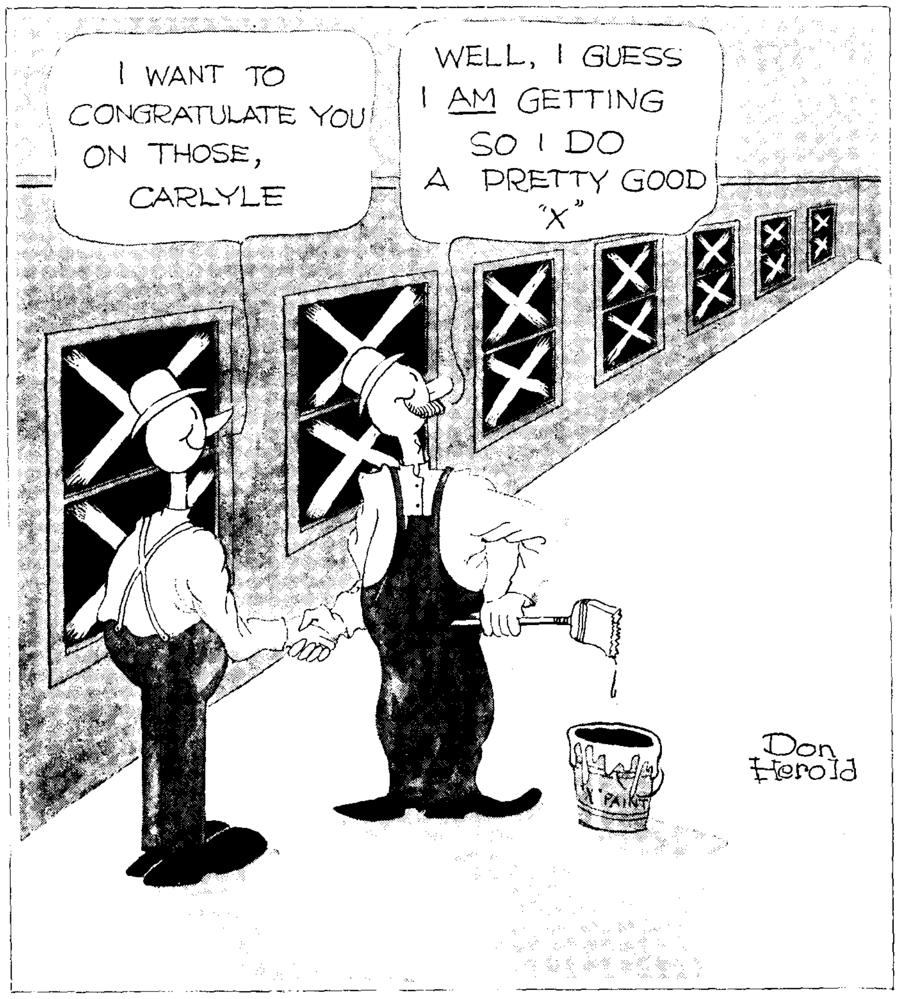
"Wonderful, Thurston!" he shouted.

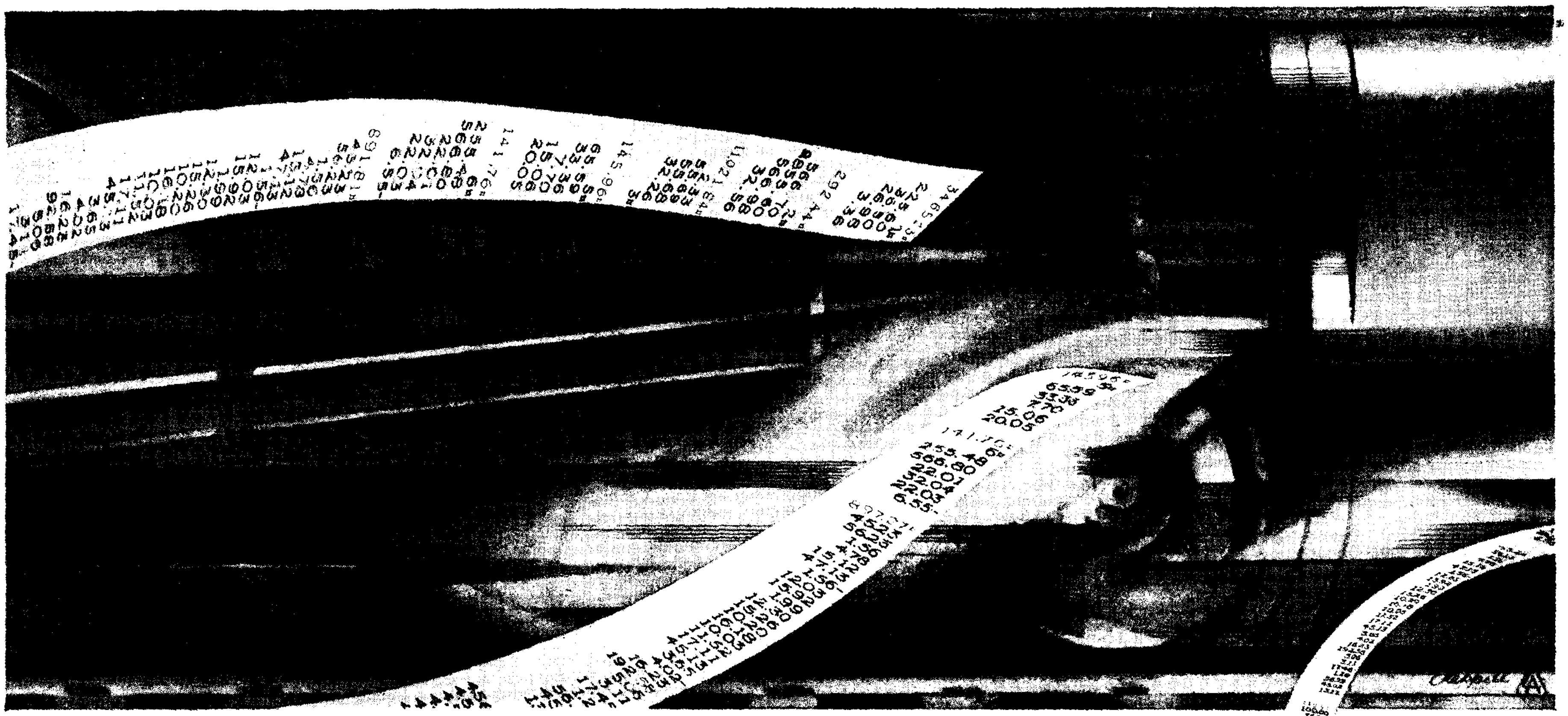
I reached forward to shake his hand, but things appeared blurred and the stage seemed to be sinking beneath me. Geach sensed my condition, and jumped forward in alarm.

"What's the matter, old man?" he cried. "What can I do for you?"

His actions cleared my vision. I could not help smiling at his solicitude. "Get me a cigar," I said faintly. "I haven't had a smoke in a week!"

(*To be continued next week*)


I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THOSE, CARLYLE
WELL, I GUESS I AM GETTING SO I DO A PRETTY GOOD "X"
PAINT
Don Herold



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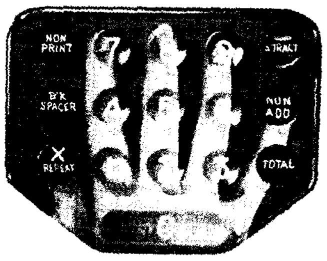

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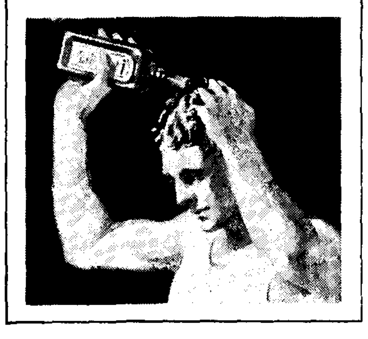

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 15

Everything, she told herself, was going to be all right. After all, she did not ask much from Fate—just an uninterrupted five minutes with Ronnie. And if Fate so far had denied her this very moderate demand . . .

"All alone?"

Sue turned, her heart beating quickly. There stood the Hon. Galahad, back from his interview with the gentleman. He was eyeing her, she thought, with a strange and sinister intentness.

"You know," said the Hon. Galahad, "it's been a great treat to me, meeting you, my dear. I haven't seen any of your people for a number of years, but your father and I correspond pretty regularly. He tells me all the news. Did you leave your family well?"

"Quite well."

"How was your Aunt Edna?"

"Fine," said Sue feebly.

"Ah," said the Hon. Galahad. "Then your father must have been mistaken when he told me she was dead. But perhaps you thought I meant your Aunt Edith?"

"Yes," said Sue gratefully.

"She's all right, I hope?"

"Oh, yes."

"What a lovely woman!"

"Yes."

"You mean she still is?"

"Oh, yes."

"Remarkable! She must be well over seventy by now. No doubt you mean beautiful, considering she is over seventy?"

"Yes."

"Pretty active?"

"Oh, yes."

"When did you see her last?"

"Oh—just before I sailed."

"And you say she's active? Curious! I heard two years ago that she was paralyzed. I suppose you mean active for a paralytic."

The little puckers at the corners of his eyes deepened into wrinkles. His monocle gleamed like the eye of a dragon. He smiled genially.

"Confide in me, Miss Brown," he said. "What's the game?"

Sue did not answer. When the solid world melts abruptly beneath the feet, one feels disinclined to speech. Avoiding the monocle, she stood looking with wide, blank eyes at a thrush which hopped fussily about the lawn.

"UP THERE," proceeded the Hon. Galahad, pointing to the small library, "is the room where I work. And sometimes, when I'm not working, I look out of the window. I was looking out a short while back when you were down here talking to my brother Clarence. There was a fellow with me. He looked out, too." His voice sounded blurred and far-away. "A theatrical manager fellow whom I used to know very well in the old days. A man named Mason."

The thrush had flown away. Sue continued to gaze at the spot where it had been. Across the years, for the mind works oddly in times of stress, there had come to her a vivid recollection of herself at the age of ten, taken by her mother to the Isle of Man on her first steamer trip and just beginning to feel the motion of the vessel. There had been a moment then, just before the supreme catastrophe, when she had felt exactly as she was feeling now.

"We saw you, and he said, 'Why, there's Sue!'—I said 'Sue? Sue who?' 'Sue Brown,' said this fellow Mason. He said you were one of the girls at his theater. He didn't seem particularly surprised to see you here. He said he took it that everything had been fixed up all right and he was glad, because you were one of the best. He wanted to come and have a chat with you, but I headed him off. I thought you might prefer to talk over this little matter of your being Miss Sue Brown alone with me. Which brings me back to my original question: What, Miss Brown, is the game?"

Sue felt dizzy, helpless, hopeless.

"I can't explain," she said.

The Hon. Galahad tut-tutted protestingly.

"You don't mean to say you propose to leave the thing as just another of those historic mysteries? Don't you want me ever to get a good night's sleep again?"

"Oh, it's so long."

"WE HAVE the evening before us. Take it bit by bit, a little at a time. To begin with, what did Mason mean by saying that everything was all right?"

"I had told him about Ronnie."

"Ronnie? My nephew Ronnie?"

"Yes. And, seeing me here, he naturally took it for granted that Lord Emsworth and the rest of you had consented to the engagement and invited me to the castle."

"Engagement?"

"I used to be engaged to Ronnie."

"What! That young fish?"

"Yes."

"Good Lord!" said the Hon. Galahad.

Suddenly Sue began to feel conscious of a slackening of the tension. It is an unpleasant thing to say of any man, but there is no denying that the Hon. Galahad's face, when he was listening to the confessions of those who had behaved as they ought not to have behaved, very frequently lacked the austerity and disapproval which one likes to see in faces on such occasions. It lacked them now.

"But how ever did Pa Mason come to be here?" asked Sue.

"He came to discuss some business in connection with. . . . Never mind about that," said the Hon. Galahad, calling the meeting to order. "Kindly refrain from wandering from the point. I'm beginning to see daylight. You are engaged to Ronald, you say?"

"I was."

"But you broke it off?"

"He broke it off."

"He did?"

"Yes. That's why I came here. You see, Ronnie was here and I was in London and you can't put things properly in letters, so I thought that if I could get down to Blandings I could see him and explain and put everything right . . . and I'd met Lady Constance in London one day when I was with Ronnie and he had introduced me as Miss Schoonmaker, so that part of it was all right . . . so . . . Well, so I came."

"I never heard," said the Hon. Galahad, beaming like one listening to a tale of virtue triumphant, "anything so dashed sporting in my life."

Sue's heart leaped.

"You mean," she cried, "you won't give me away?"

"Me?" said the Hon. Galahad, aghast at the idea. "Of course I won't. What do you take me for?"

"I think you're an angel."

The Hon. Galahad seemed pleased at the compliment, but it was plain that there was something that worried him. He frowned a little.

"What I can't make out," he said, "is why you want to marry my nephew Ronald."

"I love him, bless his heart."

"No, seriously!" protested the Hon. Galahad. "Do you know that he once put tin-tacks on my chair?"

"And he throws tennis-balls at pigs. All the same, I love him."

"You can't!"

"I don't believe you like Ronnie."

"I don't dislike him. He's improved since he was a boy. I'll admit that. But he isn't worthy of you."

"Why not?"

"Well, he isn't."

She laughed.

"It's funny that you of all people should say that. Lord Emsworth was telling me just now that Ronnie is exactly like what you used to be at his age."

"What!"

"That's what he said."

The Hon. Galahad stared incredulously.

"That boy like me?" He spoke with indignation, for his pride had been sorely touched. "Ronald like me? Why, I was twice the man he is. How many policemen do you think it used to take to shift me from the Alhambra to Vine Street when I was in my prime? Two! Sometimes three. And one walking behind carrying my hat. Clarence ought to be more careful what he says, dash it. It's just this kind of loose talk that makes trouble. The fact of the matter is, he's gone and got his brain so addled with pigs, he doesn't know what he is saying half the time."

He pulled himself together with a strong effort. He became calmer.

"What did you and that young nincompoop quarrel about?" he asked.

"He is not a nincompoop!"

"He is. How long have you known him?"

"About nine months."

"WELL, I've known him all his life. And I say he's a nincompoop. If he wasn't, he wouldn't have quarreled with you. However, we won't split straws. What did you quarrel about?"

"He found me dancing."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I had promised him I wouldn't."

"And is that all the trouble?"

"It's quite enough for me."

The Hon. Galahad made light of the tragedy.

"I don't see what you're worrying about. If you can't smooth a little thing like that over, you're not the girl I take you for."

"I thought I might be able to."

"Of course you'll be able to. Girls were always doing that sort of thing to me in my young days, and I never could hold out for five minutes, once the crying started. Go and sob on the boy's waistcoat. How are you as a sobber?"

"Not very good, I'm afraid."

"Well, there are all sorts of other tricks you can try. Every girl knows a dozen. Falling on your knees, fainting, laughing hysterically, going rigid all over . . . scores of them."

"I think it will be all right if I can just talk to him. The difficulty is to get an opportunity."

"Well, whatever you do, you'll have to be quick about it, my dear. Suppose old Johnny Schoonmaker's girl really turns up? She said she was going to."

"Yes, but I made Ronnie send her a telegram, signed with Lady Constance's name, saying that there was scarlet fever at the castle and she wasn't to come."

One dislikes the necessity of perpetually piling up the evidence against the

(*Continued on page 58*)

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 56

Hon. Galahad Threepwood, to show ever more and more clearly how warped was his moral outlook. Nevertheless, the fact must be stated that at these words he threw his head up and uttered a high, piercing laugh that sent the thrush, which had just returned to the lawn, starting back as if a bullet had hit it. It was a laugh which, when it had rung out in days of yore in London's more lively night-resorts, had caused commissionaires to leap like war-horses at the note of the bugle, to spit on their hands, feel their muscles and prepare for action.

"It's the finest thing I ever heard!" cried the Hon. Galahad. "It restores my faith in the younger generation. And a girl like you seriously contemplates marrying a boy like . . . Oh, well!" he said resignedly, seeming to brace himself to make the best of a distasteful state of affairs. "It's your business, I suppose. You know your own mind best. After all, the great thing is to get you into the family. A girl like you is what this family has been needing for years."

He patted her kindly on the shoulder, and they started to walk toward the house. As they did so, two men came out of it.

One was Lord Emsworth. The other was Percy Pilbeam.

There is about a place like Blandings Castle something which, if you are not in the habit of visiting country-houses planned on the grand scale, tends to sap the morale. At the moment when Sue caught sight of him, the proprietor of the Argus Inquiry Agency was not feeling his brightest and best.

Beach, ushering him through the front door, had started the trouble. He had merely let his eyes rest upon Pilbeam, but it had been enough. The butler's eye, through years of insufficient exercise and too hearty feeding, had acquired in the process of time a sort of glaze which many people found trying when they saw it. In Pilbeam it created an inferiority complex of the severest kind.

He could not know that to this godlike man he was merely a blur. To Beach, tortured by the pangs of a guilty conscience, almost everything nowadays was merely a blur. Misinterpreting his gaze, Pilbeam had read into it a shocked contempt, a kind of wincing agony at the thought that things like himself should be creeping into Blandings Castle. He felt as if he had crawled out from under a flat stone.

AND it was at this moment that somebody in the dimness of the hall had stepped forward and revealed himself as the young man, name unknown, who had showed such a lively disposition to murder him on the dancing-floor of Mario's restaurant. And from the violent start which he gave, it was plain that the young man's memory was as good as his own.

So far, things had not broken well for Percy Pilbeam. But now his luck turned. There had apeared in the nick of time an angel from heaven, effectively disguised in a shabby shooting-coat and an old hat. He had introduced himself as Lord Emsworth, and he had taken Pilbeam off with him into the garden.

Relief, however, by the time he arrived on the terrace, had not completely restored his composure. And then he saw Sue!

"Gaw!" he said.

"I beg your pardon?" said Lord Emsworth. He had not caught his companion's remark and hoped he would repeat it. The lightest utterance of a detective with the trained mind is something not to be missed. "What did you say, my dear fellow?"

He, too, perceived Sue; and with a prodigious effort of the memory, working by swift stages through Scofield, Maybury, Coolidge and Spooner, recalled her name.

"Mr. Pilbeam, Miss Schoonmaker," he said. "Galahad, this is Mr. Pilbeam. Of the Argus, you remember."

"Pilbeam?"

"How do you do?"

"Pilbeam?"

"My brother," said Lord Emsworth, exerting himself to complete the introduction. "This is my brother Galahad."

"PILBEAM?" said the Hon. Galahad, looking intently at the proprietor of the Argus. "Were you ever connected with a paper called Society Spice, Mr. Pilbeam?"

The gardens of Blandings Castle seemed to the detective to rock gently.

"Never," he gasped. "Certainly not. No! I never have been connected with any paper called Society Spice."

"A fellow of your name used to edit it. Uncommon name, too."

"Relation, perhaps. Distant."

"Well, I'm sorry you're not the man," said the Hon. Galahad regretfully. "I've been wanting to meet him. He wrote a very offensive thing about me once. Most offensive thing."

Lord Emsworth, who had been according the conversation the rather meager interest which he gave to all conversations that did not deal with pigs, created a diversion.

"I wonder," he said, "if you would like to see some photographs? Of the Empress, I mean, of course. They will give you some idea of what a magnificent animal she is. They will . . ." He sought for the *mot juste*. ". . . stimulate you. I'll go to the library and get them out."

The Hon. Galahad was now his old, affable self again.

"You doing anything after dinner?" he asked Sue.

"There was some talk," said Sue, "of a game of bezique with Mr. Baxter."

"Don't dream of it," said the Hon. Galahad vehemently. "The fellow would probably try to brain you with the mallet. I was thinking that if I hadn't got to go out to dinner I'd like you to see my book. I'll give you the thing to read. Which is your room?"

"The Garden Room, I think it's called."

"Oh, yes. Well, I'll bring the manuscript to you before I leave."

He sauntered off. There was a moment's pause. Then Sue turned to Pilbeam. Her chin was tilted. There was defiance in her eye.

"Well?" she said.

Percy Pilbeam breathed a sigh of relief. At the first moment of their meeting, all that he had ever read about doubles had raced through his mind. This question clarified the situation. It was Sue Brown and no other who stood before him.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he asked.

"Never mind."

"What's the game?"

"Never mind."

"If you won't tell me, you won't, I suppose."

There was a pause.

"WHAT was that name the old boy called you?"

"Schoonmaker."

"Why did he call you that?"

"Because that's who he thinks I am."

"What on earth made you choose a name like that?"

"Oh, don't keep asking questions."

"I don't believe there is such a name. And when it comes to asking questions," said Pilbeam warmly, "what do you expect me to do? I never got such a shock in my life as when I met you just now. I thought I was seeing things. Do you mean to say you're here under a false name, pretending to be somebody else?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm hanged! And as friendly as you please with everybody. The Galahad fellow seems to look on you as a daughter or something."

"We are great friends."

(Continued on page 61)

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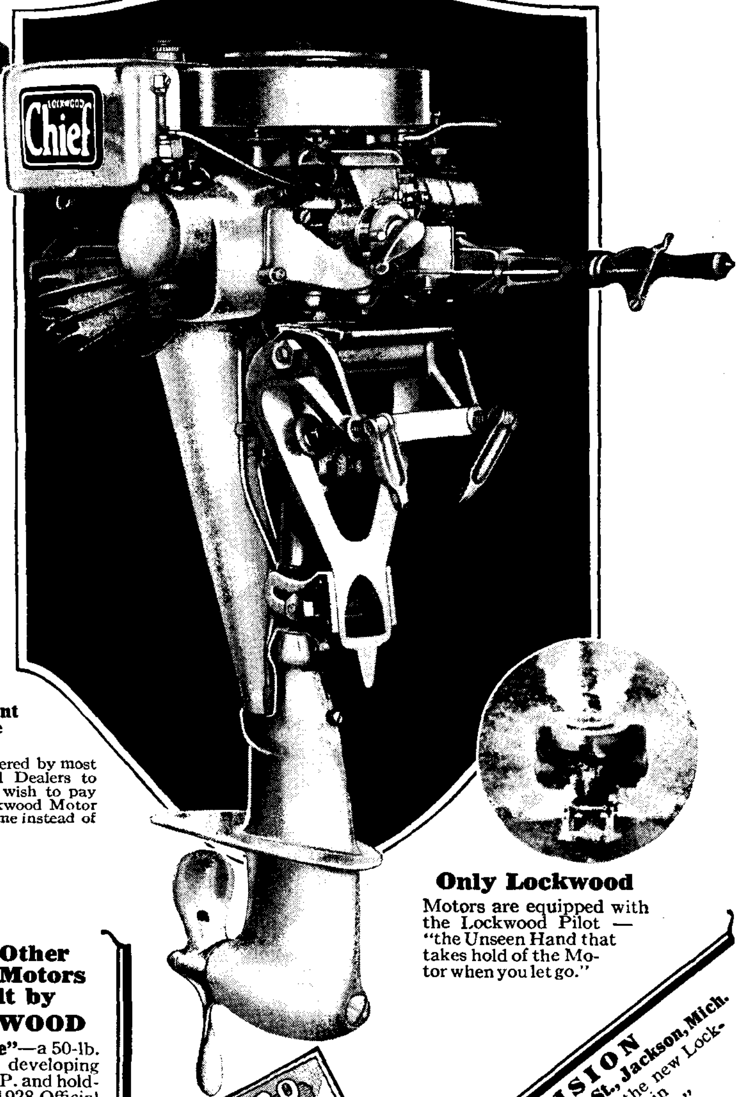

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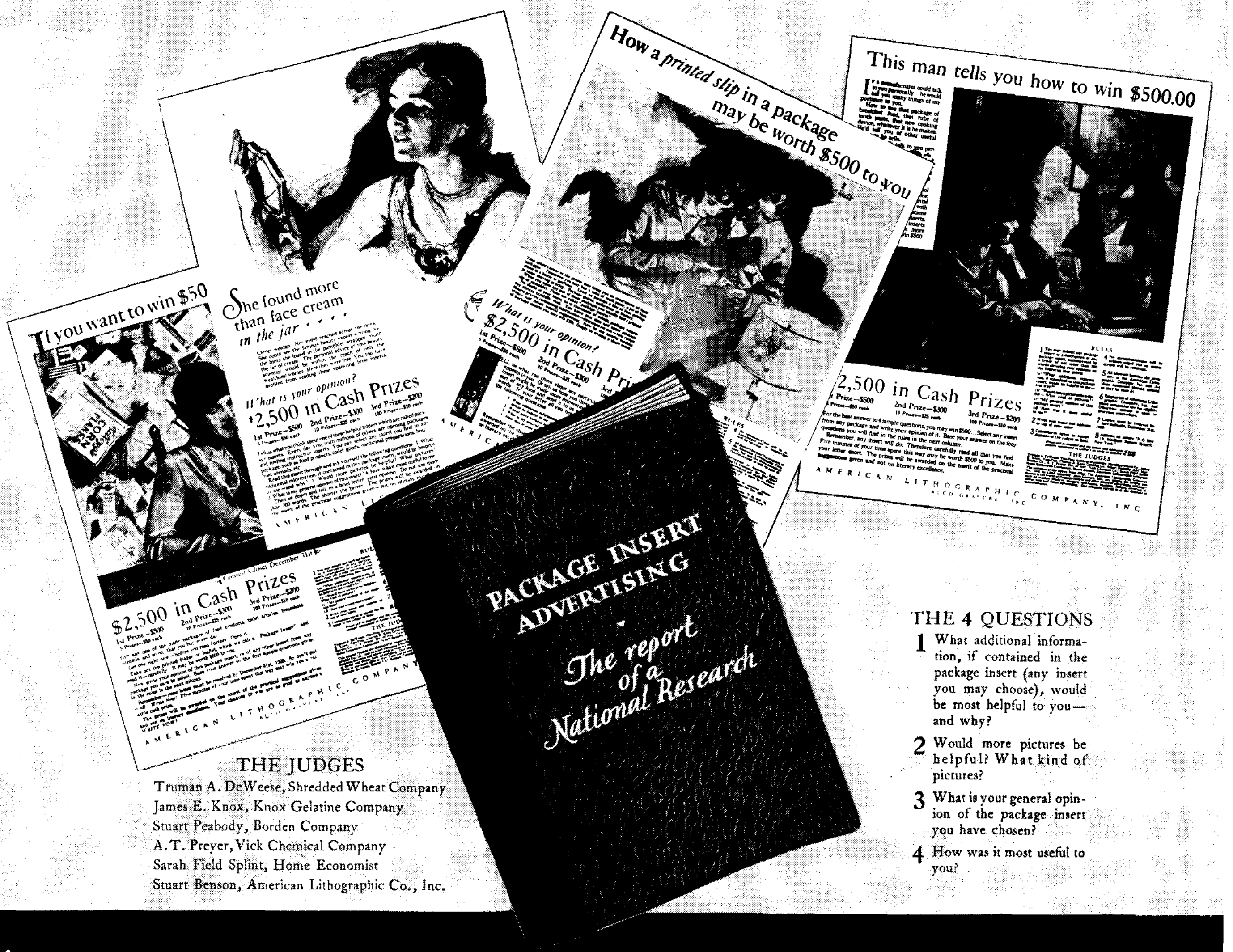
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The report of a National Research

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 58

"So I see. And he's going to give you his book to read."

"Yes."

A keen, purposeful, Argus-Inquiry Agency sort of look shot into Pilbeam's face.

"Well, this is where you and I get together," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what I mean. Do you want to make some money?"

"No," said Sue.

"What! Of course you do. Everybody does. Now, listen. Do you know why I'm here?"

"I've stopped wondering why you're anywhere," said Pilbeam. "You just seem to pop up."

SHE started to move away. A sudden, disturbing thought had come to her. At any moment Ronnie might appear on the terrace. If he found her here, closeted, so to speak, with the abominable Pilbeam, what would he think? What, rather, would he not think?

"Where are you going?"

"Into the house."

"But I've got something important to say."

"Well?"

She stopped.

"That's right," said Pilbeam approvingly. "Now, listen. You'll admit that, if I liked, I could give you away and spoil whatever game it is that you're up to in this place?"

"Well?"

"But I'm not going to do it. If you'll be sensible."

"Sensible?"

Pilbeam looked cautiously up and down the terrace.

"Now, listen," he said. "I want your help. I'll tell you why I'm here. The old boy thinks I've come down to find his pig, but I haven't. I've come to get that book your friend Galahad is writing."

"What!"

"I thought you'd be surprised. Yes, that's what I'm after. There's a man living near here who's scared stiff that there's going to be a lot of stories about him in that book, and he came to see me at my office yesterday and offered me . . ." He hesitated a moment. ". . . Offered me," he went on, "a hundred pounds if I'd get into the house somehow and snitch the manuscript. And you being on friendly terms with the old buster has made everything simple."

"You think so?"

"Easy," he assured her. "Especially now he's going to give you the thing to read. All you have to do is to hand the manuscript over to me, and there's fifty quid for you. For doing practically nothing."

"Oh?" said Sue.

"Fifty quid," said Pilbeam. "I'm going halves with you."

"And if I don't do what you want I suppose you will tell them who I really am?"

"That's it," said Pilbeam, pleased at her ready intelligence.

"Well, I'm not going to do anything of the kind."

"What!"

"And if," said Sue, "you want to tell these people who I am, go ahead and tell them."

"I will."

"Do. But just bear in mind that the moment you do tell them I shall tell Mr. Threepwood that it was you who wrote that thing about him in Society Spice."

Percy Pilbeam swayed like a sapling in the breeze. The blow had unmanned him. He found no words with which to reply.

"I will," said Sue.

Pilbeam continued speechless. He was still trying to recover from this deadly thrust through an unexpected chink in his armor when the opportunity for speech passed. Millicent had appeared, and was walking along the terrace towards them. She wore her customary air of settled gloom. On reaching them, she paused.

"Hullo," said Millicent, from the depths.

"Hullo," said Sue.

The library window framed the head and shoulders of Lord Emsworth.

"Pilbeam, my dear fellow, will you come up to the library. I have found the photographs."

Millicent eyed the detective's retreating back with a mournful curiosity.

"Who's he?"

"A man named Pilbeam."

"Pill, I should say, is right. What makes him waddle like that?"

Sue was unable to supply a solution to this problem. Millicent came and stood beside her, and, leaning on the stone parapet, gazed disparagingly at the park. She gave the impression of disliking all parks, but this one particularly.

"Ever read Schopenhauer?" she asked, after a silence.

"No."

"You should. Great stuff. Well, I'm going for a walk. You coming?"

"I don't think I will, thanks."

"Just as you like. Schopenhauer says suicide's absolutely O. K. He says Hindoos do it instead of going to church. They bung themselves into the Ganges and get eaten by crocodiles and call it a well-spent day. Sure you won't come for a walk?"

"No, thanks, really. I think I'll go in."

"Just as you like," said Millicent. "Liberty Hall."

She moved off a few steps, then returned.

"Sorry if I seem loopy," she said. "Something on my mind. Been giving it a spot of thought. The fact is, I've just got engaged to be married to my cousin Ronnie."

The trees that stood out against the banking clouds seemed to swim before Sue's eyes. An unseen hand had clutched her by the throat and was crushing the life out of her.

"Didn't you meet Ronnie when you arrived?" asked Millicent. "Pink-faced bird. Oh, but of course you knew him before, didn't you? Well, that's who it is," she went on, rather in the tone of voice which Schopenhauer would have used when announcing the discovery of a caterpillar in his salad. "We fixed it up just now."

SHE wandered away, and Sue clung to the terrace wall. That at least was solid in a world that rocked and crashed.

"I say!"

It was Hugo. She was looking at him through a mist, but there was never any mistaking Hugo Carmody.

"I say! Did she tell you?"

Sue nodded.

"She's engaged."

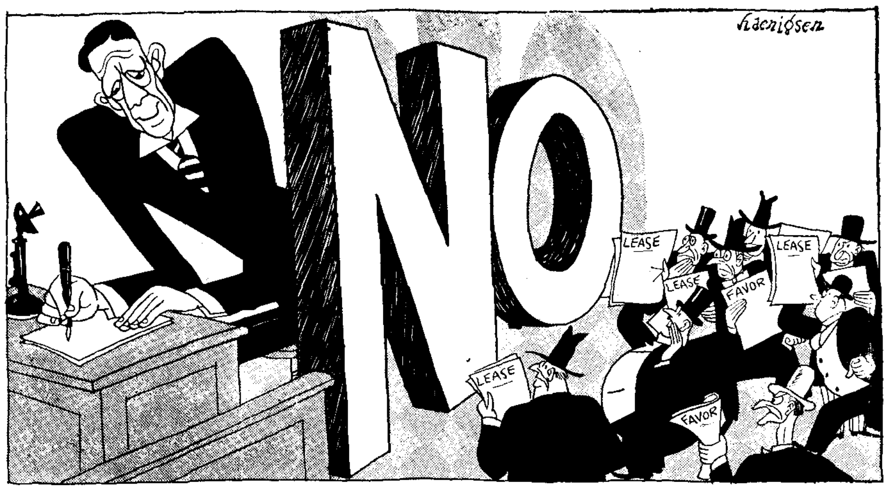
Sue nodded.

"She's going to marry Ronnie."

Sue nodded.

"Death, where is thy sting?" said Hugo, and vanished in the direction taken by Millicent.

(*To be continued next week*)



Prexy Steps Out

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

DR. RAY LYMAN WILBUR, Secretary of the Interior, is likely to finish his term in Washington as the worst-hated or the most-esteemed member of President Hoover's Cabinet. One can't tell which, for he is definite enough to be either. Let us begin at the beginning. Dr. Wilbur came to Washington like the last college president here, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, rather unpopular in his college, which is Leland Stanford University.

One is told by Californians that President Hoover had two friends in California who cost him a good many votes, one of them being Dr. Wilbur.

The trouble with Dr. Wilbur in California is that he reached the conclusion that Leland Stanford had not resources enough to develop both as an undergraduate institution, or college of arts, and as a graduate institution or producer of Ph.D.'s, M.A.'s, L.L.B.'s, at the same time. So he decided to cut it down as a college and make it more of a university.

A great uproar went up from the alumni who wished to send their sons to their alma mater without so exposing them to learning as to unfit them for a business career. "What sort of social amenity would proceed from spending two years in a junior college and then two years in Leland Stanford, or what sort of a bond salesman would a young man make who, after two years in a junior college, had spent four years studying the Einstein theory in Leland Stanford?" the alumni asked.

And again—"What would become of athletics?" Dr. Wilbur was also cold to fraternities and sororities, just as Dr. Wilson had set his face against eating clubs at Princeton.

Before coming to Washington he triumphed in his purpose to make Leland Stanford a place of higher learning.

Unacquainted with Babbitt

I feel that this revelation about the addiction of Dr. Wilbur to scholarship will make his days in the Interior Department more difficult.

The good doctor is a cat in a strange garret. Compared to such sympathetic souls as his predecessors, Albert B. Fall, Dr. Hubert Work or Franklin K. Lane, who went from the Cabinet to the payroll of Doheny, Dr. Wilbur is a bull in a china shop. Dr. Wilbur is already cancelling oil leases by the scores. He evidently doesn't know Mr. Babbitt by his first name.

Dr. Wilbur is a fighter. He is disparaged a little in Washington by the name Wilbur, for he is a brother of Curtis D., who was Secretary of the Navy under President Coolidge.

The physical resemblance between the two brothers is disconcerting. Curtis D. is a tall shambling man, stoop-shouldered, inches more than six feet high. Ray Lyman is taller and thinner, at least six feet six high, with his head thrust forward at an inquiring angle. He looks like a gigantic question mark. But Curtis D. always went about with a self-conscious smile. His brother, the new Secretary, looks more self-assured. The lines of his face are firmer. The grin is absent.

A Large-Sized Job

People who know him better than Washington yet does say that he has the executive habit of mind. He is quiet and self-contained. He is probably less of a politician, thinks less in terms of expediency than anyone else in Mr. Hoover's Cabinet.

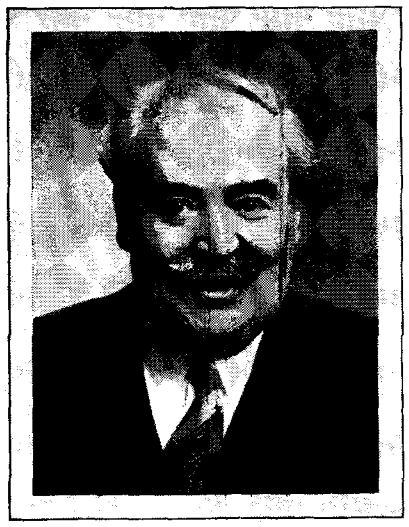
I am indicating that he is likely to have his troubles, especially with the western half of Congress, whose chief occupation is to extort favors from the Interior Department. Every Secretary of the Interior from the time of Ballinger has been too pliant. He is likely to be too stiff for the West; and unless the East, which usually does not know who is Secretary of the Interior, learns to admire him, he is likely to find that he has leaped from the frying pan of a college president with standards of learning into the fire of a Secretary of the Interior with a public conscience.

Those who know him best say he has personal charm which will help him, that he will be popular socially, that he is an interesting conversationalist, an amusing story teller, an effective speaker. He is likely to need all of these qualities. For the struggle with the Babbittry of alumni is nothing compared with the Babbittry that demands the public lands and that would defraud the Indians.

He is the one Hoover man in the Hoover Cabinet. Every other Cabinet member is more or less of an accident. Dr. Wilbur is the President's personal choice untrammelled by politics. He is, moreover, the social conscience of the Hoover Administration. His friends describe him as a liberal, a word that requires definition in action. But at any rate all his life has been devoted to human improvement. He was first a physician, then a teacher, then a practicing physician, and finally, an educator. And the chief social activities of the government, except labor, are in that catch-all of functions, the Interior Department—education, so far as the federal government has anything to do with it, the conservation of public lands, the care of the Indians, by way of example.

"As in World-Ageing Perfects

Says George Rector, America's



"In the wine countries of the old world where I have spent so much time, it is ageing that develops the bouquet and aroma of world-famous vintages. Now I discover here in America that it is this same time-honored method that produces the rich, mellow flavor of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. I find it most delicious."

George Rector

Director of Cuisine for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad

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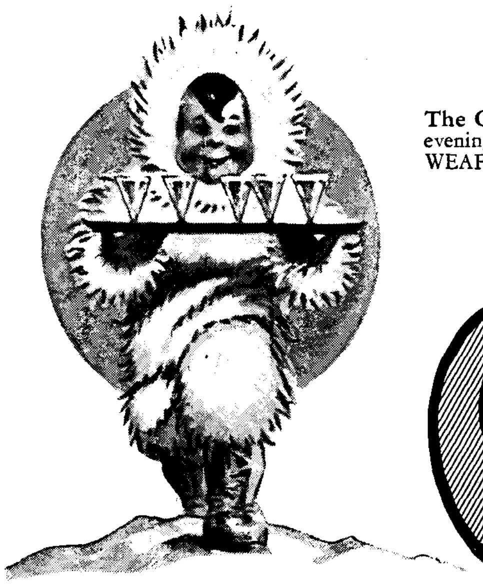
Mr. Rector has visited the famous vintners of Bordeaux, of Burgundy, of Spain and Italy and the Rhineland. He knows that the flavor of fine wines can only be achieved by long and careful ageing. He visited the plant where Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made, *particularly* to see the process by which its superior flavor is developed.

He observed *two steps* in the famous ageing process, which together require six months. He saw how the flavor elements themselves age . . . how rich mellowness is first achieved in the blend. And then, in the great warehouses, he saw the finished product—bottled only in *brand-new bottles* to protect its high quality—awaiting final perfection of flavor. It takes 6 months to make every bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Proving It By Taste

At his own suggestion, Mr. Rector sampled first the new Clicquot, in the development of which Time had had no part—then the aged Clicquot as it was ready for shipment. His delicate taste detected at once the amazing difference that Time had wrought. For while science controls the conditions under which this ageing takes place, it is Time that develops the delicious mellow flavor.

So when you uncap a bottle of this sparkling ginger ale, you know that it is rich, ripe and digestible because both man and Nature have conspired to give it delightful flavor.



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Club GINGER ALES

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 26

presumably, to one of his five passports) would prove to be totally unfamiliar!

Rather more than six months earlier, I learned, the little mountain township of Bagnères-des-Barèges in the Hautes-Pyrénées had suffered a visitation unparalleled in French history. Of the total population only thirty-five remained.

"These owe their lives," Max explained, "to the fact that on this fatal night they were not at home. Some were in the higher mountains above Bagnères, some were tending cattle, some calling upon friends who lived in remote places. But of living creatures actually within the town, from the High Bridge to the Valley Gate, only seven survived!"

"STOP a minute," Lonergan interrupted. "You said 'living creatures'?"

"I did."

"Meaning cats, rats, canaries and such?"

"Certainly! Even some of the insects!"

"Suffering Moses! We had the story back home. I remember the headlines: 'Whole town struck dead by lightning!' Go right ahead."

"One moment!" said I, interrupting Max in the act of raising a clenched fist in characteristic forensic gesture. "We also had the story in London, I believe, although I was abroad at the time. But surely it was determined by meteorological experts, that, owing to the peculiar setting of Bagnères-des-Barèges, a tremendous electrical discharge had brought about the tragedy?"

"But certainly!" Max agreed again. "What else could one say? Of those witnesses who remained, no two were in accord as to the circumstances. True, there was thunder in the air. It seemed at sunset that a storm brewed. Black clouds hung over the mountains. Radio and telegraphic communication were disturbed. This we learned later. Then, at nine o'clock, when most of those simple folk were in bed, it came—"

"*What* came?" Lonergan asked.

"Death came!"

"That's agreed," the ill-humored voice went on. "But you spoke of witnesses. What did they see? What did they hear?"

Gaston Max turned to me, smilingly. He shrugged his shoulders.

"He is difficult, this one," he said, —"my American confrère! I should prefer, Mr. Lonergan, to tell the story in my own way. But I will step aside and answer your questions. My portfolio—I have nine hundred pages of notes on the Bagnères mystery—is in my room. From memory, there was a vague booming sound—according to two witnesses. According to others, there was no sound at all. According to five or six there was a flickering light, resembling a distant storm, and it played over the little valley in which the town lies. Three or four, equally well placed, failed to see such a light. But when those wanderers returned to their homes, gentlemen, they found tombs! Nothing lived in Bagnères-des-Barèges."

"You said there were seven survivors," Lonergan complained.

The artist in Gaston Max—and I began to realize that the man was essentially an artist—rose in revolt.

"I said so, yes!" he exclaimed. "Notes are unnecessary. I will describe these seven."

He faced us, nine paces away.

"First—because she was so curious, I mention her first—there was a very old cow in an ancient stone byre! Second, third and fourth: three deaf-mutes. Fifth, an aged man who lived in a cellar the walls of which dated back to Roman times. Sixth, a woman about to give birth to a child; seventh, the child!"

"Quick!" Lonergan was on his feet. "Were there other cattle in that byre?"

"No."

"Were the deaf-mutes together, separated, or in the company of other people?"

"One was alone. Two were together with a woman. The woman died."

"The old man in the cellar?"

"He was alone."

"The mother?"

"A midwife was with her in the room. Her husband and her sister were in the house. Midwife, husband and sister died."

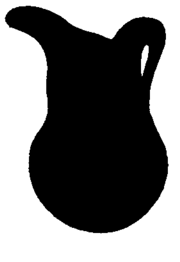
There was a moment of silence.

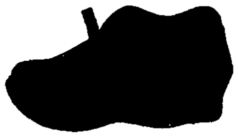
"It seems like nothing could cover those facts," Lonergan declared.

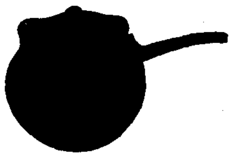
"So all the Science of France proclaimed," Max answered. "The Service had not been called in. It did not appear to be their province. Until, one day, *you* wrote to us! It was my department, and I dealt with you. When I heard of the silencing of radio in America, I said to myself: 'Of what does this remind me?' When you asked for the history of Madame Yburg, I said, 'This name is new to me.' But, Mr. Lonergan, you had sown the seed! Presently, so slowly, a possible link suggested itself. I wired to the prefect of the arrondissement of Argelès in the Hautes-Pyrénées!"

Black Art

SURE, there's an art to it. But if you'll use your head as well as your nimble fingers, when you're juggling Colliergraph shadows, you'll find you needn't be limited to heads. Here, for instance, are some cute tidbits turned out by the creator of Colliergraphs just to encourage you.







"WELL!" said I, since Lonergan remained silent.

"He presently replied to my question. . . . My question was: 'Did one Madame Yburg visit Bagnères-des-Barèges at or about the time of the catastrophe?' He replied: 'A Madame Yburg was staying at the sign of the Coq d'Or during that week. She disappeared on the night of the catastrophe'!"

Following a silence of stupefaction—I can only describe it so:

"How did you join up with Madame?" Lonergan asked.

"I made her acquaintance here, in the hotel," Max replied. "Her associates seemed to be—first, yourself; second, Mr. Woodville!—I was naturally suspicious of Aldous P. Kluster, knowing that Madame Yburg had American interests. Also, Mr. Woodville," he turned to me—"I looked upon you as a victim of this very fascinating woman."

"It's understandable," I admitted. "I returned the compliment!"

Gaston Max shrugged, thrust a hand into his pocket, and:

"Furies!" he exclaimed. "I forgot my cigarette case!"

One of those sudden ideas, which, regrettably, come to me so rarely, came now. I crossed to the writing-table, opened a drawer, and took out the *caporal* which I had placed there. I offered it to Max.

"Is that what you're looking for?"

HE ACCEPTED it, watching me wonderingly. He examined it; and:

"Suffering Moses!" Lonergan growled. "I begin to have hopes for you, Woodville!"

"I rather think," I went on, "that you may have dropped this cigarette—"

"Mon Dieu!" He stared hard into my eyes. "I too am thinking! And, yes! I know! At the cemetery gate?"

"Correct."

And, as he spoke, his expression changed. It was as though a mask had been slipped aside. I found myself looking into *hunted* eyes.

Gaston Max laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "it is necessary that I should bring my story up to date."

He crossed to an armchair and dropped in it, looking from Lonergan to me; then:

"Last night," he continued, "I followed Madame Yburg. She left the hotel, after dinner. I traced her . . . and she went to the cemetery on the hill!"

"We know she did," Lonergan interrupted. "Woodville met her coming away. I was covering you earlier, but you handed me a rubber pass-out. What happened?"

Max frowned. The artist beneath that cloak of *savoir vivre* which the investigator wore resented these intrusions; but:

"You have interrupted me so often, my friend," he went on, smilingly, "that I am going to take the liberty of interrupting myself! I came to Baden-Baden expecting to find Madame Yburg in touch with other members of a dangerous organization which undoubtedly exists. I found her to be in touch with nobody but yourself and Mr. Woodville! You," he bowed to Lonergan—"occupied rooms which were not accessible; but you"—turning to me—"were vulnerable."

He paused, considered the cigarette which I had given him, placed it in an ash-tray, and accepted one from my case. As he struck a match:

"I came to this apartment yesterday," he continued, "while you were away! I was disturbed by the manservant. I hid in a wardrobe. I was trapped! When the man had gone (he came to close the sun-shutters) I considered these. I made it possible for them to be raised from *outside*. Then I departed."

"But you returned later last night?" I suggested.

"I did. And, clumsily, I awakened you. I hid under a bush, and pretended to be the watchman! The real watchman nearly caught me! Again, tonight, I observed your meeting, gentlemen, at the Kurhaus!"

"Saw you," Lonergan drawled. "I tipped Woodville we were covered. That's how I roped you in later. But, listen—it's urgent—were you here earlier in the evening?"

"I was not."

Lonergan stared across at me.

"*Somebody* was," said he, simply. "We're getting down to hard facts. And now, Mr. Max, maybe I've broken up your story quite a bit; but we come back to the point where you tracked Madame Yburg to the lay-out and dropped a cigarette. Excuse my interruptions, and go on from there."

"I will."

Max stood up.

"She had entered the cemetery. She held a key to the gate. I heard the gate close behind her. Then I crept forward. Three or four minutes had elapsed. Inside the cemetery all was silent. No sound of footsteps. In the bright moonlight I could see right along a broad path which stretched from the point where I stood to the farther wall. I tried the gate. It was locked.

"Madame Yburg—you follow?—had locked herself in among the graves!

"THE strangeness of this brought me to pause. Why had she locked that gate behind her? There are horrible stories abroad, you understand, concerning the Black Forest—and Madame Yburg is a woman of mystery—perhaps the High Priestess of some new religion of destruction.

"I think best when I smoke. You say it would have been unwise to strike a match; but this point I had not considered when, almost without knowing—I took out my cigarette case. I withdrew a *caporal*. . . ."

He paused, dramatically, then:

"As I did so," he went on, lowering his voice—"a Voice called to me by name! This Voice, coming from nowhere, from no one, chilled my blood. I do not remember dropping the cigarette, but I know, now, that I must have done so.

"'Gaston Max!' the Voice said—right at my elbow in the empty road!—'Return to Paris! You have two days!'"

He stared from face to face, expecting incredulity—a clever man taxed beyond the limits of his experience; when:

"We've made the grade together," Lonergan growled, "we've all got the same time!"

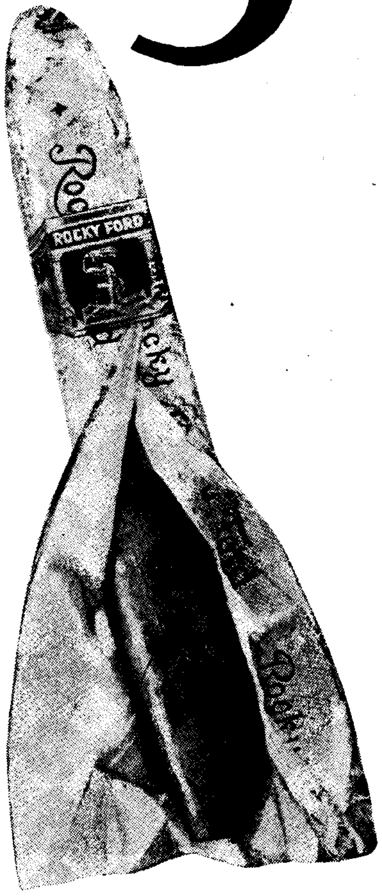
I can never forget those changing expressions which passed across the expressive features of Gaston Max whilst, as briefly as possible, I told him the story of the Voice . . . that Voice which had also spoken to me and to Lonergan. The fact that he was not alone with this bodiless terror seemed to remove a weight of years from him. As I concluded:

"It's eased your mind some to know,"

(*Continued on page 66*)

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
. . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford
5¢



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(*Continued from page 65*)

Lonergan said, "Woodville and I both sympathize. But except that we're all together, I can't see that it helps on the case a lot."

"I disagree!" Max cried. "It proves that the supernatural—for so we must call it—works to plan, as does the normal. If this is so, we may upset those plans!"

"I don't follow," Lonergan declared.

"But it is plain!" the Frenchman exclaimed impatiently. "There is *reason* behind this! And reason can work against reason. If it is not so—*why have we all two days?*"

"Suffering Moses!" Lonergan's tones were even less musical than usual. "I've been thinking cross-eyed! Let's sort out the facts. The Voice first spoke to me at two A. M. precisely, last Monday morning. It gave me four days to quit. Two A. M. on Tuesday, it gave me three."

"Exactly one hour later," I interrupted, "it first spoke to me!"

"Two o'clock yesterday morning," Lonergan went on, "I was given two days—"

"At nine last night," Max cried, "I, also, was given two days! More than one of them has passed!"

I looked at my wrist-watch. One-thirty.

"It is now," I began—

But I was interrupted.

"Gaston Max!" said the Voice.

We all sprang to our feet.

"John Lonergan!"

I glanced at Lonergan. His mask of Indian stoicism failed to hide the fact that he had paled.

"Brian Woodville!"

We stood there, a tense trio, amid silence which seemed to throb; then:

"All three have until tomorrow midnight," the Voice went on. "*This is the last warning.* You have until tomorrow midnight. . . ."

IN MY records of this encounter with a creature more than humanly terrible, in my memories of the part I played in, literally, saving the world from destruction, the following day—it was a Wednesday—forms a peak. It was destined to be memorable.

We had until midnight. . . .

Since our feeble subterfuges were plainly matter for laughter on the part of the Voice, we had agreed to breakfast together on the balcony of my apartment.

At the time appointed, Gaston Max joined me. He wore gray flannels and a blue reefer jacket. His socks, his shirt, and his tie harmonized pleasingly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, coming up the steps, "our American friend is late!"

"Not yet," said I, consulting my watch; "you are absolutely on time."

He dropped into a chair.

"Having slept on the problem," I said, "has any theory explaining the Voice occurred to you?"

"None."

"Or one to account for the giant bat?"

He turned to me impulsively; and:

"I tell you," he declared, "we are face to face with powers against which we are as helpless as those trout in the Oos are helpless against the net!"

A silence fell upon us, in which no doubt Gaston Max was thinking, as I was thinking, that Lonergan, usually a model of punctuality, had presumably overslept.

"Either Lonergan has forgotten the appointment," I said, "or something is wrong with him. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will make inquiries."

"I wish you would."

I crossed to the telephone and:

"Would you call Mr. Kluster's room," I said to the clerk who answered. "I don't know his number."

There was a silent interval, then:

"You are asking for Mr. Kluster? He has gone. He left for Düsseldorf by an early train!"

"IT IS plain, is it not," said Max, as we strolled through the gardens after breakfast, "that for us to attempt to hide our movements from M. the Voice is simply silly?"

"Quite plain."

"Mr. Lonergan has recognized this. So—do not let us judge him hastily."

I paused, staring at the speaker, but:

"You and I," he went on, "have until midnight. Let us use this time to best advantage. What line of inquiry had you intended to follow today?"

"I had planned to visit the Felsenweir mausoleum in the cemetery."

"Curious," Max murmured. "So had I. Let us go together."

A sudden and oppressive darkness had fallen when, half an hour later, we set out. An awning of cloud hung over the green bowl which shelters the town. Its effect was queerly forbidding. Robbed of sunshine, Baden looked like a dead place—like the shell of a fly (why did the image suggest itself?) whose life had been sucked out by a spider. And, as the unpleasant thought came to my mind:

"Do you know," said Gaston Max suddenly, "that up to the year 1449 or 1549—forgive my bad history—I am not sure which it is—there was a village of Felsenweir?"

"No."

"There was. No trace of it remains, I am told. It was deserted by all its inhabitants, and now the forest has partly reclaimed the soil it occupied."

"Why was it deserted?"

"Because of a plague."

"You mean the Black Death—called in Germany I believe the 'Basle Death'?"

"No, no, not at all. This was another kind of plague. One by one they died, the people of Felsenweir. They wasted away. And it was said—those were the Dark Age, Mr. Woodville—that a *vampire* was visiting the village!"

"Good heavens!"

I pulled up shortly. The angry curtain drawn over the valley now touched with its eastern edge higher slopes of the hills. Premature night threatened us; and no fellow travelers followed the road. Cast back, by Max's words, into a dim past haunted by witches and werewolves, I saw that old "plague" in operation. . . . I saw again, a gigantic bat alighting amid the tombs. The red mouth of Madame Yburg smiled at me, and I heard the Voice.

"Does it surprise you?"

"No. But it seems to link up with more recent rumors. I must compliment you on your thoroughness. This story is new to me. Was anyone identified as the vampire?"

"But yes! Those superstitious peasants traced the trouble to Adelheid, Countess of Felsenweir. She was dead, you understand? They enlisted the authority of Mother Church and she was removed from the family vault and buried elsewhere, with a stake through her heart."

"Then the Felsenweir tomb . . ."

"Has remained closed since the day that long-dead lady was taken from it."

And now we had reached the cemetery. Its gate was open, but the impending storm had deterred visitors. A phenomenal gloom lay over that place, normally gloomy enough. It appeared deserted. Gaston Max looked up at the pall above, and:

"We are in for a drenching, I think," he said. "But no matter. There is no one whose attention we are likely to attract."

"No one that we can *see*."

Max shrugged his shoulders.

"The invisible we cannot hope to dodge. Never before have I been tracked by a disembodied Voice nor met with giant bats. Failing some new light on these mysteries I must confess myself defeated. But until midnight we can go on hoping."

"And *after* midnight? . . ."

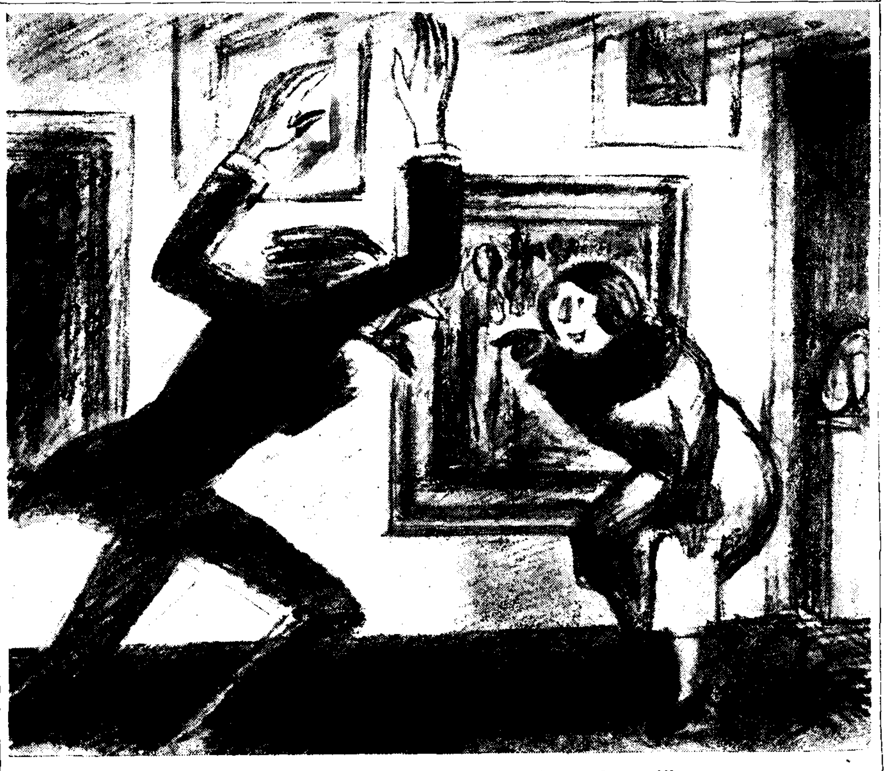
"We may have nothing to hope for."

HE MADE a weary gesture, smiling lightly, but his manner concealed—as did my own—a deep unrest. *In sunshine* it had been possible to shake off the incubus of that invisible menace. Now, surrounded by tombs, curtained by a lowering storm, personally I am not ashamed to admit that a vast uneasiness was claiming me. What my feelings must be when midnight came I preferred not to imagine.

In silence we walked along the path, until in the oldest part of the cemetery we stood before the strangely conceived tomb of the Felsenweirs.

There was something barbaric in its form. It vaguely resembled a mosque.

(*Continued on page 68*)



Artist: "Madam, that painting is still wet!"
"Oh, that's all right—I have old gloves on!"

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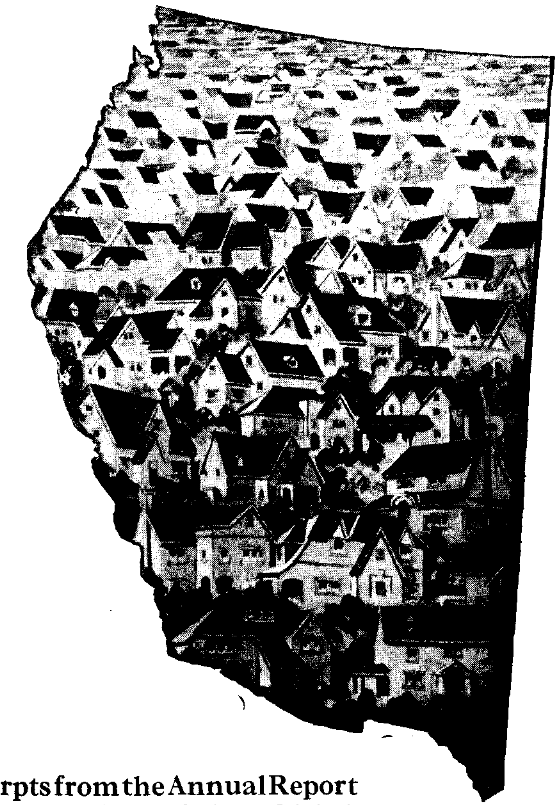
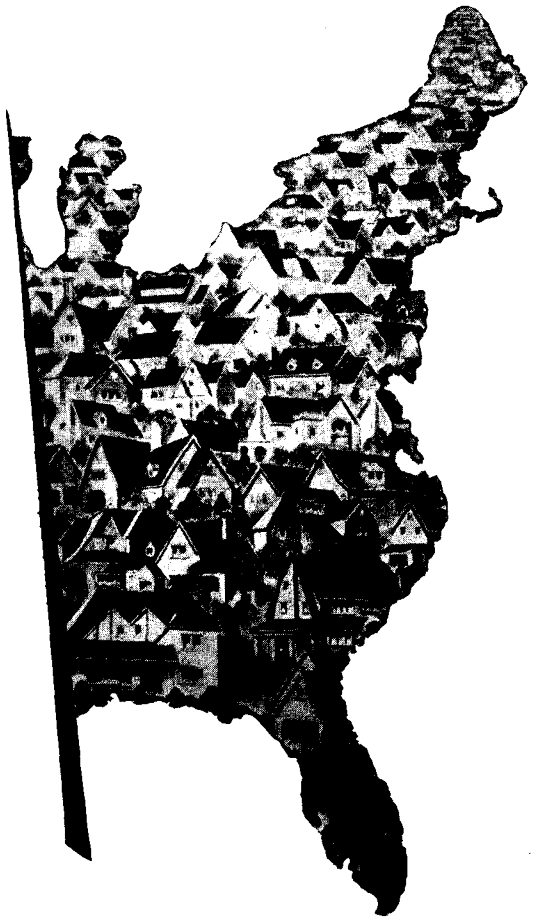


A frank discussion of a problem of vital interest to every American home



Excerpts from the Annual Report to the Members of the ACACIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION
by
William Montgomery, *President*

Object of Mutual Company

"The prime object of all mutual old-line life insurance companies is, or should be, to furnish guaranteed life insurance at the lowest possible cost.

"Careful investigation convinced your directors that the premiums charged by the mutual old-line companies could be materially reduced, and still be sufficient to guarantee the insurance beyond question. They came to this conclusion because they found that the system of refunding the unnecessary part of the premium in form of a dividend was not economical, inasmuch as taxes, fees, agents' commissions and other expenses had to be deducted before anything could be refunded.

"On the other hand, the stock companies, which merchandise life insurance, promise no dividends to their policyholders, but pay the profits of the business to their stockholders, were as a whole highly successful, even though their initial premiums were lower than the premiums of the mutual companies.

"The success of these companies, the fact that they were paying such large dividends to their stockholders, the increased market value of their stocks, clearly proved their stability. It was evident, therefore, that a mutual company could also operate successfully under a reduced schedule of premium charges—with increased benefits to its policyholders.

Premiums Reduced

"Accordingly, in April, 1926, this Association adopted a schedule of premium rates reduced to the low level of those charged by the stock companies. In so doing, Acacia took the lead among mutual life insurance companies in passing along to its policyholders the benefits of lower premium charges.

"This was a bold step on the part of Acacia's directors, I will admit—but having convinced themselves of the correctness of their position, they had the courage to do what they believed the interests of the policyholders of any mutual company demand—that is, sell guaranteed life insurance at the lowest possible cost.

"There was another reason: The aim of your directors is to conduct the affairs of this Association in the most economical manner. Through the low premiums of this Association, extravagance is made impossible. The reduced premiums have now been in force about three years, and the record* of the Association best evidences whether or not they have fulfilled their purpose and justified the wisdom of their adoption.

Official Endorsement

"Outside of its own record, the best endorsement of this plan and the fact that it is commending itself to all thinking men who have the best interests of life insurance at heart, is shown by the fact that the retiring Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York has recommended an amendment to the laws of that State, one of the ultimate effects of which would be to permit a reduction of the premiums for *mutual life insurance. In answer to the statement of* the life insurance agents' association protesting against the passage of the amendment, Mr. Beha states:

> 'I, therefore, reaffirm the statement in my memorandum of November 12, that it stands to reason if any participating company should reduce its gross premiums, it would reduce the net cost of the insurance by at least the amount of taxes and other expenses saved on the amount of the reduction of the premium.' (This amendment has since become a law.)

Demand for Reduced Premiums

"I believe it is no stretch of the imagination to say that within a few years all mutual companies will be selling insurance at lower rates. In my judgment, the insurance buying public will be well within its rights in demanding these reduced premium schedules because of the savings which will result.

"When the day that witnesses such a reduction of premiums arrives, we can feel that this Association, through its pioneering work, has made a real contribution to the benefit of all policyholders. I further believe that a lower schedule of premium rates will benefit both the companies and the agents, because there will follow an era of development and progress in the business greater than ever experienced."

Acacia's Slogan

Do not lapse your policy in any other old-line company to take one in ACACIA. Do not lapse your policy in ACACIA to take one in any other old-line company. You lose in either case.

ACACIA
MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

William Montgomery, *President*
HOME OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D. C.
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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 66

And I wondered if its builder had been influenced by the Crusades. A Felsenweir banner had flown in Palestine. Two ancient cypresses guarded the door, and this door was of some time-blackened wood, covered with iron scrollwork and seeming to have been unopened for generations. In fact, the queer, square building, which palpably had not known a restorer's hand, ordinarily, I thought, must have lain in ruin. There was something phenomenal in its solidity.

Gaston Max stepped forward. Then, from an inner pocket he took out a lens. He examined the lock, the hinges and the worn stonework below.

"This door has not been opened for many years," he declared positively.

VEGETATION grew close up to the mausoleum on two sides, rank and unkempt. There was an ancient, musty smell.

"Stay where you are on the path, please," said Max. "There is something I wish to investigate."

Stepping mincingly like a dancing master, he forced a delicate way through the undergrowth, stooping and peering at the soft ground. In this way he performed a circuit of the building. He rejoined me and again shrugged characteristically.

"Not a trace," he reported. "The vampire leaves no footprints! It is not from here, Mr. Woodville, that our charming friend Madame Yburg was coming when you met her."

The storm had gathered so blackly above us that I was anxious to commence the return journey; when:

"One thing more," said Max softly.

"What?"

He pointed, and I stared wonderingly in the direction indicated.

"Mysterious," he murmured, "yet perhaps no more than a coincidence. There is one tomb yonder which has been renovated quite recently!"

It bore no inscription and was palpably of great age, but as he had said, signs of recent repair were evident.

As Max, drawing the lens again from his pocket, stooped and began to examine the crevices in the stonework, a blinding flash of lightning came. It seemed like a reproach, a threat, to those who would disturb the dwelling of the dead. Max started upright; my own heart seemed to miss a beat. As he turned to me, although his face thus lighted looked unnaturally pale, he was smiling. And I thought there was triumph in his glance.

"I may be wrong," he said enigmatically, "but I think I am right."

My reply was drowned in a deafening crackle of thunder. In silence we turned and ran along the path as the first great drops of rain began to fall. We made for the lych gate, the only shelter we knew.

What prompted me to look back from the corner onto the main path, I cannot say. But I did so. . . .

A tall cloaked figure was standing by the Felsenweir vault! . . . and I thought of the Countess Adelheid. . . .

"Max!" I cried.

He was five paces ahead of me, but he pulled up with a jerk and turned. Even as he did so, the figure vanished.

(To be continued next week)

What Wall Street Missed

Continued from page 28

his ear. After which, he too became excited. Then he spoke.

"I am the American Consul General," he announced. "How the devil did you get here?"

"How did I get here? How did I get here?" boomed Marvin. "Well, why shouldn't I be here?"

"Because you were to be delivered to my Vice Consul at the Bab-el-Fahs at midnight."

"I was WHAT?"

"You *are* Charles S. Marvin, of New York, aren't you?" pursued the Consul General. "President of American Federated Metals, Union Oil Products, etc.?"

"I am," agreed Marvin, snorting. "But what of it? I—"

"Well," the Consul interrupted, "you're free—now. And I suppose that's all there is to worry about. But I don't see how the devil you got here so quickly after the ransom was paid."

"Ransom? Ransom?" Marvin repeated the word as though he had never heard it before. "Are you trying to kid me?"

The Consul flushed.

"You are scarcely appreciative of the efforts I have been making for a full month, sir, to buy your release from your captors. We had to pay the ransom, of course—and fifty thousand dollars don't grow on the trees anywhere. But the State Department made a demand on the Sultan, and the Sultan found the money somewhere, and sent it to me. And, finally, I sent it this morning to the man your captor had indicated should receive it. All we could do was take his word that you'd be released, but he's reliable, even if he is a friend of Al-Lateef."

"And who's this Al-Lateef?" demanded Marvin dazedly. "I haven't been . . . But who's Al-Lateef? The man who is supposed to have held me for ransom?"

The Consul General nodded.

"That is what he is called," he explained. "It's Arabic for the Clever One. He is really Sidi Hassan Sanhajji. . . . I say, you're all in, I take it. Better have a drink."

But of a sudden the American crumpled with wild laughter, laughter that thrust the Consul back from him like a wind, that caused the clerk to look about for large men capable of restraining a nervous wreck, laughter which rattled the metal-work hanging on the walls.

"Al-Lateef—the— Oh! Oh! Oh!—Clever—One!" gasped Charles Marvin between chokes. "A man—of—no business—sense! I—said so! 'A good deed should—be its—own reward.' O Sanhajji, Sanhajji—I shall surely . . . pop!"

THE fit left him as abruptly as it had come. "I'm going to bed now," he said. "But—can you send a message to this, ah, Al-Lateef, through his friend, whom you mentioned?"

"I suppose it can be done," said the Consul, stiffly.

"Tell him for me, then," said Marvin, "that I advise him to come to New York and play Wall Street. With my money," he added, and strode away.

Al-Lateef had perceived the intention of the gods.

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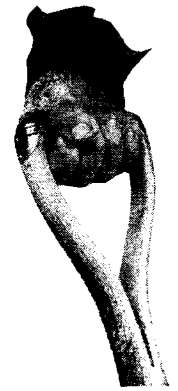

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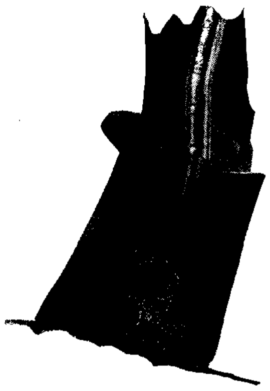

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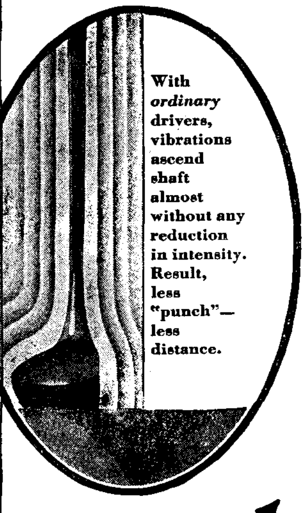

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The Lady's Engaged

Continued from page 43

My own position is that the hunches of men, which, by the way, are a vital factor in business, are decisions made out of a long period of experience, lodged away in the subconscious mind. A woman's decision in business matters moves in a simple, straightforward line from cause to effect. In the absence of twenty or thirty years of experience, no similar instances come to mind to befuddle and becloud. She figures out that two and two are four because she has not had experience with business Einsteins.

In every thoughtful discussion of the relative merits of men and women regarding vision and imagination, there crept in this note. The ability to see ahead needs something else. It needs courage to act upon the vision. The courage of imagination is quite a different thing from imagination itself.

Cautious to a Fault

Women, I am told, are more cautious, and the tendency is to be overcautious. They are afraid to take a chance. Akin to chance-taking is another quality of the executive, the ability to make quick decisions. In analyzing for me their experiences with men and women in administrative functions, most of those with whom I talked rated women below men in this respect. Some thought it was but natural that women should be overcautious. They were being watched for mistakes. One mistake in ten decisions counted more against them than three mistakes on the part of a man. Time may adjust this, they said. When women learn that the strength of an executive is shown by a clean desk, with every question rapidly disposed of, with mistakes, yes, but with a fairly good batting average, they will improve their reputation in this connection.

We discussed the relative values in men and women of resourcefulness and its handmaidens, tact and diplomacy. Here, with a few exceptions, I was told that the woman clearly had the inside track.

Two men who have a number of women assistants in executive positions and who are sympathetic, brought out this point, each independently of the other.

A woman doesn't accept discipline in as open-minded a spirit as a man. She is not logical. She will argue and argue and then go away convinced only against her will. "And," one concluded, "a woman 'convinced against her will, is of the same opinion still.'"

This led to another line of study. Do you find women ready to give and take in the hurly-burly of the day's work? Or do they expect ballroom attention and consideration?

The answer invariably was that a great change had come about in this respect in recent years. Ten years ago, whether women expected it or not, and I am inclined to think it was the men's fault, a woman in business received a deference which not only slowed down the work but did her unwitting harm. Social small-talk, all right in its place, is not in its place in a business office.

Said one grizzled veteran, "I can remember—don't laugh—in the early days, that my man assistant invariably rose from his desk and helped my stenographer to remove her coat and overshoes, and seated her at her desk as if he were her partner at a dinner party."

What does the future hold for women in business? How high can she go? Will she at some date around 1975, say, be in charge of fifty per cent of the great industrial enterprises and financial concerns of the country? I am again reporting what astute business leaders think and feel.

Scores and scores of examples were cited, of this woman and that, who had been successful in business. The woman who organized and owns a chain system of restaurants, another of candy shops; the widow in Wisconsin who has carried on successfully a big manufacturing business for many years; the woman in Iowa who operates 100 buses and trucks; the woman who inherited a defunct street railway and single-handed brought it back to good repute and stable dividends; buyers and personnel managers and tea-room operators. Practically every line of industry has its Portia, but these isolated cases prove nothing except that women can do man's work in industry, and that such instances are becoming so common that there is no longer news in a single instance.

Particularly is the time ripe for women's advance in business. We are passing into a quality market. Mr. Glen Buck, of Chicago, himself a successful business man, paints in bold strokes this significant trend of business:

"We have reached the fortunate day when it must be apparent to every observing man that the satisfying profit comes from sound quality, rather than careless quantity—be the product a thought, an advertisement, a fountain pen or a printing press. Mass production defeats its own purpose when it becomes mere massiveness.

"It is no longer sufficient that a thing be merely useful. It will not adequately serve its purpose unless it is also as attractive as the most favorable conditions can make it. The coffee pot that is clumsy can no longer compete with one that is rightly proportioned and has a stout beauty of its own. Make a buttonhook or a building conspicuously beautiful, and, by so much, you will command the world's attention and respect.

"We are in the midst of a new renaissance, a re-birth of the esthetic senses.

"The gaudy jewelry, the garish chromos, the stamped furniture, the turreted houses of yesterday are gone forever. Good taste is here abundant—and we are finding it good to the taste."

How to Kill a Complex

In the appreciation of things beautiful, women as a whole surpass men. Industry, passing from quantity production to quality production will look more and more to the woman in business for the application of this principle of beauty. Her services will run the gamut from the production of commodities in the factory to that of interior decorating.

I have one distinct impression left. Most women in business have an inferiority complex. They lack the poise and assurance by which they have long dominated the drawing-room. Perhaps it is natural to expect lack of confidence in a group which is moving cautiously in a new field. Study, and hard study, in and out of business hours, gives both men and women the background of facts which makes for confidence and quick decisions. When this comes, women will contribute a full share to the further development of that industrial system, purely American, which believes in more things for more people—necessities, conveniences, luxuries—an increasing standard of living, and the abolition of poverty from the face of the earth.

High Hat

Continued from page 11

and have it copied on that nifty stationery with a typewriter. Then I was to sign it, fold it in the unsigned contract and mail it back to the major.

I can see the old boy's face now when the layout knocked him in the eye! Take a look at what the boss had to read:

MY DEAR MAJOR:

I am returning your contract unsigned with considerable regret. My business is doing so well this year, though, and has such prospects for the future that I feel I would be doing myself an injustice to continue in baseball. I love the game, as you know, and I have a natural sentiment for the success of my old teammates, but judgment dictates that I should surrender sentiment to my rather certain future in the cattle industry.

With best wishes for the old club and the highest regards for you personally, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
BC-ML BENJAMIN CAPEHART.

Get that touch of the BC-ML, will you! Me dictating to a stenographer! How-do-you-do!

IT'S an old story now, but the newspaper boys tell me that when the major got just one peek at that letter it knocked him for the circuit. Having a natural leaning for the high-hat stuff he fell for it, hook, line and sinker.

Of course me and Sis didn't know what was going on in the office back in the big town and I was so nervous that for a week or two I couldn't roll a cigarette without spilling half the tobacco. Sis was pretty well worked up too, but women are gamer about them things than men are. She kept forcing that phony smile whenever I'd commence to develop the old rabbit heart.

"Don't weaken, Benny," she joshed me, imitating the way I used to pull the line on her when she was worried. "We'll be getting a letter before long."

That's one time Sis guessed wrong. We didn't get a letter, but it'll give you a kick when you know what we did get. On Sunday morning a fellow came out from San Antonio with a telegram. He had already read it, too.

"Looks like you're going to have a visitor," he said to Sis and me. "I didn't wait to call a boy; figuring this to be important and on a Sunday too, I brought it out myself."

The major had not only bit but had swallowed the whole hook and bait. He wired:

KINDLY DEFER DEFINITE ACTION ON RETIREMENT UNTIL I SEE YOU PERSONALLY STOP AM COMING TO RANCH TO SEE YOU STOP SHOULD ARRIVE SATURDAY MORNING NEXT

Talk about being double-crossed and taking one on the chin—there we were, stopped cold. We didn't have no more ranch than a jack rabbit, and the innocent major had called our bluff. We stood there looking at each other.

"There won't be any answer today," Sis finally told the telegraph man.

When he had gone she turned to me. I was sunk.

"Don't weaken, Benny." She tried to laugh it off. "Now you go and look after the cows. I want to go into a little thinking session with myself." And while I was gone she must have been bearing down with every brain in her head.

I came in through the kitchen and heard Sis talking over the telephone. From one end of the conversation I could tell that she had called up old Bill Sessions, an old cowboy friend of her husband when they were boys.

"I reckon you'd better come over," she wound up, "so we can talk it over. . . . Oh, I feel sure you'll be able to help. . . . Thanks, Bill, I knew you would."

Bill Sessions was over to the house in a half hour, all steamed up with Sis's big idea that was a mystery to me. I was like a dummy, just sitting around and getting an earful.

The upshot of it was that when I started to the train that morning to meet the major at the railroad station I just naturally had to wade through cattle and cow ponies to reach the gate opening into the big road. I left Sis and Bill behind to put on what he called the finishing touches.

On the way to town the sheriff overtook me in a high-powered touring car. The old boy was wearing a big sombrero—some more of Bill's stuff—and was accompanied by one of the city aldermen. They told me they were to be the official reception committee. I trailed them as best I could in the flivver.

We boarded the train in the outskirts of the town and nailed the major before he had got out of his Pullman seat. His face lighted up like the moon when he saw us.

"Well, Benny," he shouted, "this is a real delight!" We shook hands as if we had been lifelong buddies.

"This is the high sheriff," I told him, introducing the official visitors, "and this is our most prominent alderman."

"Never mind about your baggage, Major," the sheriff directed. "Just leave the checks and that'll be attended to. Just come along with us."

THE big car was waiting for us outside, and in it stood one of the local merchants, a baseball bug. He presented Major Cummings with a big sombrero—I never saw so many cowboy hats in my life. This one was real Mexican stuff, with a silver band plaited around the crown. It was a present to the major, the man said, from the home-town friends of Benny Capehart.

This was a surprise to me too. That lid made my drug-store cowboy hat look like a bum.

The major slapped that Mexican lid on his bean and wore it, proud as a peacock, as the car shot down the main street of the city.

My old flivver followed us as a baggage car: another pretty good touch.

The major's chest, which had been swelling, almost reached the blowing-up point when we turned off the main boulevard and into the lane that led up to the shack. We were all calling it "ranch" now.

"There are the boys!" announced the sheriff. "Don't seem to be no way of stopping them fellows. Look, Major!"

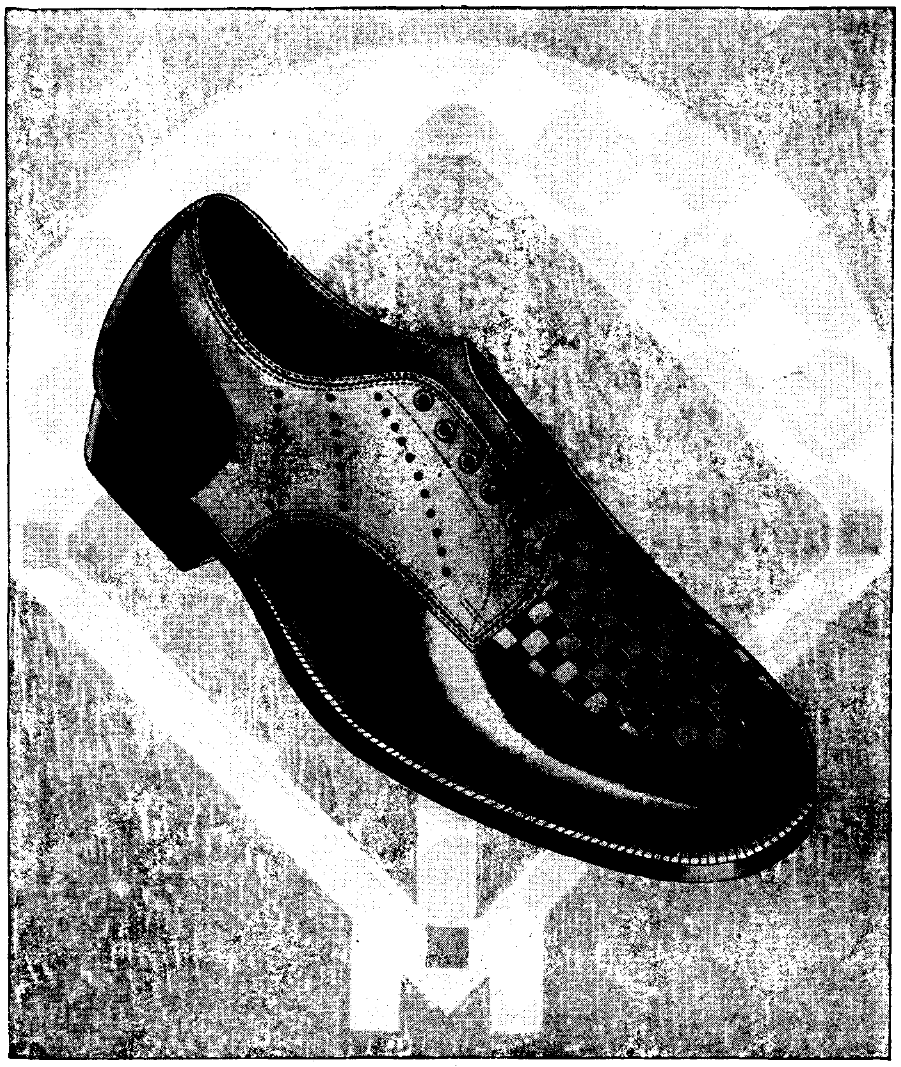
Through a cloud of dust there came a regular cavalcade—I think that's what you call it—of mounted cowboys, galloping and yelling. Every one of them had a rope. In the books they call 'em lariats and lassos but to the working cowmen they are just plain ropes.

When the gate was opened this gang, with Bill Sessions in the lead, rode in a circle around our car, firing their six-shooters in the air and yelling for the major. One of them threw his rope and hooked it over the radiator cap of the car. He then took the lead, the others lining up on each side, and tow-roped us to the front porch.

Right then I got the finishing touches

(Continued on page 72)

WALK·OVER SHOES



Many a clean hit was clouted during this battle between the Braves and the Giants. And many pairs of Walk-Overs were worn by the well-dressed fans watching the game.

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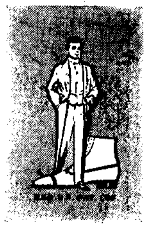
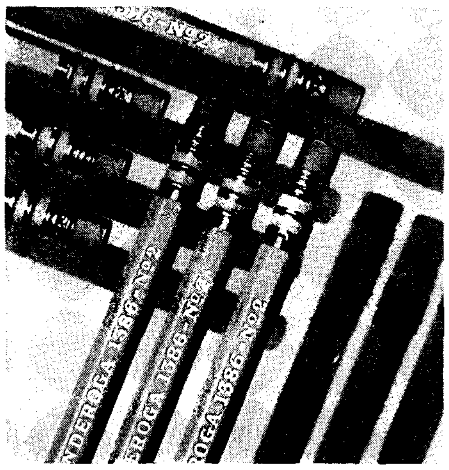


"FORT TICONDEROGA 1776"



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(*Continued from page 71*)

that Bill and Sis had been talking about. On the porch were bridles, saddles and Navaho blankets. On the outside weatherboarding, both ways from the door, hung a couple of fine bearskins. Bill had even tacked dried coonskins to the porch posts.

For the *first time in my life I* was honestly a little embarrassed when I got a look at Sis. She had dug up a fancy woolen shirt and a leather skirt. Around her neck was a fancy necktie, knotted from a bandanna. She also wore a cowboy hat—one that had been worn too. I found out later that she had borrowed the whole layout, including leather puttees and gold spurs, from a woman who had been touring the country with a Wild West show.

A Mexican waiting boy came out to help the major to the porch. We had no sooner got the introductions over when the Mexican—I don't know yet where they got him—came into the sitting-room with a big tray full of mint juleps.

If you don't think the major was hard hit, you can bet me. What's more, I noticed that he couldn't keep his eye off Sis. I don't blame the old boy, at that. She was one stunning-looking gal in that Wild West rig.

WHEN everybody had got rested up a little a boy brought two horses to the porch—one an old fleabitten mare that a baby could handle—and Sis invited Major Cummings for a ride over the place.

"Just a minute," he begged, "I reckon I'd better change my clothes."

While he was gone I sort of give Bill and Sis the up-and-down for the answer. Fellows, I'm telling you, there were cattle and cow ponies in every direction you looked. I wanted to know, natural like, where they all come from, and how.

"Why, Bill brought all his own," Sis told me, hurried like, "and he got an option on the rest of them from his neighbors. If not satisfactory, they are to be driven back. Seems to me," she added with a little catch in her voice, "that Bill more than spread himself."

When the major came out all set for the ride it was a cinch that the whole idea had been a knockout. That old boy had on more cowboy clothes, bought from them trick places in the East, than you ever saw on a moving-picture two-gun man.

"You know," he admitted to us, grinning like a kid and slapping me on the back, "all my life I've wanted to be on a ranch. I've had a lot of these things in my den for years. This, Mrs. Richardson," he said to my sister, "is a real treat."

Off they rode. In a little while the sheriff and the alderman gave me the wink, and they also beat it back to town.

The major and Sis came back from the ride in an hour, and no sooner had me and the old boy got off into a corner of the porch when up bobbed that trick Mexican with another pair of juleps.

"Benny," said the major, "I don't blame you for wanting to stick to the ranch. This is the best time I have had in many a day. But, my boy, don't stick around here until you're an old bachelor like me. I've missed a whole lot."

That didn't sound so good for a raise to me. Somehow I just couldn't keep my mind off of getting down to cases. As I fidgeted about a notion came to me that we might have overplayed our hand. But the notion didn't last long.

"I've been talking to your delightful sister, Benny," the old boy cracked while he sipped that julep, "and she is willing to help me persuade you to stay away from the ranch for at least one more year. She thinks the work might be managed."

"Of course," I started to say, "if Sis says that, why—well—"

"Anyway," he went right on, "it looks like we are going to have a good year. Here is a new contract. Now take your time about considering it. I will be here another day or two and intend to go riding again with your sister."

I opened up the old paper, took one quick look and reached right out for *that julep. Never did a drink* taste better, and I never took many in my life, at that. Down in the figure space the old boy had written in eight thousand bucks!

I don't have to tell you that I signed that contract as quick as I could get to pen and ink. I'm no sap. I got an advance check out of the major for a thousand bucks and slipped it to Sis. Now comes the funny part. I'll be doggoned if that old gal didn't bust right out crying.

Even after the major had gone on to Dallas, Sis would tune up every time she took a look at that check.

"Benny," she told me a dozen times, "I'm downright ashamed of myself. I have acted a lie right in the face of Major Cummings, a real courtly gentleman. I can never clear my conscience."

"Well, the old bird was trying to skin me, wasn't he?" I argued. "We just beat him at his own game."

Then I learned that the major had invited Sis to come East and see some of the games the next summer, and he had asked the privilege of visiting us again when he was traveling in the West.

It's a cinch that if he had stayed there one more day Sis would have broke right down and confessed.

I'm not so thick as not to know that Sis had made an awful hit with the old bird. She was sort of keen for him too, and I didn't know what might happen to my contract if Sis' conscience began hurting her again.

After a long spell, I persuaded her to sell them three old milk cows, hold on to her one thousand bucks for a while and take the trip with me to the Florida training camp. Sis needed a vacation after her three years of hard work and worry. It wasn't no more than right that I should pay her back for all the trouble she had gone to for me since I was a little boy.

"I want you to watch me hit that old onion," I told her, "and see for yourself if the major didn't get all the best of it in paying me that eight grand."

Bill Sessions, still around there fooling with them stray cattle that had been turned loose on our place, said he would keep an eye on the house and attend to everything. He urged her to go along, and the upshot was that Sis pulled out with me for the training camp.

AND maybe you think I didn't wade into the ball that spring! When the season opened I was already a sensation, the tip-off coming when little boys got to hanging around asking me to sign my name on baseballs for them.

Of course the major was there and made another big fuss over Sis. He rode her all over Florida in automobiles. I figured by the time we started north that I had pulled a boner. Besides expecting her to confess any day I was having scraps with the ball players who were cracking that I was in pretty soft, with the major giving my sister the big rush.

Back in the big town we were right in the middle of the first big series, which I settled with a three-base slam up against the fence, when the big blow-off came. In that ball game I was old John J. Hero himself.

In another hour you could have flattened me with a tennis ball.

The gang was slapping me on the back in the clubhouse when I looked in the letter box and picked up a note addressed to me in the major's handwriting. He didn't write a word for the inside but just inclosed this letter that had been sent to him, and let it ride at that:

> DEAR SIR:
> With Mrs. Richardson away and nobody here to do business with us, a committee of ranchers is writing to know if you can't help us out temporarily by holding up the pay of Ben Capehart until we can reach a settlement. Bill Sessions hired us to bring our cattle over to make a showing while you were out here, claiming that he'd see we got paid. Now our cattle is scattered over the country, with the brands all mixed up and we can't even get them split out. Most of them are ranging around the Richardson place. We can't get any satisfaction out of Bill Sessions. Please see if you can't fix up an arrangement with Capehart and his sister by which you can hold out so much money every month and pay us a little at a time. We don't want to do him any harm, but we sure want our cattle back. We figure the whole amount due around $2,500, in case we don't get the cattle at all.
> Yours very truly,
> JED PRUETT, *Chairman.*

Now, I reckon you readers think you could laugh that one off?

I found out later that Bill Sessions, good old no-account guy that he is, had been stalling these fellows off with a lot of lies. He wanted to keep Sis from knowing about it and had told them fellows that I had been writing regular and promising to pay soon as I could. Bill has spent all his life putting things off. There's a fence gate on his place right now that's been hanging by one hinge for eight years to my knowledge.

But all that didn't help my feelings none when I read that letter. Of course the major knew by now that we'd slipped him the works, and I hadn't even got my first pay check yet.

MY FIRST notion was to run to Sis for advice just as I had done since I was a baby. Then I figured it was up to me to be game for one time in my life and take one on the chin all by myself. I went straight to the major, and he must've been expecting me, for he was still in his office at the ball park.

"Wait a minute, Capehart," he sprung on me before I had got halfway through with my alibi, "does your sister know about this—this letter, I mean?"

"Not if you haven't told her, Major."

"Well, she doesn't know it, then. What is more, she never will know it if you've got the consideration for her feelings that you should have."

"Now, Major, you see—lemme tell you—you see, it was all a big joke. Now just let me explain and—well—"

"No, Benny, I don't want any explanation. That three-base hit of yours this afternoon paid off a lot. The rest of the situation is all fixed. I'm going into the ranching business myself. I hope to have your sister for a partner some day."

He looked me over while I stood there with my mouth open, and finally handed me a copy of a telegram that he had sent to Jed Pruett.

LEAVE CATTLE WHERE THEY ARE STOP ESTIMATE WHOLE LOT AT MARKET PRICE ON HOOF STOP LET ME KNOW TOTAL BY WIRE STOP CHECK WILL FOLLOW

"Now, listen, Benny," the old boy went right on, sort of boring into me with them cold gray eyes. "Anybody smart enough to put that over on me is needed in my baseball family."

To this day I don't know whether that old bird meant me or Sis.

Two years ago they went to Europe and gave me the ranch.

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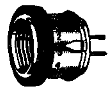

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The Little Marquis

Continued from page 22

"Henry is so foolish," she faltered with a tender little uplifting of the eyebrows, "there is no one in the world so devoted to him as Mason."

"And how is Mason getting on?"

"He is still in the hospital. My great concern is with my husband. You are sure, Sir Jasper, that he gave you no idea whatsoever as to what he meant to do?"

"Not the ghost of a one."

The Marchioness extended her beautifully shaped hands.

"Here is his house," she said. "His rooms are all prepared for him. The car was waiting at the station. You are sure that he had no injury in the accident which could cause forgetfulness?"

"None at all," Slane declared confidently. "So far as we were both concerned, the accident was more comic than anything else."

She sighed in disappointment.

"You do not seem able to help me very much," she complained.

"How can I help you further?" he rejoined. "You advertised in the 'agony column' of the Times for the man who traveled up from the scene of the accident to King's Cross with the Marquis of Aberway. I hurried round, and what I have to tell, I have told."

She looked at his card again.

"Sir Jasper Slane," she meditated. "The name seems somehow familiar to me."

His gesture was entirely noncommittal. She reflected for a moment.

"Tell me, have you not a profession?" she asked.

"I am a private detective when I find a case which interests me," Slane admitted.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed excitedly. "You were a witness in the Le Bretton case. I shall offer you a thousand pounds reward to find my husband."

Jasper Slane rose to his feet.

"I will hurry," he announced, "or Scotland Yard may get ahead of me. One thousand pounds, dead or alive, eh?"

"Dead or alive," she repeated.

He left her with a disagreeable impression—a queer instinct of repulsion against the callousness with which she had dispatched him upon his errand.

HENRY JAMES MARMADUKE, Marquis of Aberway, was at no time a person of particularly dignified appearance, but his attitude in the small parlor, seated upon his haunches and endeavoring to spin a refractory top for the benefit of three shouting children possessed elements of the ridiculous. His absence of self-consciousness, however, redeemed the situation. At his visitor's entrance, he laid the top on its side, patted the nearest child on her head, and rose to his feet.

"Sir Jasper Slane!" he exclaimed, in that strange, piping squeak. "Now, how did you find me, I should like to know?"

"Well, I was offered a thousand pounds, for one thing," was the good-humored reply. "That quickens the wits."

"Come with me," the Marquis invited, leading the way across the passage, and opening another door. "You see, I have a little parlor to myself here. Not much room for a big man like you, but very snug for me."

A neatly-dressed woman was bending down, attending to the fire. She curtsied as the two approached.

"Craske wished to know if there was anything he could do about this gentleman, my lord," she asked, looking at Jasper in belligerent fashion. "He slipped in before I could say a word."

"Nothing at all," the Marquis assured her pleasantly. "He is my friend, Emma. I shall enjoy a few minutes' conversation with him."

The woman curtsied once more, and left the room.

"Old servants of mine," the Marquis explained. "Craske was the family butler, and the best in the world. He left at her ladyship's wish—not mine. He may return—who knows? I feel that things are going to be different. . . . So you have seen my wife, Sir Jasper. Did she seem very worried at my disappearance?"

"So much so that she offered me a thousand pounds' reward if I could find you."

THE little man smiled knowingly.

"The thousand pounds' reward was not for finding me, Sir Jasper," he declared. "It was to find out whether I had the keys."

"The keys?" Slane repeated, mystified.

"Yes, the keys. You have not forgotten that when Mason was lying there groaning, I went through his trousers pockets and found a bunch of keys. Here they are."

He produced them, attached by a chain to his trousers button.

"Her ladyship would give a thousand pounds for these, I believe," he went on. "You didn't happen to mention that I had them, did you, Sir Jasper?" he added anxiously.

"I certainly did not."

"You showed an amazing discretion," the Marquis acknowledged, in a tone of relief. "It is what I should have expected from you, Sir Jasper. You're a very shrewd man, I am sure."

"Look here," Slane inquired, "how long are you going to stay here?"

"I am very happy with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Craske," the Marquis confided. "I am studying Chinese at the Museum opposite. Already I have been able to decipher several inscriptions which I have never properly understood. That takes quite a great deal of my time. Still, everything must come to an end, especially now that you have discovered me. But, Sir Jasper—Sir Jasper, please grant me a great favor. Before you go back to my wife to claim that thousand pounds, will you accept a small commission from me?"

Slane smiled encouragingly.

"I will, if I can, of course," he promised. "What is it?"

"I am going down to Norfolk this morning—starting at once—back this evening. One half-hour in the house alone. That is all I want. We come back together. You shall return in triumph. I will go with you to Berkeley Square."

"Well, that sounds simple enough," Slane agreed, "but why do you want to go all the way down there for such a short time?"

The Marquis swung his bunch of keys, and laughed his shrill little laugh.

"Some day you shall understand," he promised. "Very soon, too. I may need your help. You see. We start at once."

He pointed out of the window. A large, expensive car was drawn up at the curb.

"We can lunch at Newmarket," he went on, "have a cup of tea at home and be back for dinner."

Slane reflected for a moment. As it happened, he had nothing particular to do that day.

(*Continued on page 74*)

G O O D N I G H T

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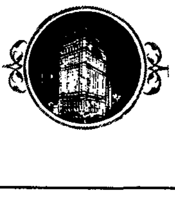

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(Continued from page 73)

"All right. I'll come," he decided.

The Marquis rang the bell. An elderly man who had the unmistakable air of a butler answered it, brought him a coat and hat, and escorted them respectfully to the car. The Marquis leaned back in his place with a shrill titter.

"This is going to be very funny," he declared. "This is an expedition I shall enjoy. And let me tell you something, Sir Jasper. In Norfolk I was ill. Here I am feeling better every hour. . . ."

At half-past three they entered the first of the series of lodge gates which led to the house. Afterward they passed into a domain of greater dignity studded with magnificent trees, and finally emerged in front of a great mansion. A surprised servant answered their summons. The Marquis tripped across the hall like a schoolboy.

"Bring me a knife, Robins," he ordered the footman.

The man obeyed in stupefied silence. The Marquis calmly hacked in two the main telephone cord.

"Tell Mrs. Simmons or somebody to send tea to my small study as soon as possible," the master of the house ordered. "I am going to the butler's pantry."

"Certainly, my lord," the man replied. "I am afraid you will find the door of the butler's pantry locked, though. Mr. Mason took the keys away with him."

The Marquis produced the keys, and indulged in one of his peculiar staccato chuckles.

"Might I inquire how Mr. Mason is, my lord?" the man ventured.

"Mason is getting on very well," the Marquis announced. "You needn't wait, Robins. The little business I have in the butler's pantry I shall do alone. Show this gentleman into the small library. Just five minutes, that is all."

IN LESS than that time, the Marquis, with the keys once more attached to his chain, entered the room where a footman and a maid were arranging tea.

"Let the chauffeur have anything he wants," their master directed. "Bring cigars and whisky for Sir Jasper here, and tell Mrs. Simmons that I wish to speak to her." . . .

In ten minutes, Mrs. Simmons, the housekeeper, who showed signs of having changed her dress in a hurry, made her appearance. Her august master greeted her in friendly fashion, but his tone when he spoke was, for him, exceptionally grave.

"Mrs. Simmons," he announced, "I have disconnected the telephone. I have done so for reasons of my own. I do not wish any mention to be made to any single person of my visit here. I do not wish even her ladyship to be informed—or anyone. You understand me?"

"I understand, my lord," the woman assented, a little diffidently, "but you will forgive me if I point out that all the papers are speaking of your disappearance since the railway accident. Surely it would be a great relief to her ladyship—"

"I dine with her ladyship tonight," the Marquis interrupted. "My orders—and I have seldom given orders here lately, as you know, Mrs. Simmons—are to be obeyed literally. Any person who telegraphs, or speaks now or at any future time, of my visit here today, will leave the house within an hour. That, I hope, is understood."

The housekeeper, trying in vain to conceal her bewilderment, curtsied and backed away.

The journey back to London was accomplished without a pause. As they neared the outskirts, however, Slane broke a rather lengthy silence.

"What about announcing your return to life, Marquis?" he asked.

The latter smiled.

"I myself will proclaim your triumph," he decided. "You shall put me down at Berkeley Square. You admired my wife, I trust, Sir Jasper? I met her in Bucharest years ago. She is a Roumanian, as I daresay you have heard."

"I fancy that I have heard something of the sort," Slane acknowledged.

"I have met some Roumanians whom I have liked," the Marquis reflected, "but I am not sure about the men. My wife's cousin, now—Prince Pitescue—he is a great deal with us, but I fear that he does not appeal to me. You shall judge for yourself. You shall tell me what you think of him. You are free for this week-end, I hope. I need your services. I insist upon having them."

Slane, who had an idea of a week-end at Rye, hesitated.

"Well, I am not sure," he demurred. "What for?"

"You have earned a thousand pounds from her ladyship for finding me," the Marquis chuckled. "How she will hate paying it! I shall give you a thousand pounds now to be my companion and protector for five days. We shall spend the week-end at Aberway Court, and you will come down on Friday. Your duties will not be strenuous, but do you know, Sir Jasper, just for a day or two, I would rather not be in the house alone with her ladyship and the Prince. Something might happen. I might need support. I should like a friend near."

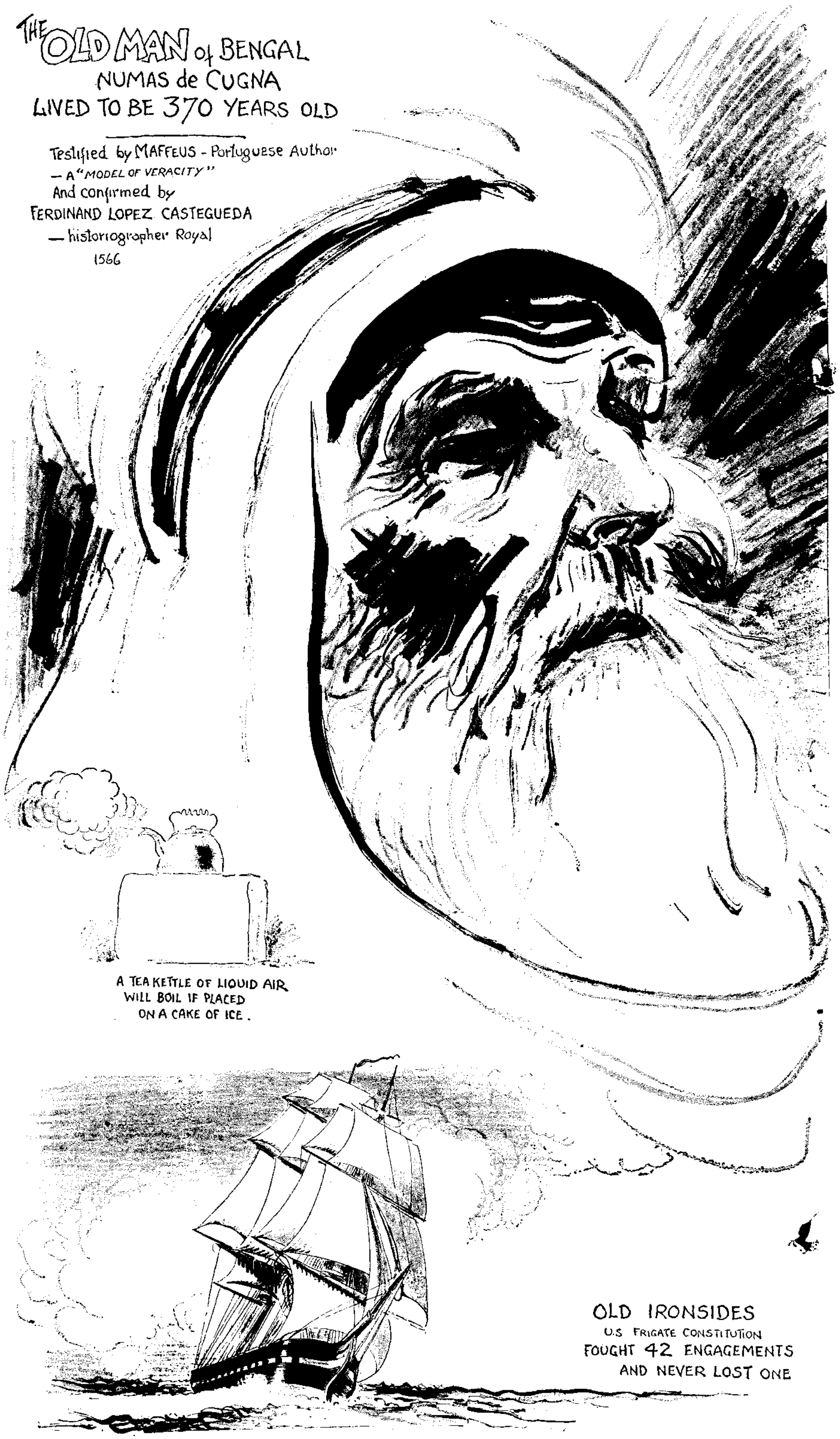
The car pulled up in front of Aberway House in Berkeley Square. Its master descended briskly. He held out his hand to Slane.

"I thank you very much for your company today, Sir Jasper," he said. "You will not fail me on Friday?"

"No, I'll come," Slane promised.

JASPER SLANE duly traveled down to Norfolk by the three-o'clock train on the following Friday afternoon. He was met at the wayside station by the

Believe it or Not! · By RIPLEY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Marquis, who piped out the shrillest but most hospitable of greetings. He trotted by Slane's side along the platform, obviously pleased and contented with his visitor.

"We are a very small party," he announced, as they took their places in the car—"my wife, her cousin Prince Pitescue, of whom I spoke to you, yourself and myself. You play billiards?"

"Rather fond of it," Slane admitted. "I'm only average form though."

The Marquis beamed with pleasure.

"My favorite recreation," he confided. "After dinner, we will have a game."

"What about your man Mason?"

"He's hanging on still," was the cheerful reply. "That injury must have been greater than it seemed. I called at the hospital, but he won't be allowed to see anyone for a fortnight. Really most providential, his little accident! Did you get your thousand pounds, Slane?"

"I did," Slane acknowledged, "but I returned the check to your wife. The thing was ridiculous. Fifty guineas I shall send in a bill for. That will more than pay for my time."

"We'll see," the Marquis chirped. "There may be a few other little things to straighten out, eh?"

The Marquis, in high good humor, ushered his guest across the hall, and, preceded by an august major-domo, conducted Slane to his very delightful suite of rooms. He glanced at the clock.

"Short coat tonight, please," he begged. "We are quite alone. A little old-fashioned in our hours, I am afraid. Dinner at eight. I hope you don't mind. Cocktails at a quarter to eight in the library. Robins," he added, turning to the footman who was in attendance, "see that Sir Jasper lacks nothing."

THE Marchioness was, without a doubt, a wonderfully beautiful woman. She wore black that night, a marvelous setting for her priceless pearls and her light, almost golden hair. She came forward to meet Slane, and shook hands with him as with an honored guest.

"And you sent back my thousand pounds, you bad man!" she exclaimed. "It was not kind of you. It was quite worth that to get my dear husband back again."

"I am afraid it was a little too easy a task," Slane replied. "You see, I happen to know one of your husband's hobbies, and I felt sure that he would be somewhere round the Museum."

"I am keeping up my Chinese," the Marquis confided, smiling. "I find it most interesting. Anita, my dear, don't forget to present Sir Jasper to your cousin."

"Of course not. Sir Jasper, this is Prince Pitescue. He has just left our legation in London, and is hoping to be sent to New York. You have perhaps met."

"I think that I have not had the pleasure," the young man murmured regretfully.

Slane shook hands, and disliked his new acquaintance on sight. The Prince had the sallow complexion, dark eyes, and rather too full red lips of his country. His attire was elegant, almost foppish. He was evidently a frequent visitor, and had the air of being very much at home—so much so that he seemed to regard his fellow guest almost as an intruder. The conversation had scarcely passed the monosyllabic stage when it was interrupted by the arrival of cocktails. Two of these stood together upon a corner of the tray; the other two, a little way apart. The Marquis smiled as his wife took one of the former.

"In Mason's absence," he explained, "it is my wife who prepares the cocktails. Very good we find them too. You observe that our glasses are not scanty in size. That is because we never serve more than one. That is yours. I hope you approve."

"Excellent! One of the best Martinis I have had for a long time. Why is it, however, that mine is quite clear, and yours a little cloudy?"

"Mine," the Marquis confided, "contains just a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. In fact we three have all the same idiosyncrasy—just a touch of indigestion now and then—nothing serious. You, Sir Jasper, look far too healthy to need anything of that sort."

"Oh, I sometimes take a dose of bicarbonate of soda," Slane admitted, "but I must confess that I never heard of taking it in cocktails."

"My wife's idea," the Marquis chuckled. "I used to shy at it. Now we none of us mind—even our young friend here, who at his age—how old are you Rudolph? Twenty-nine?—should know nothing of illness. It is, however, a habit," he went on, his voice seeming to reach even a higher altitude, "in which I am not sure that I persevere. Sometimes I fancy—especially since Mason left—that I feel a slight pain—nothing to speak of. No reflection upon your skill, my dear. Still, my digestion is better. Why interfere with it?"

"So is mine," the Marchioness agreed. "I think we might leave off dosing our cocktails for a time. We'll see—after tomorrow. . . ."

Dinner was announced—a wonderful banquet served in the large dining-room, generally called the banqueting hall. As the meal progressed and the daylight faded, candles in silver candelabra of great height were lit upon the table.

The food was wonderful, and Jasper Slane, who was a constant "diner-out," found himself drinking wines of which he had heard but which he had never tasted. The service was noiseless and perfect—the men in their somewhat worn but picturesque livery passed backward and forward like shadows.

The Marchioness at times seemed vaguely uneasy. She watched Slane half curiously, half suspiciously—more than once she and the young man exchanged a rapid glance of mutual comprehension. All the time, the Marquis, in his high-pitched childish treble, talked nonsense, yet nonsense which seemed as though it might have some underlying purpose. The meal moved with a sort of effortless grace of service and luxury to its appointed end. Fruit, hot-house peaches and muscatel grapes, port in amazing decanters, and old madeira, were placed upon the table.

"The last of my '68," the Marquis indicated shrilly. "For you alone, I fear, Sir Jasper. One glass, perhaps, for me. The Marchioness knows nothing of port, nor, I am afraid, does Pitescue. '68 Cockburn—never been touched since it was laid down."

"It is marvelous," Slane truthfully admitted, as he sipped his wine.

THE Marchioness and her cousin drank madeira. The latter lit a cigarette. His host made a grimace, but forebore from comment. He raised himself higher upon the cushion which was always placed in his chair.

"Listen," he enjoined, "I am going to tell you something which seems to me very strange—you, particularly, Anita—you and Rudolph."

He looked around. The servants had departed. For long afterward, that scene was to remain in Slane's memory, chiefly on account of its dramatic setting—the cathedral-like room, with its cloistered ceiling, the small, round table, a little pool of shaded illumination in the midst of a gloom almost mysterious, three white faces, two of them growing paler with every spoken word.

(*Continued on page 76*)

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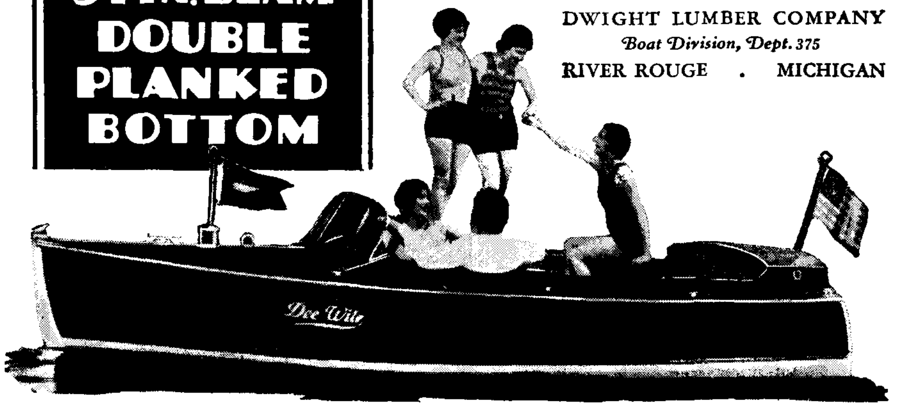

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(*Continued from page 75*)

"Before I went to London," the Marquis began, leaning forward, "I was not well. For four days I had been taking this bicarbonate of soda mixed for me with my cocktail by Mason, and I had pains which I could not understand, and a weakness which seemed to be increasing hour by hour. Yet all the time, you two," he went on—"you, Anita, and my young friend Rudolph—you thrived on it. Young and blooming, both of you are, of course, whilst I am elderly. Still the difference puzzled me—so now I have played a trick upon you," he chuckled. "Tell me, Anita—tell me, Rudolph—how have you been feeling since we came down here, these last five days?"

THERE was a brief but tense silence. The expression of somewhat bored indifference with which the Marchioness had been listening passed from her face. She stared at her husband. The Prince laid down his cigarette. He, too, leaned forward.

"What do you mean?" the Marchioness asked shrilly. "I have not felt well. I never feel well in the country—but what of it?"

"I have suffered from headaches," the Prince confessed. "Early though we have retired, I have awakened the last two mornings with a very bad headache."

"On Thursday morning," his cousin added, "I nearly sent for the doctor. I had a pain over my heart, and a giddiness which was incomprehensible. What do you mean, Henry?"

The Marquis rocked from side to side of his cushioned chair with silent laughter.

"Last week," he confided, "when I was lost, I came down here. I went to Mason's cupboard."

"You did not have the keys," his wife broke in swiftly.

"Ah, but I did have the keys," he went on, smiling. "I took them from Mason's pocket when he was unconscious. Do not interrupt me, my dear. Let me have my little joke. I opened his cupboard and I saw that there were two bottles there—one blue and one white—both filled with white powder. Both were labeled 'bicarbonate of soda,' but one was also labeled—'For Lord Aberway only.' I—listen, Slane, for this is funny—I changed the contents. These two have been taking my bicarbonate of soda for five days. I have been taking theirs, and I feel well. Really I have never felt better. I could walk for miles. I was longing to play *tennis this afternoon* when I passed the Vicarage and saw all the young—Anita! Anita! What is wrong?"

The Marchioness' scream rang *through the room.* She half rose to her feet, pointing to her husband, but words seemed to fail her, and she collapsed across the table.

"Rudolph!" she moaned.

The young man, who had already left his place, took no notice of her. There were drops of sweat upon his forehead. He rushed madly toward the door, shouting. Halfway there, however, he stopped and staggered back again.

"Where is there a doctor?" he cried. "Where is one to be found? Why don't you do something, Anita? This is your fault. It is you who are responsible. Why do you not send someone for a doctor? Oh, my God!"

His knees were shaking. His voice died away into a whimper. He collapsed into a chair. The Marquis touched Slane upon the shoulder.

"Come with me," he invited. "They are better left alone. They must have much to say to one another. We will have our game of billiards."

Slane, somewhat dazed, still lacking full comprehension of the inner meaning of the drama at which he had assisted, followed his host across the hall. The latter threw open the door of the billiard room, turned on the lights, and began carefully to chalk a cue.

"Any one of those is good," he said, indicating a row of cues which hung upon the wall. "You should give me something but I will try you level."

Slane pulled himself together.

"Marquis," he demanded, "do you suspect that one of those bottles really contained poison?"

"Of course it did," was the shrill reply. "Shall I break, or will you?"

"But you can't leave them like this if they are really poisoned," Slane expostulated. "You must find doctors."

The Marquis dragged out a stool from under the table, and touched Slane upon the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "they would have given me months of agony, and a place in the family vault. I shall give them an hour in which to suffer, and no more. See—I play."

He mounted the low stool, which was specially made with squat, flat legs, and gave an accurate miss in balk.

"You mean—" Slane began.

"Trust me," the Marquis begged. "I am a quaint little man. I have my ways. Trust me."

There was commotion throughout the house, but they played their game of billiards without interruption. At the end, when the Marquis had won by over forty points, he regretfully laid down his cue.

"My friend," he said, "I see that you are upset. Now, come with me."

He led the way back to the dining-room.

The Marchioness—the central figure in that little pool of shaded light—sat still in her place, white as death, her hand pressed to her heart, breathing convulsively. The young man was sprawling over the table, apparently drinking everything within reach.

"The doctor!" he shrieked. "Will he never come? Is there no antidote for this accursed stuff!"

"Antidote for sodina!" the Marquis exclaimed, closing the door. "Sodina is a poison invented by the Medicis, they say, found still in Italy—can be bought, too, I think, in Bucharest. A harmless-looking white powder, though six doses will suffice to kill the strongest man, and leave no trace behind. But it is not sodina that you have drunk, you—nor you, Anita. It is not the poison of which I have had four doses, and of which six would have killed me. For all your fancied pains, what you took *tonight is bicarbonate of soda.* You will not be much the worse for your experience unless you frighten yourselves to death. He-he!"

ANITA looked strangely up. A light suddenly flashed into the glazed eyes of the young man, though he was still shaking from head to foot. Neither of them was capable of speech.

"You poor fools!" the Marquis scoffed. "I guessed the truth. I went to London to save my life, not to buy china. When the accident happened to Mason, the chance to teach you a lesson was too tempting. The poison is in a safe place, but you have taken none of it. I filled both bottles when I got back here with bicarbonate of soda. You have had your hour of fright—many would say that you deserved a sterner lesson. The car which was supposed to fetch a doctor, waits, by my orders, still at the door. You can take it as far as you like, Pitescue. There are night trains running from Petersborough."

The young man stumbled from the room. He was tall and elegant, yet as he passed the little Marquis he seemed insignificant. The latter looked toward his wife.

"Your cousin is, I fear, somewhat disturbed," he said. "He forgot to invite you to accompany him."

The passion flamed from her eyes.

"He is a coward!" she cried. "Oh, God, how I hate cowards! Henry, if I go—and I deserve that you should send me away—it will not be with him."

The Marquis rang the bell. Almost immediately a footman appeared.

"Robins," he directed, "will you tell her ladyship's maid that her ladyship is fatigued, and will retire at once."

The man bowed and departed on his errand.

The Marchioness rose tremblingly to her feet, and moved toward the door, and again, as she passed the man who held it open for her, he seemed to gain in stature and dignity. She stooped down and kissed his hand. He bent his head gracefully, and closed the door behind her.

"And now, my dear Sir Jasper," he proposed, in his highest, shrillest tones, "we will have a serious game. We will play two hundred up, and I shall give you thirty, but you must allow me my stool and the rest. Robins," he added, as the man reappeared, "serve refreshments in the billiard room. Do not forget the Napoleon brandy."

Another Sir Jasper Slane story by E. Phillips Oppenheim will appear in an early issue of Collier's

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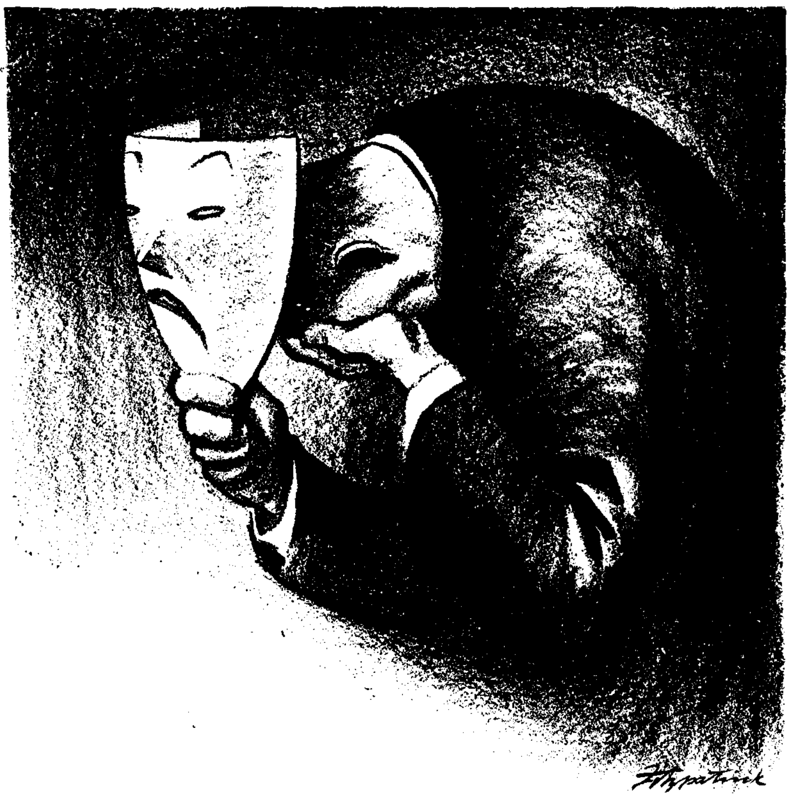
Hokum in the Heart



IT IS considered smart nowadays to dismiss any sentimental gesture, any touch that has an irritating way of disturbing one's deeper emotions, as hokum. Sometimes one wonders whether it is not just a bit too smart; whether we haven't so successfully curbed and hidden our sentiment that we are afraid to admit that we have any.

That old bully Sophistication (whom you remember with bitterness as the nasty boy down the block who first convinced you that there was no Santa Claus) has grown up and coined the word hokum and all the time the rest of us have seized upon it like little boys showing off.

The dictionary must shoulder some blame. It defines hokum as "sentimental or pathetic matter of an elementary or stereotyped kind introduced into a play or the like" and then ambles off with its nose in the air to define the next word.

Recently, ex-President Coolidge in a magazine article broke the long silence that surrounded his own intimate thoughts. Referring to the death of his son Calvin, he wrote: "When he went, the power and the glory of the Presidency went with him."

Hokum? No one who knew the taciturn, reserved Coolidge doubted the sincerity of that sentence. But it touched hearts the nation over and revealed a man who had appeared an austere, almost forbidding figure as a warm and beloved person to millions.

Every year at Christmas time the New York Sun reprints an editorial, first published more than thirty years ago in reply to Virginia O'Hanlon, a bewildered child who had appealed to the editor to set her right on the Santa Claus question. "Yes, Virginia," the editor wrote, "there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love, generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence."

A finished piece of—if you insist—hokum. Yet the editors and publishers who have ordered it reprinted annually since 1897, the readers who still write in frequently for reprints, are no sniveling, oversentimental idiots. They are adults of intelligence—who recognize the great force of unashamed sentiment.

Some weeks ago on the cover of Collier's we printed a painting showing a small boy tearfully exhibiting the poverty of his pockets before a window containing an eager little dog and a forbidding placard: "Puppies $15.00." Hokum? Sure—but 75,000 persons asked for reprints of it.

None of the sophisticates has ever called Edgar A. Guest a great poet. Probably they're right. And, by the same token, probably he's just as glad. However, in countless homes, in books, in deep memory live his lines, "it takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home."

Broadway, which some cynic has termed "the double-crossroads of the world," hardened old Broadway, responds to the universal appeal of hokum. Take John Golden's Turn to the Right—full of it. Take the incredible Abie's Irish Rose. Don't for one minute believe that it was the clowning and buffoonery of that piece which gave it its remarkable run.

That scene in which the bewildered old Jewish father stood alone on the stage and looked off into the room where his Abie and a Christian girl were being united in marriage—there wasn't a laugh in that moment, there wasn't a bit of clowning. But it reached down somewhere inside all of us and did things to our hearts. Things that were good for us.

Look at Chaplin, the clown of screen. There is a master of laughs, yet, what scene stands out in memory from his Gold Rush? It isn't the comedy, though there was plenty of it, and sound comedy too.

It's the scene in which he had prepared a meager but hopeful meal, had dressed in his sorry best and awaited that New Year's eve in his lonely, snow-surrounded cabin for the guests who failed to arrive. They still remember that—although they're reluctant to admit that they cried over it (which they did).

And then there is Peter Pan.

Maybe, after all, the dictionary is partly right. Hokum is elementary—as elementary as life. Hokum is stereotyped—as stereotyped as love. But call it by any name you will, it is also essential—as essential as all those brave, unobtrusive things that, underneath everything, we can never quite afford to be without.

utward Bound

IECKING up on 1,177 persons reported missing last year, the rancisco police advanced a few theories. Men flee domestic ibility and their wives. Wom- ly stay until a new love Girls run away from the outine and discipline.

do not come back. Of those re- ed missing the police found no e of 239. They left on more than an impulse and they found what they wanted.

But all were satisfied. They were, of course, all dreamers. They had visions of liberty, high adventure, heavenly love. They lacked the imagination to realize their dreams in their dreams.

It is a safe bet that few of them were enthusiastic readers. They lacked the power to surrender themselves completely to good fiction writers, to journey and fight and love in an easy chair when tired muscles and minds call for change.

For every wayfarer who packs up and follows his outward-bound impulse, a hundred make a night of good reading and cherish more than ever the home comfort that everyone enjoys and that only the real adventurer measures at its true value.

Let's Play

NOT long ago a rural township school board in Ohio declined to discharge a teacher against whom some parents had complained because she supplemented the regular curriculum with occasional instruction in dancing.

What a few fathers and mothers regarded as a waste of their children's time was termed "admirable diversion from recitation." All of this shows that the idea of recreation being something other than an instrument of iniquity is spreading.

The young woman employed to instruct the youth of the isolated Middle-Western community was applying common sense. Her officials superiors were wise enough to [illegible] too, that a brief interruption in textbook routine sharpened zest for work.

And elders, like the children, are happier and more efficient when there is a moderate indulgence in pastimes. But it has taken a lot of experience to discourage the idea that nothing could be worth while that was not drab.